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May 13, 1939

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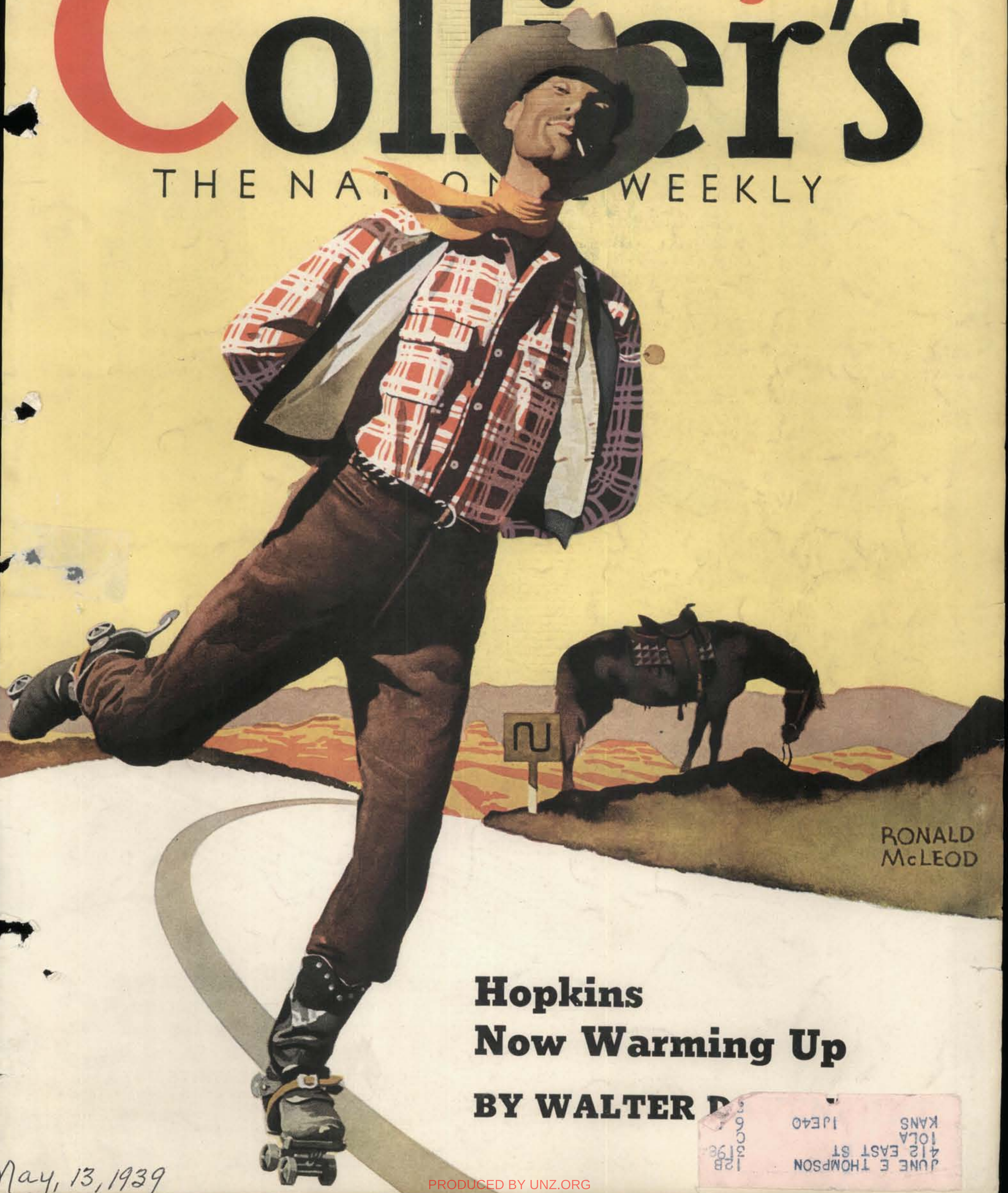
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Hopkins Now Warming Up

BY WALTER D

JUNE E THOMPSON
412 EAST ST
IOLA
KANS 1JE40
12B

May, 13, 1939

PLEDGED FOR A LIFETIME

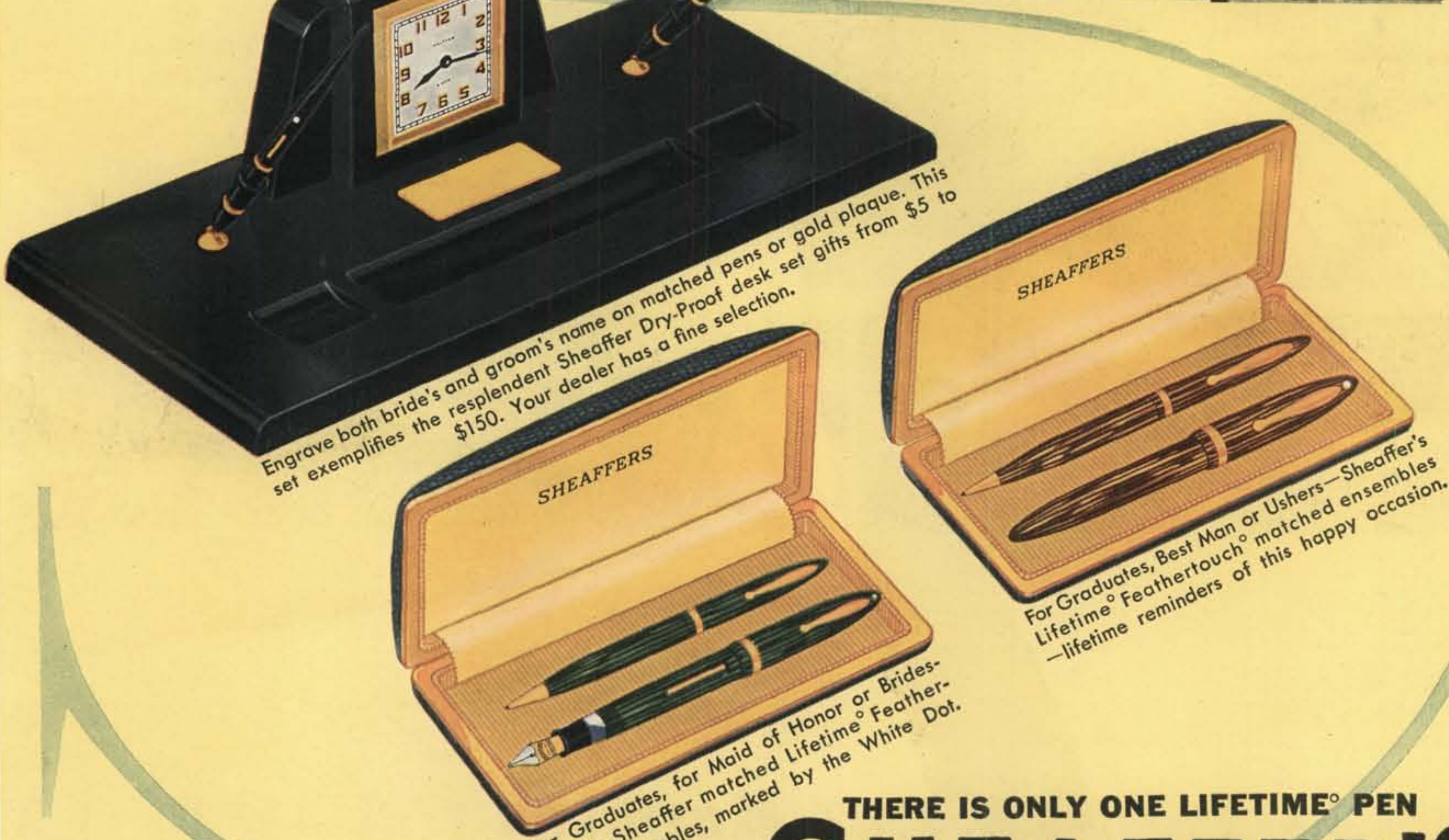
SHEAFFER'S LIFETIME°
WEDDING AND GRADUATION GIFTS

More than almost any other wedding gift, your Sheaffer Lifetime° Dry-Proof desk set gift is equally the bride's and the groom's, for both will use it frequently. As a wedding gift, or as a gift to a graduate, it conveys in truest sense both your own sentiment and the meaning of the occasion—for Sheaffer Lifetime° pens will serve as long as their owners live. Where the Dry-Proof desk set has been given as a wedding present, or a Lifetime° ensemble as a graduation gift, those receiving them have prized them higher than almost any other gift because they serve during their entire lifetime. When, at a moderate price, you can buy such a lasting, practical and useful gift, which you are sure will be so much appreciated by the recipient, isn't it the logical thing to do?

All Sheaffer pen points are made of genuine 14K gold for longer life and better writing qualities. Some companies are substituting cheap gold-plated brass and steel to increase profits. Have your dealer guarantee the pen you buy has a genuine 14K gold point. If you buy a Sheaffer this guarantee is not necessary.

All Lifetime° pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the owner except against loss and willful damage—when serviced subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c

SHEAFFER PENS AND GIFT SETS
ALL COLORS—$2.75 TO $150



Engrave both bride's and groom's name on matched pens or gold plaque. This set exemplifies the resplendent Sheaffer Dry-Proof desk set gifts from $5 to $150. Your dealer has a fine selection.

For Graduates, for Maid of Honor or Bridesmaids—Sheaffer matched Lifetime° Feathertouch° ensembles, marked by the White Dot.

For Graduates, Best Man or Ushers—Sheaffer's Lifetime° Feathertouch° matched ensembles—lifetime reminders of this happy occasion.

THERE IS ONLY ONE LIFETIME° PEN

SHEAFFER'S

IDENTIFY IT BY THE WHITE DOT

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO., FORT MADISON, IOWA • TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

°Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

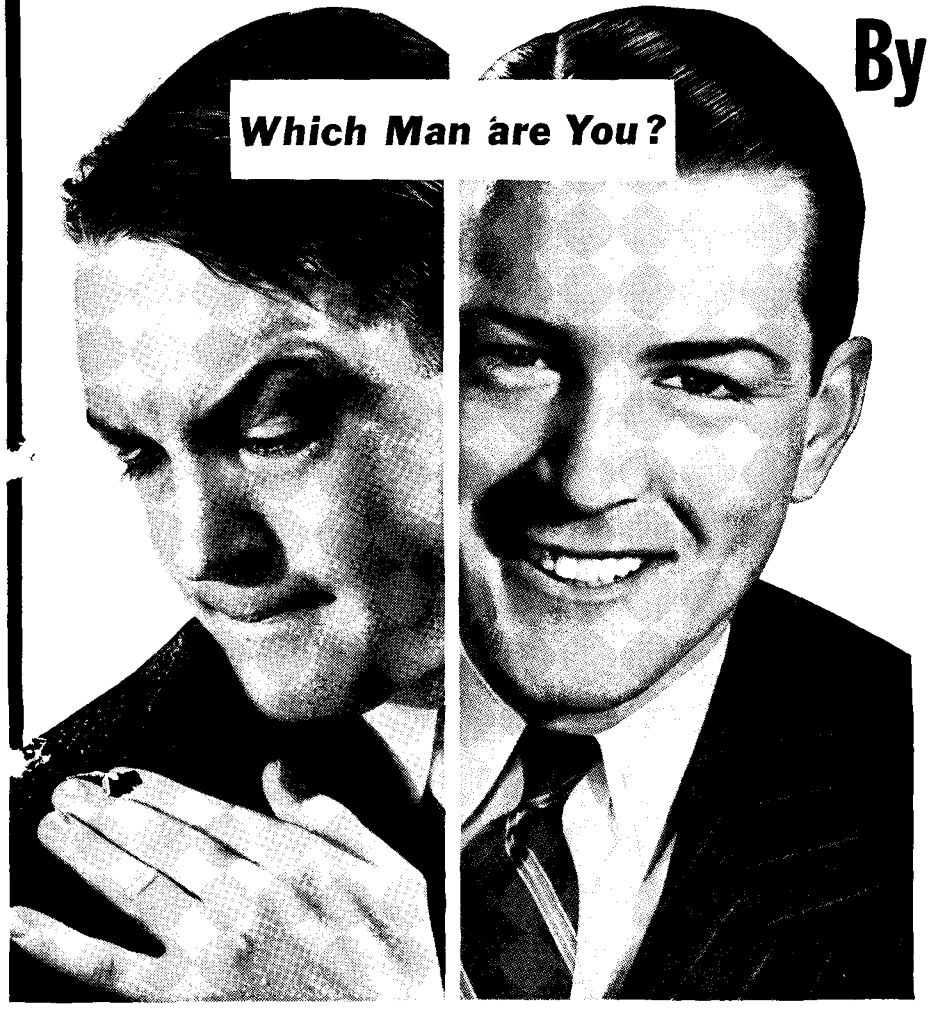
Copyright, 1939
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.

NATIONAL PEN INSPECTION WEEK • MAY 15-20 FOUNTAIN PENS, LIKE FINE WATCHES, SHOULD BE INSPECTED ANNUALLY. YOUR SHEAFFER DEALER INVITES YOU TO BRING IN YOUR PEN FOR INSPECTION AND CHECK-UP WITHOUT CHARGE DURING THIS WEEK.

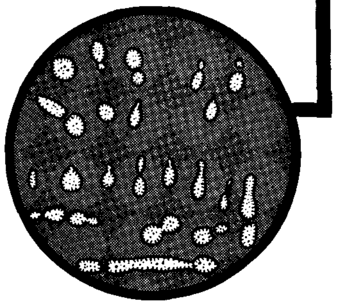
Now a New, Easy, Scientific Home Method that

GETS RID OF DANDRUFF

By Treating its Cause


Which Man are You?

Listerine Antiseptic kills stubborn bottle-shaped germ (Pityrosporum ovale) which scientists proved causes dandruff. That's the secret of Listerine's amazing results . . . why a million or more people have turned to it for lasting relief.



Pityrosporum ovale, the germ that causes dandruff, magnified many times.

IF you have the slightest evidence of a dandruff condition, start now with the delightful twice-a-day treatment of Listerine Antiseptic with massage.

See how quickly you get relief. See how those humiliating flakes and scales disappear. Watch how fresh and clean your hair becomes. Note how healthy and full of vigor your scalp feels, how quickly irritation ends.

People who have tried remedy after remedy in vain, say that the Listerine Antiseptic treatment really works—and really gets results. This confirms the brilliant results achieved in dandruff clinics where dandruff patients were under scientific observation (see photos below).

Even after dandruff has disappeared, it is wise to guard against re-infection by occasional Listerine massages at regular intervals.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

1 For years the nature and cause of dandruff baffled Science. Why was it so widespread? Why had so many remedies failed? Research became more and more intensive. And gradually the conviction grew that a *germ* must be the cause. At last this germ, *Pityrosporum ovale*, was identified. But, how to isolate the microscopic fungus? Expert bacteriologists wrestled with the problem. Then suddenly, after years of effort—success!

2 Research men inoculated rabbits with the newly isolated germ. Within a short period of time all the typical dandruff symptoms appeared...convincing evidence that *Pityrosporum ovale* caused dandruff!

3 Now the infected rabbits were treated once a day with Listerine Antiseptic to kill the germ. In an average of 14 days they were completely cured! But . . . would Listerine Antiseptic relieve human dandruff victims as well?

4 A great midwestern skin clinic had a selected group use the Listerine Treatment daily. *Within the first two weeks*, on the average, a substantial number obtained relief! Finally, when 76% of a group at a New Jersey clinic, who used the Treatment twice a day, showed complete cures or marked improvement within 30 days, scientists were satisfied. *Listerine Antiseptic had been proved a cure for dandruff.*

THE TREATMENT

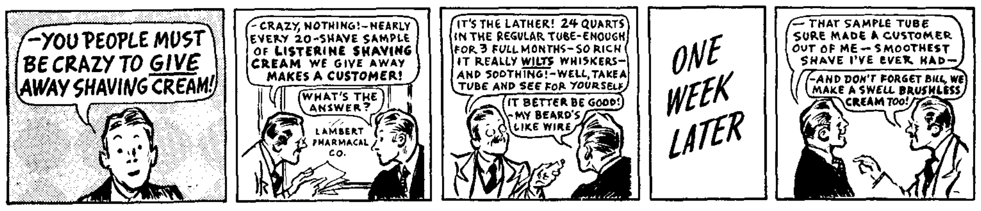
5 **MEN:** Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.*

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

LISTERINE THE PROVED TREATMENT FOR DANDRUFF


—YOU PEOPLE MUST BE CRAZY TO GIVE AWAY SHAVING CREAM!
—CRAZY, NOTHING!—NEARLY EVERY 20-SHAVE SAMPLE OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM WE GIVE AWAY MAKES A CUSTOMER!
WHAT'S THE ANSWER?
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
IT'S THE LATHER! 24 QUARTS IN THE REGULAR TUBE—ENOUGH FOR 3 FULL MONTHS—SO RICH IT REALLY WILTS WHISKERS—AND SOOTHING!—WELL, TAKE A TUBE AND SEE FOR YOURSELF
IT BETTER BE GOOD! —MY BEARD'S LIKE WIRE
ONE WEEK LATER
—THAT SAMPLE TUBE SURE MADE A CUSTOMER OUT OF ME—SMOOTHEST SHAVE I'VE EVER HAD—
—AND DON'T FORGET BILL, WE MAKE A SWELL BRUSHLESS CREAM TOO!

Clip this coupon
20
SHAVES FREE

Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. 28, St. Louis, Mo. Please send me free and post-paid your large sample tube of ☐ Listerine Shaving Cream; ☐ Listerine Brushless Cream. (Check whichever is desired.)

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Collier's

May 13, 1939

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JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

TRY this. Next time you meet your family doctor socially, look him in the eye and say: "Doctor, did you ever kill a patient to put him out of his misery?" Pin him down. Try to make him say "Yes" or "No." It won't be an easy job, we'll bet.

For the subject of euthanasia, or "mercy killing," is a ticklish one with the medical profession. Should a physician ever take it upon himself to end a life? Has he the right, morally, to decide who is fit to live and who is not? How about incurables, to whom more life can mean only more agony?

Few physicians would dare answer such questions publicly. An exception is Dr. Foster Kennedy, one of the world's outstanding neurologists. "Legalize Mercy Killings," he urges, and he tells how and under what circumstances it should be done.

WE ASKED John Whedon to send us a brief autobiography. He wired: "Released from Harvard 1928. Went to New York for the crash. Nice crash. Did five years on Forum Magazine; wrote play for Jed Harris; got mixed notices and player-piano out of it. Another five-year term on New Yorker Magazine. After release tried to go straight writing fiction, but fell in with radio people and was extradited to Hollywood. Those who laughed at Marconi were right—it isn't feasible. Now working with Marx Brothers—sanest men ever associated with—and peddling new play. No reasonable offer refused. Like Hollywood. End of world clearly visible from here on good day." Perhaps we should just have said that his "Second Lesson" appears next week and let it go at that.

SOMETIMES, not often, we find ourselves looking up from a manuscript and saying: "This isn't really happening. This is just a story that somebody made up. There's not a word of truth in it." And when that occurs it's a pretty good sign the story has got us. "The Assassin," by William C. White, for instance. Two or three times we found ourselves looking up from its pages, our eyes seeking the comfort of familiar objects, our mind trying to shake itself loose from the spell of the thing, as from a vivid dream. Maybe we're a sissy. Maybe the story won't do a thing to you.

HECK, only a few lines left for bragging about the fiction of Frank Condon, Arthur Mann and Luke Short; the articles by Jack Mosher, Ted Shane, Robert McCormick, Freli— Nope; it can't be done. . . .

This Week

SHORT STORIES

JOHN WIGGIN
Beware the Nightingale. Why songwriters go crazy. Page 11

FREDERICK NEBEL
Remember the Music. A cop, a girl, and love in a pinch. Page 16

PATRICK WELCH
The Dark Lady. When Irish eyes are not smiling. Page 18

DANIEL FUCHS
Not to the Swift. Horses sometimes lose but men sometimes win. Page 20

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Sheriff Decides, by Roark Bradford. Page 55

SERIAL STORIES

ERNEST HAYCOX
The Border Trumpet. The third of ten parts. War within and without. Page 14

SAX ROHMER
***The Drums of Fu Manchu.* The seventh of ten parts.** The doctor speaks. Page 56

ARTICLES

JIM MARSHALL
Royal Party. Canada slicks up for its king and queen. Page 9

WALTER DAVENPORT
Call Up Harry. Mr. Hopkins, the iron horse of the New Deal. Page 13

RUTH CARSON
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QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Rhythm Man. He heard those gentle voices calling. Page 22

KYLE CRICHTON
Only Punks Get Punch-Drunk. Old-timer Tom Sharkey proves it. Page 62

●

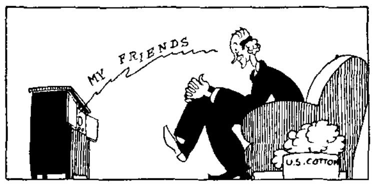
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. The facts of the matter. Page 6

EDITORIALS
Costs Can Be Cut.
Look in Your Own Back Yard. Page 74

COVER RONALD McLEOD

Any Week

MR. J. LOMAS FLINN of Chicago, Illinois, finds it almost impossible to read our John T. Flynn without becoming indignant "at one thing or another." Sometimes he is "irritated with Mr. Flynn." For example, he finds Mr. Flynn "becoming exercised because the United States government owns 11,000,000 bales of cotton, held as collateral for loans made to cotton growers." Mr. Flynn would like to know what the United States will do with all this accumulated cotton. "The answer is childishly simple," says Mr. Flinn. "We, the people, will eventually use it to stuff in our ears during fireside chats."



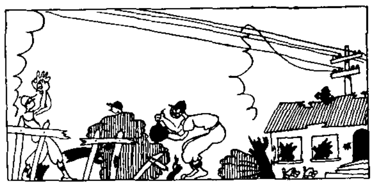
AS WE see this distressing situation, nobody is worked up to a frenzy by a nice comprehensive plan designed for the good of the whole of us. The old folks are sure that recovery will be immediate, tremendous and lasting if they alone are given pensions. The Ham-and-Eggers predict Utopia if they're given Thirty Dollars Every Thursday. The big fellows tell you there'll be no more woe if taxes are lowered and regulatory legislation repealed. Only occasionally does one meet the true democratic spirit our Mr. Max Wilkinson found in a Del Ray, Florida, saloon. And there he found a sign reading: "We are too close to the railroad tracks to be fussy about who comes here. Everybody welcome."

WE DISCOVER that Captain Rupert C. Deland of Vancouver, British Columbia, is angered by all this talk about a road from Vancouver to Alaska—The Great North Road. "No sensible person wants such a road," says the captain. "It would serve no useful purpose. It would flood this quiet land with tourists, than which no more desolate blight could fall upon a pleasant land. In short, I am a retired army officer. I have settled here on a tiny pension enjoying the peace and quiet that abounds here. Would you crazy Yanks let us enjoy this peaceful land as God intended it to be?"

AND yet our sometimes disturbing efforts are warmly appreciated and richly rewarded. For example, some time ago, Mr. Harold J. Weekley, assistant instructor in physical education at West Virginia University, went about surveying the reading habits of the student body. In his school he found that fifty-seven per cent of the students preferred Collier's above five other big-time magazines, including the other big-circulation weeklies. In the College of Engineering fifty-six per cent of the lads showed similarly superior judgment. And in the College of Arts and Sciences our rating was seventy-one per cent. Of course, we were not surprised by all this, but we thought you'd be interested. There's nothing like having your own judgment vindicated.

BUT at the moment we're just a bit apprehensive. We've just received a telephone call from a man who refused to identify himself further than to say he was "a party named Finnegan." Somebody—and we're pretty sure it wasn't in this magazine although the party named Finnegan says we're wrong—said that when Mr. Hitler turns westward he will have the assistance of Ireland to whom he will pledge (Ho! Ho!) independence. The party said that that was a pretty grievous error and added: "All I got to tell you is keep out of Ireland until this blows over, that's all."

SPRING baseball practice around our house has just about wrecked the place—four windows, two beds of early flowers, a large section of picket fence, a telephone wire and an unidentified bush having been wiped out. The place looks as if the Brooklyn Dodgers had been working out there. Perhaps after we've repaired and paid for the damage we may plunge into the international situation. But we're methodical. We attend to things in the order of their importance.



THEREFORE, presently we shall have to devote some thought to Mr. Thaddeus B. Dollside of Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. Dollside does not read this magazine because, says he, "your appeal is to the young, immature, jazz-dancing, night-club set." Mr. Dollside threatens not to read us until we "follow the example of your fine, sober contemporary and give us of the older and wiser generation the solid, meaty, conservative and thought-ful reading matter that is warranted to make us think."

THINK what? W. D.

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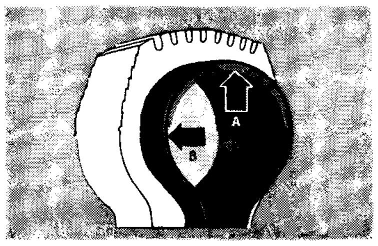
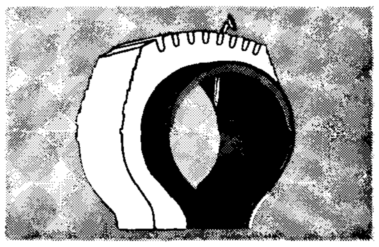
NEW! *Seal-o-matic tube* MAKES YOUR DRIVING SAFER IN 2 WAYS!

THE GREATEST SAFETY NEWS OF 1939



1. NEW BLOW-OUT PROTECTION!

In the blow-out "danger zone" (A), Seal-o-matic's "Self-Healing" Lining instantly works in to fill rips, or tears . . . drastic high-speed tests prove that Seal-o-matic changes dangerous blow-outs to safe, slow leaks. Even at (B), clear out of the "danger zone," Seal-o-matic gives new protection—with 60% greater strength in its "Tuff-Rubber" walls—strength that is not stretched out or diminished in use because this tube is built up (not blown up!) to fill your tire.



2. NEW PROTECTION AGAINST FLAT TIRES . . .

Punctures due to nails, glass, etc., are instantly filled and sealed by the new, exclusive Goodrich "Self-Healing" Lining—mended completely and permanently. See how this lining reaches beyond the shoulders—protecting the entire area where practically all punctures occur. In torture tests, tires stood up with spikes, nails, and screws driven through the tube—spikes were driven in, spikes were pulled out . . . but not a flat tire in many thousand grueling tests.

NOW! RIDE WITH NEW CONFIDENCE AND NEW ECONOMY—ON THESE 2-WAY SAFETY TUBES

At last a tube that protects you against blow-outs and flat tires both! Miraculous self-healing lining reduces even dangerous cuts to safe, slow leaks—seals spike and nail punctures instantly *as you ride.* 60% stronger walls protect you against hidden bruises. Get this priceless *safety* . . . get this money *saving*—in repair expense, accident bills, tire wear.

This amazing tube puts 2-way protection in any tire. And a Seal-o-matic Tube in a Silvertown Tire—with its Golden Ply Blow-out Protection and its road-drying, non-skid Life-Saver Tread—is the last word in safety on wheels. It's the revolutionary 1939 safety-equipment for any car, new or old. See your Goodrich Dealer or Silvertown Store . . . today!

- **CONFIDENTIAL** credit plan makes it easy to buy Seal-o-matics. A Goodrich Dealer Service—personalized, to fit any income. Only a small down payment—and you make your own long, easy terms.

SEAL-O-MATIC LEADS IN 9 WAYS

1. **Reduces blow-out danger to a new minimum.**
2. **Serious cuts reduced to slow leaks instead of blow-outs.**
3. **Saves tire and tube destruction from blow-outs.**
4. **Protects you from punctures.**
5. **Avoids delays and dangers of road-side tire changes.**
6. **Saves costly accident bills and tire and tube repair expense.**
7. **Owners report tires wear 25% longer.**
8. **Seal-o-matic Tubes outlast tires.**
9. **Gives tires greater resistance to dangerous hidden bruises.**

YET COSTS NO MORE than other "premium" tubes without this 2-way Safety and these economy features.

The B. F. Goodrich Company
Akron, Ohio Los Angeles, Calif.

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You May Be Next! Blow-outs kill or injure thousands. Free yourself from blow-out fear—drive with glorious self-confidence—get Seal-o-matics!

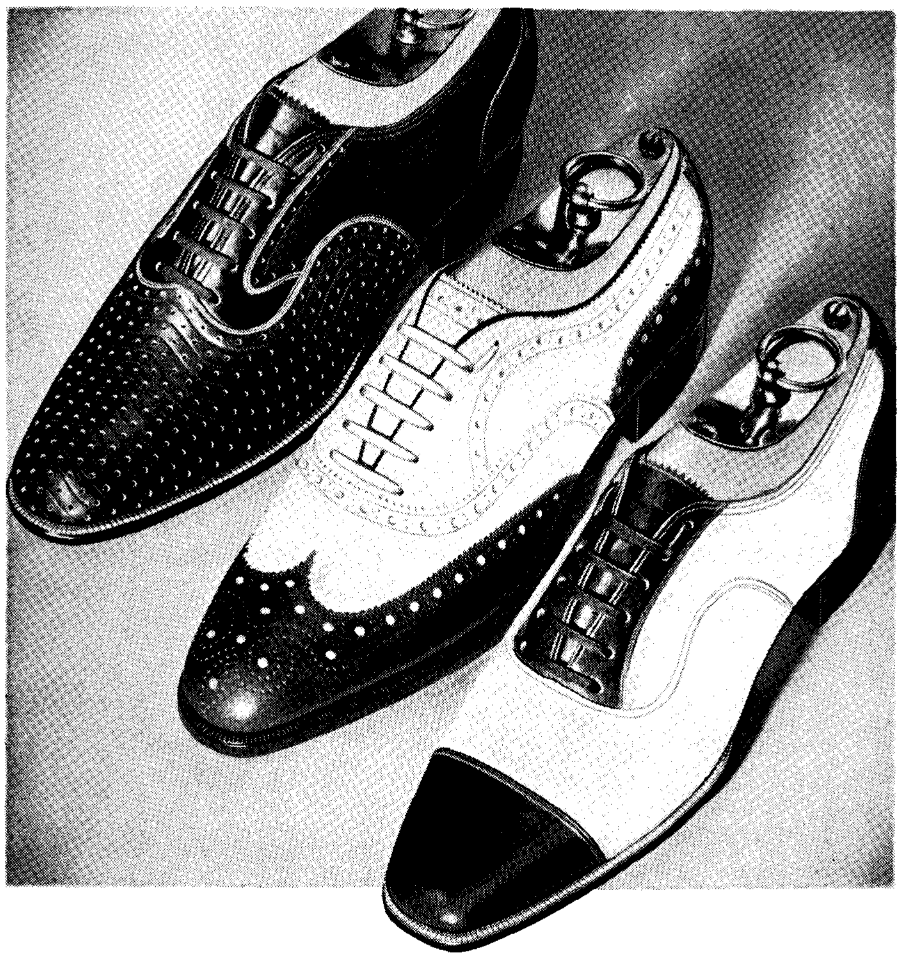
Suppose This Were Your Wife! Annoying, dangerous for you—infinitely worse for a woman on a lonely road at night. Protect her. Punctures are defeated by Seal-o-matics!

NOW!
A 2-WAY
LIFE-SAVER
TUBE

Goodrich *Seal-o-matic*

ROLL ON THE LIFE-SAVER TUBE THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

THE GREATEST FLORSHEIM VALUE
IN 47 YEARS!

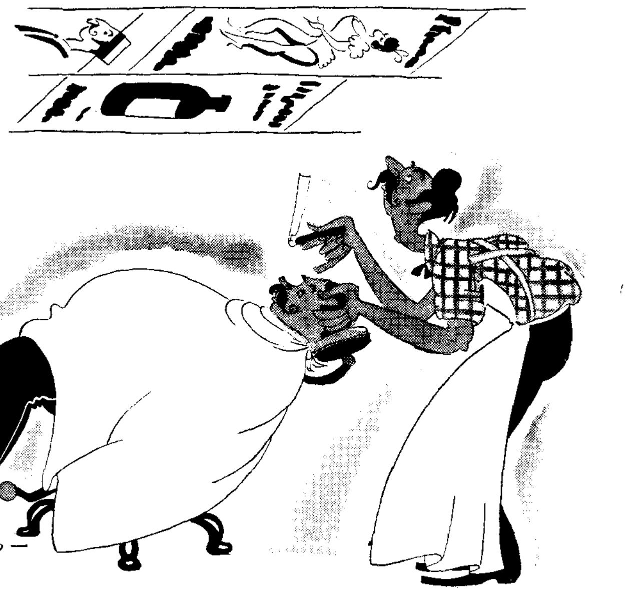


Florsheim IS THE WORD
FOR THE *Last Word* IN VALUE!

Through all the years that the Florsheim name has been famed for the finest, never before has it meant so much for your money. For today's Florsheims are the finest ever fashioned. In fit and finish . . . in craftsmanship and comfort . . . in stamina and style, these new Florsheims bring you close to half a century of major improvements in methods and materials . . . five decades of development in structure and design . . . an extra dividend in quality for which you pay no premium in price! *Illustrated,* The ECLIPSE, S-852, *$8.75;* The DEARBORN, S-844, *$10; and* The RAMBLER, S-850, *$8.75.*

$8.75
SOME HIGHER

THE
Florsheim
SHOE
The Florsheim Shoe Company · Manufacturers · Chicago
Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

About fifty years ago, a number of barbershops in New York City sold advertising space on their ceilings.—*By Jay Stott, Portland, Oregon.*

All falsehoods told on the witness stand are not punishable as perjury. When a lie relates to some immaterial matter, no crime is committed. Also, one who loses a case by perjury cannot sue the lying witness. Any prosecution for perjury belongs to the government in whose court the trial took place and is based not on the damage to the victim but on the abuse of public justice.

During the 874 years' existence of Westminster Abbey, Britain's coronation church, forty-two monarchs have occupied the throne of England. Yet only one royal princess was ever married in it and she was Mary, daughter of Queen Mary and King George V, whose wedding to Viscount Lascelles took place there on February 28, 1922.

The teddy bear, named after Theodore ("Teddy") Roosevelt in playful allusion to his fondness for hunting big game, is believed to be the most popular individualized toy in history. For many years after its creation about a generation ago, its sales throughout the world probably exceeded those of all other toys combined.

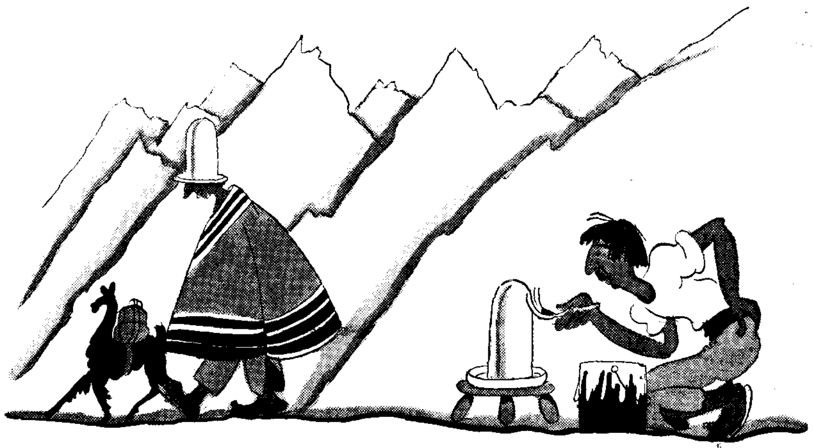
The Peruvian Indians clean their tall straw hats with white-lead paint, which eventually makes the hats as rigid and heavy as steel helmets.

Few plants equal a species of British toothwort, *Lathraea squamaria,* in its efforts to reach daylight. One, which happened to germinate at the bottom of an abandoned mine shaft, extended itself to the top, a distance of one hundred and twenty feet, although the normal height of this plant is only six inches.—*By Milton E. Ailes, St. Johnsbury, Vermont.*

A new metal that is completely absorbed by the body after it has held fractured bones in place while they healed is now available to surgeons. Used as pegs, screws, plates and bands, this magne[illegible]m alloy offers steadier fixation and a much faster absorption than materials such as beef bone and cow horn.—*By Howard W. Coates, Chicago, Illinois.*

Walnuts now are being shelled by a machine at the rate of nine hundred pounds an hour. As the nuts are carried between parallel belts, they are slotted, injected with a mixture of oxygen and acetylene and then passed through a flame that causes the gas to explode, throwing the shells into one receptacle and the meats into another. Sixty per cent of the meats come out whole or in unbroken halves.—*By L. A. Covell, Marydel, Maryland.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting *or unusual fact accepted for this column.* Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. *This column is copyrighted by Collier's,* The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

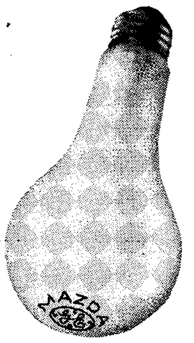


SUNK!

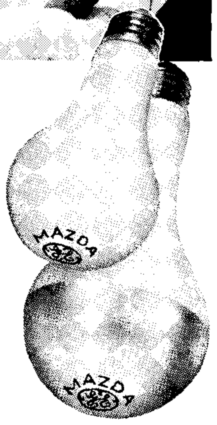
. . . that's how we felt after we heard Bill's wisecrack about our *"horse and buggy"* lighting

. . . but see what a change *"Light Conditioning"* made!

1. We thought we were only getting NEW LIGHTING . . . when we ordered two NEW LAMPS and some new G-E BULBS for this room . . . but we got a NEW LIVING ROOM! Now we have loads of glareless light. We like it so much that we have "Light Conditioned" every room in the house. Do the folks like it? See what they have to say.



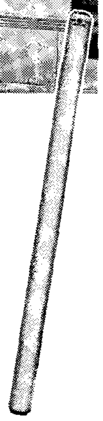
2. "It's a blessing," says mother, enthusiastic about her new I. E. S. bridge lamp. The generous light from the 100-watt G-E bulb makes her solitaire a real relaxation and I've noticed that she has taken up her knitting again. 100-watt G-E bulb **15c**



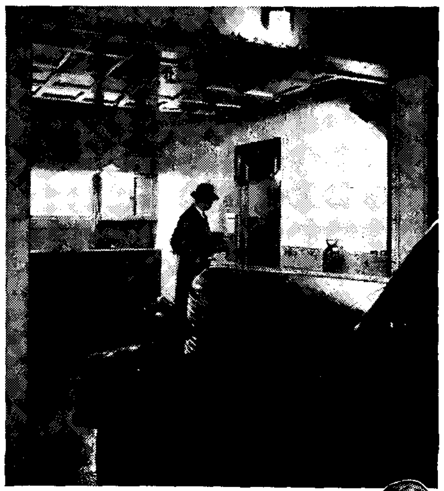
3. Mary was skeptical, when I told her that better light in the kitchen would help make her work easier! Now she says, "It's simply grand!"

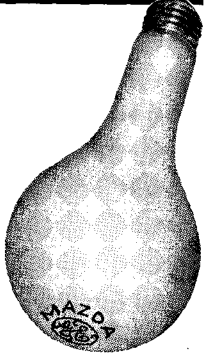
In fixture over sink, 75-watt G-E bulb, **15c**

In overhead fixture, a new 150-watt Silvered Bowl MAZDA lamp **65c**



4. "My dear, they're perfect," exclaimed Cousin Jane, going into raptures over the new Lumiline lamps and inexpensive fixtures we had put beside the bathroom mirror. "I never saw such fine light for make-up." And Jack says it's swell for shaving . . . that he can do a first-class job in a hurry. As for me, I'm delighted, too. Lumiline (30-watt) G-E MAZDA lamps **$1.00**





5. "It's a honey," That's what Jack says about the new 150-watt G-E bulb over his work bench in the garage. "Now I have good working light. And that 100-watt bulb over the door means greater safety when we drive in at night." 150-watt G-E bulb **20c**

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

PHILCO PRESENTS THE NEW CONSERVADOR

. . . with the Shelf-lined Inner Door!

SAVES TIME! SAVES WORK! SAVES MONEY!

Look at it—the new Conservador Refrigerator brought to you by Philco . . . *different* from any refrigerator you have ever seen! The *only* refrigerator with a large, roomy main compartment *PLUS* a refrigerated shelf-lined Inner Door. A revolutionary new design that brings you convenience and economy no ordinary refrigerator can possibly give.

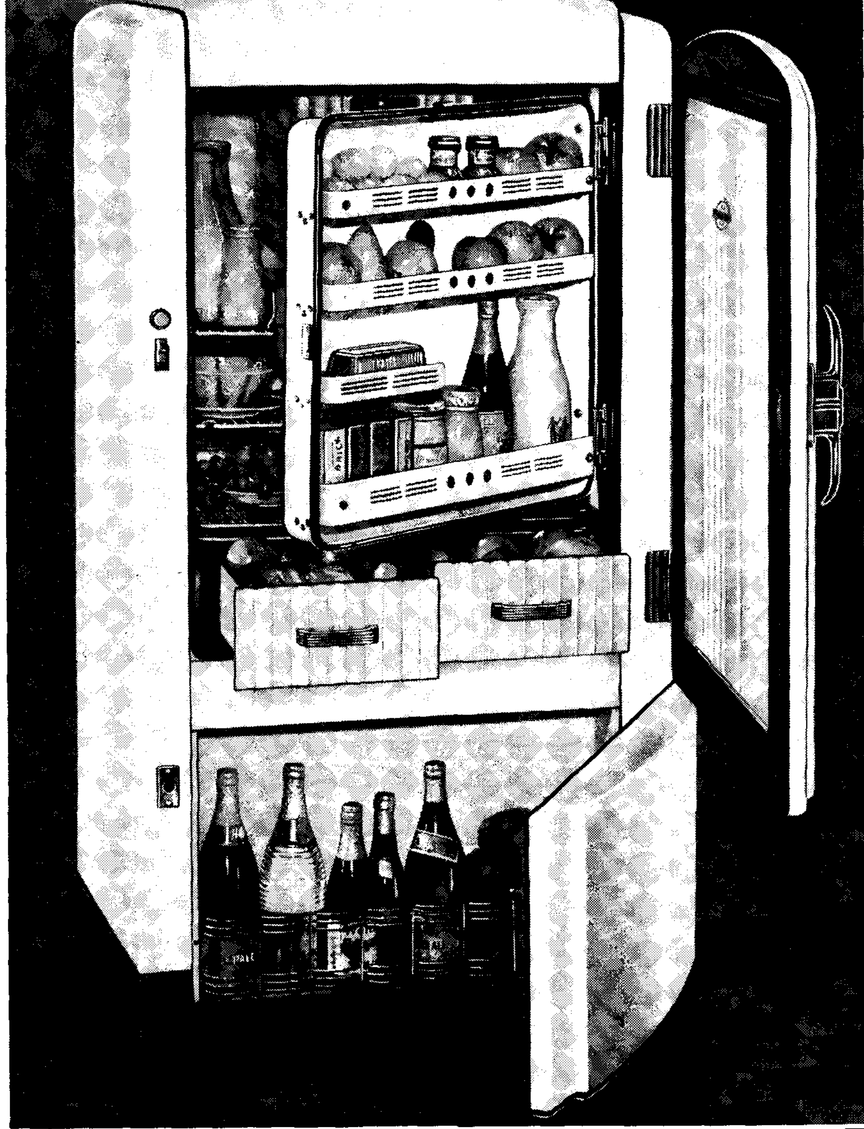
Convenience! The Inner Door gives you 26% more *quickly usable* space. The foods you use most often . . . butter, milk, eggs, package goods . . . all are at your finger-tips, easy to find and easy to reach. In an ordinary refrigerator these foods crowd the front of the shelves or hide themselves in back, taking up but *not filling up* the space! In the Conservador, they're out of the way in the Inner Door, leaving the main compartment free and clear. You get more food into the Conservador because you *really use*, easily and naturally, *ALL the space you buy.*

Economy! The Inner Door keeps the main compartment closed. No matter how many times you open the refrigerator for the food in the Inner Door, you never expose the main compartment to the warm air outside. Think how that preserves the precious cold, cuts down current consumption, saves you money every hour! Only Conservador can give you this economy because only Conservador has the patented, exclusive Inner Door.

CONSERVADOR
BRINGS YOU
EVERY QUALITY FEATURE

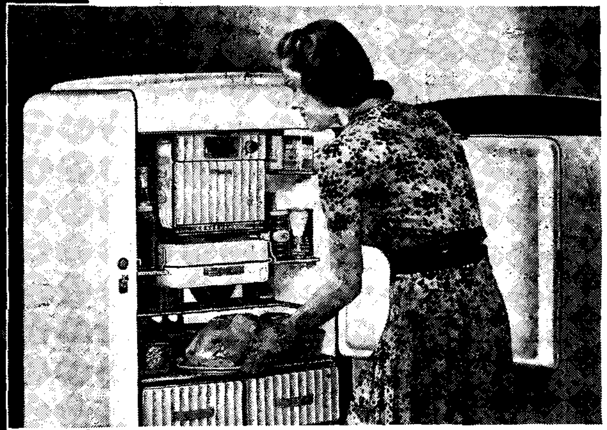
The Conservador is, first of all, a *quality* refrigerator. It is built with all the care, precision and advanced design which are recognized as the world wide mark of a Philco product. Every feature ever developed to save time, to save effort, to save money, to make the work of meal preparation easier, pleasanter, and more successful is found in the Conservador. Its smart beauty is a lasting source of pride. And then . . . *added to all this* . . . it is the *only* refrigerator with the amazing Inner Door, the greatest refrigerator convenience and economy feature ever invented! Here are a few of the many features—

Quick Ice Cube Release . . . Extra-cold Meat Storage Compartment . . . Self-sealing Vegetable Crisper and Fruit Basket . . . Reserve Storage Chest . . . Sliding and Removable Shelves . . . Illuminated Cold Control Dial . . . Interior Light . . . Full-view Thermometer . . . Oversize Freezing Unit . . . Sustained Cold Defrosting . . . Quiet, Hermetically-sealed Power Unit, highly efficient and economical . . . Durable, Dulux Exterior . . . acid-resisting Porcelain Interior . . . Handsome, oversize, two tone hardware . . . Five-Year Protection Plan.



New Finger-Tip Space!

Two-fifths of all the food you store in a refrigerator now right at your finger-tips, without even opening the main compartment! No hunting, reaching, shifting or stooping. What a convenience! How it saves your time, energy and nerves!

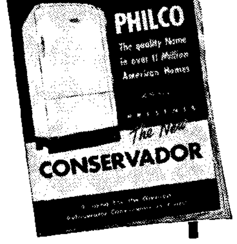


Main Compartment Easy to Reach!

The touch of a lever *opens both doors together*, exposing the roomy main compartment. It's easy to reach, too . . . not crammed and crowded in front, nothing to move out of the way. Because every inch of space is quickly usable, you'll be amazed *how much more food it holds!*

On Display near you! See It!

Your nearest Philco dealer has the new Conservador on display in various sizes to fit your needs. Visit him today. See the Inner Door and the many other quality features that give you greater convenience and economy in the Conservador. Ask about his easy-payment offer—*24 months to pay!* In the meantime, mail the coupon now for beautifully illustrated, 24-page book about the new Conservador Refrigerator. Sent to you by Philco, FREE!



FREE BOOK! Mail This Coupon

PHILCO RADIO & TELEVISION CORPORATION, Dept. 105,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free and without obligation, your 24-page book about the Conservador Refrigerator with the shelf-lined Inner Door.

Name____________________

Address____________________

____

Royal Party

By Jim Marshall

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

When Their Majesties land in Canada the eastern provinces will greet them in toppers and spats while the West will say it with Indians. And all along the route they will see freshly scrubbed towns and faces. It will be quite a show

THE pretty, apple-cheeked Canadian girl in the Ottawa newsstand was all wrought up about it. She pointed to a blank space on the wall behind her.

"I had to take it down," she said angrily.

"What—and why?"

"A picture of Their Majesties, of course. I just got disgusted at some of you Americans—coming in here and pointing to the picture and referring to the king and queen as 'George and Lizzie.' Impertinence, I call it."

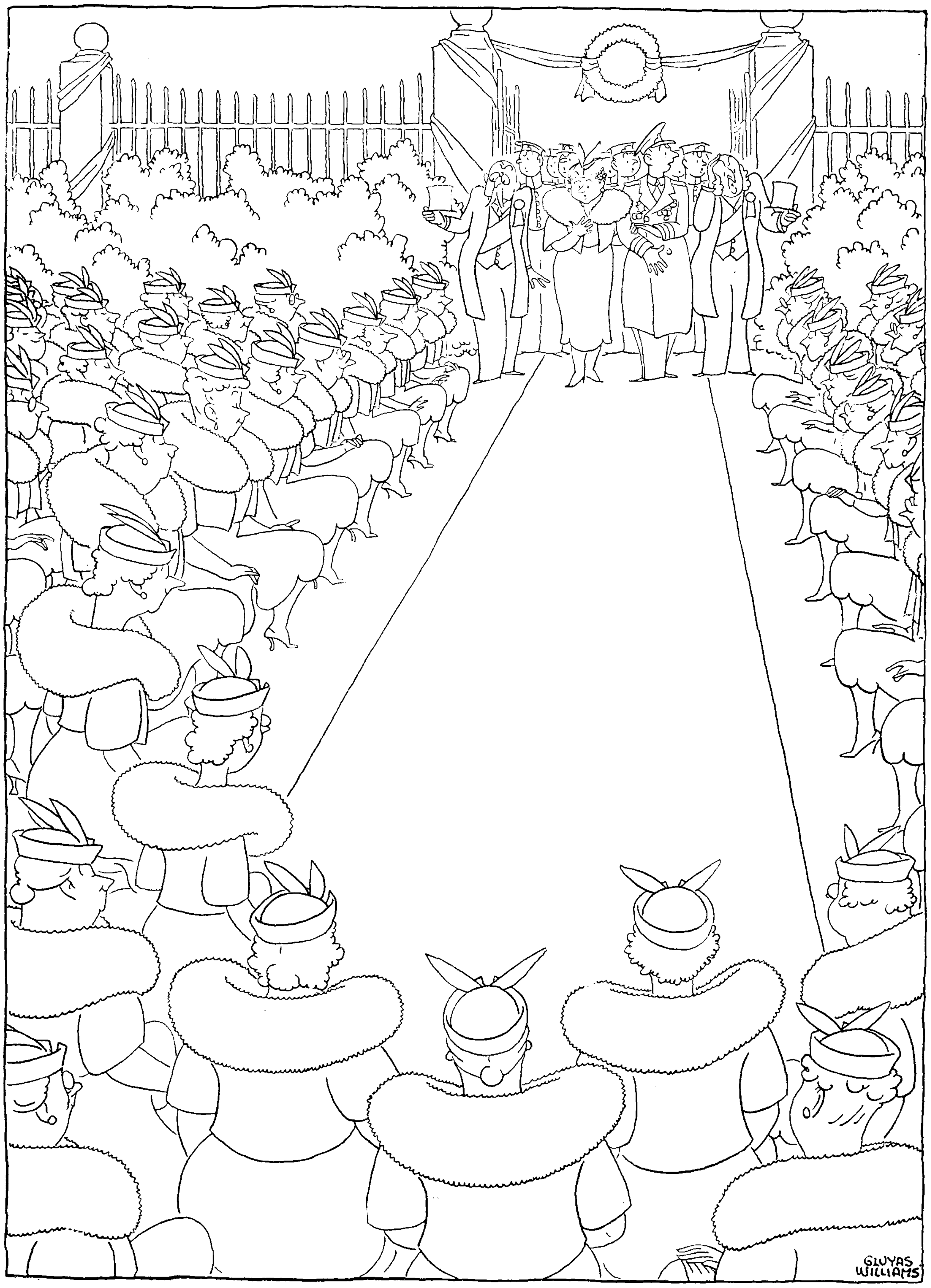
On the other hand, there was the farmer's wife up in Saskatchewan. She wrote to the Regina newspaper to suggest a generous display of the Stars and Stripes during the impending visit of King George and Queen Elizabeth to Canada. She wrote that "thousands of our American friends will be up to help us celebrate and we should do everything to show them they are welcome."

She added, thoughtfully, that it might be a good idea to fix up some of the roads for the visiting Americans, too.

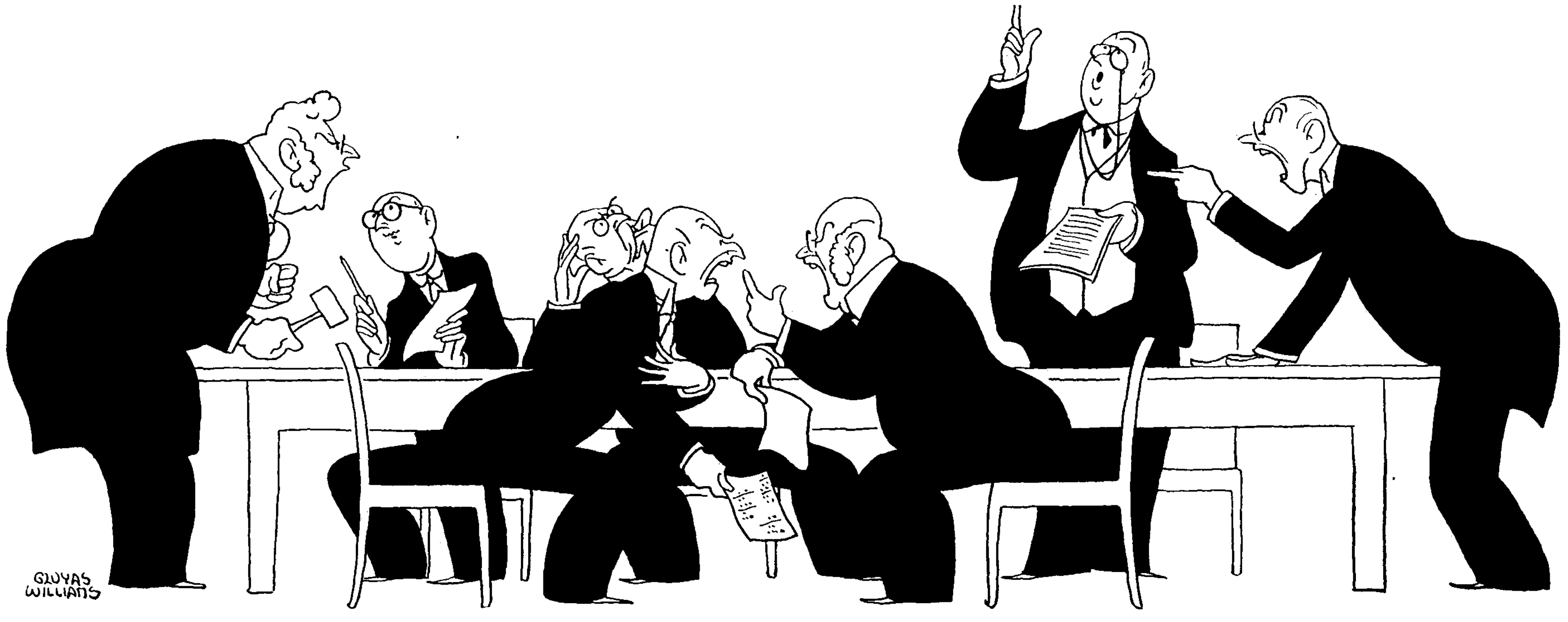
From Halifax to Victoria, today, twelve million Canadians are thinking of little else besides the royal visit, and the Canadian who isn't on a committee of some sort is as rare as a nine-second steak. It's the first time the Dominion has entertained its reigning monarchs and, having no precedents to go by, it has had to figure out a program from scratch—helped out by suggestions from at least five million volunteer suggesters.

There was, for example, the married couple in Ontario. They were, they explained, the same age as the king and queen, they looked like the king and queen, and their names were George and Elizabeth. Now, they said, the king and queen will get pretty tired and bored and whatnot—and that's where we come in. We will volunteer to act as stand-ins for the royal couple, taking the bows, laying a cornerstone or two, attending a banquet or so . . .

But before we take a trip across Can-



The queen will be spared the embarrassment of having her gowns copied too soon



Everyone insists on having a hand in the splurge, so everyone who is anyone is on a committee

ada to see how the boys and girls are getting ready to welcome their royal guests, let's have a glance at the Canadians. Quite a few Canadians are neither hairy-chested guides nor redcoated Mounties, although you might not believe it. Although we live right next door to them and get along better than most international neighbors, few of us know much about them—and most of that's wrong.

Canada's bigger than the United States—goes right up to the Pole, in fact—but there are only 17,000,000 Canadians and of these only about 12,000,000 live in Canada; the rest live with us. Only fifty-one per cent of the Canadian nation is British or of British ancestry and the percentage is decreasing every year. There are about 4,500,000 French Canadians, of whom a third live in our Northeastern states. They consider themselves the only true Canadians and look upon the British as interlopers and Johnny-Come-Latelys who have yet to be assimilated.

French Canadians are more Canadian and less British Empire-minded than the others; they were reluctant to volunteer in the last war; feel hardly any kinship with France; and are concentrated in Quebec province. The other Canadians, intensely loyal both to Canada and the empire, still do not regard Englishmen very highly, though there is not the pre-war bitterness that made "No English need apply" a familiar phrase in the want-ad columns of the western provinces.

Canada is not a British colony, but an independent unit of the British Commonwealth of Nations. She can secede at any time, but isn't likely to, being heartily in favor of both the empire and the royal family. The country is under no compulsion to fight for England in a war but most likely would, if not as a national unit, then by sending volunteers and munitions. A few years ago the Canadian regarded himself as a "colonial." Today, he's a citizen of the independent Canadian nation—and proud of it.

Pomp That Pays Dividends

King George is the actual king of Canada, though he hasn't one hundredth the power of an American president. He has no political significance at all, as we understand politics. He is a symbol, loved and respected as such. Canadians don't like the flippant American attitude toward their king—any more than we would like Canadians making fun of our Constitution, the flag or the Lincoln Memorial.

So, there are Canada and the Canadians. And this month most Canadians will be thinking of little else save what is called "the royal progress." Thousands of them will have a part in the arrangements and up to two million of them will get a chance to see the king and queen.

About a million Americans are going up to help out the Canadians with their royalty-viewing—at least the Canadians hope so. Putting on the show is going to cost the taxpayers about a million dollars, exclusive of private expenditures—but if a million Americans spend $10 apiece in the Dominion, that'll help out. In fact, the whole trip might show a nice profit.

"It's a natural!" said John Queen, the Scots Canadian who is Winnipeg's Labor mayor. "This visit will pay us huge dividends. If we don't make something of it we're crazy."

Some of Canada's social lights thought Mr. Queen was being a bit sordid and mercenary about it—but after all, if you can turn an honest penny . . .

To offset the money-making angle there was the sad case of the eighty privy councilors. Canada's privy council is made up of all past and present cabinet ministers, chief justices and envoys to foreign lands, and will have a meeting with the king in Ottawa.

All the councilors thought this was swell—until one of them remarked casually that they were supposed to wear the "Windsor uniform," a gaudy affair covered with gold embroidery and costing $1,000, cash. Since many of the councilors are poor men, they protested against laying $1,000 on the line for a uniform they would most likely wear only once. After some argument, they were let off with silk knee breeches at $150 a pair. Three or four councilors have the $1,000 outfit and are going to wear it—might as well get some good out of it.

Other slightly disillusioned people are building owners in most cities where the royal progress will stage a parade. When parade routes were first announced, all the building owners put cleaners, painters and varnishers to work—only to learn a week later that the route had been changed. In some towns it has been changed four times and practically the entire downtown section has been scrubbed and painted, though with some murmuring here and there against committees that can't make up their minds.

Queen Elizabeth's Little Secret

Nor were the building owners the only folks with Grade-A headaches. Every milliner and dressmaker in the Dominion has been trying for weeks to find out just what the queen will wear—and nobody will tell. Cables to the royal outfitters in London go unanswered; Canadian officials say they wouldn't tell, even if they knew. Why?

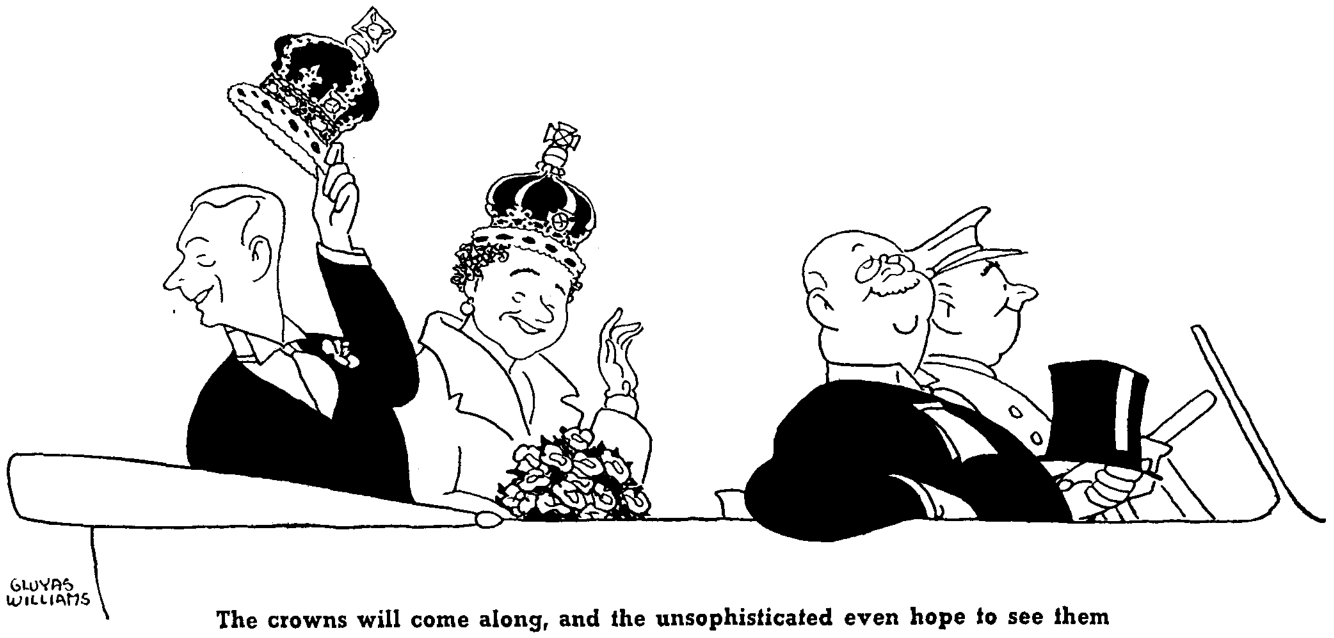
"Well," said the staid attaché of the governor general's staff in Ottawa, "Her Majesty is a woman, you know. Just think how she would feel if she wore a certain frock to an affair and discovered every woman she met or saw wearing a copy of it. My word, it would be most embarrassing!"

So all the Canadian woman knows is that Queen Elizabeth will have fifty new frocks along and a new hat for every daytime appearance; that her favorite color is blue; and that every department store will have copies of the royal frocks on sale a few days after the royal special goes by.

The royal train, by the way, is being assembled from various private and official cars. It will be a ten- or twelve-car affair, painted royal blue and carrying fifty or sixty persons besides the king and queen, who will have separate suites. Every night, around nine o'clock, the train will pull out of the city in which the day's ceremonies have been held, chug along a few miles and then be set out on a siding for the night. Early next morning it'll start out again and arrive formally in the next city.

Ahead of the royal special will run the newspaper train, with about 250 reporters, cameramen, press agents and newsreel men aboard. On this train also will go the red carpet that will be

(Continued on page 43)



The crowns will come along, and the unsophisticated even hope to see them

Beware the Nightingale

By John Wiggin

If one Yankee warbler could do all this to a songwriter, what awful fate awaits him in Dixie, when he hears a mockingbird?

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

WELL, I'll tell you, Manny, if you will guarantee that this Miami is a beach, like you say it is, and not country, like that New England, why okay, I will be glad to spend a coupla weeks down there with you. That would probably be a very good idea. An independent songwriter like me should get around more to those places like Miami and Atlantic City, instead of sitting all of their lives in New York. But Manny, don't ever make a suggestion we should go to New England. On account of that is a very sore spot with me.

You understand, I'm not knocking the place. That New England is a very beautiful spot, but I don't want any part of it. The scenery up there is really marvelous, and just because I have had a very terrible experience up there, that is no reason I should go around knocking the place to other people. And I am really very grateful to New England, because if I hadn't of gone up there the first time, I would probably never of wrote Where's That Summer Moon? And Where's That Summer Moon? is the song that put me up there where I am now.

Before that, when I was a song plugger at Faust's, I would knock off a tune now and then and place it. I think there is fourteen altogether that are published. But nothing ever happens with any of them, and I am still a song plugger when I write Where's That Summer Moon? That little ballad has made me twenty-six thousand marbles so far, Manny, besides getting me a Class-A rating in ASCAP. I don't have to work in a publishing house any more. I am Sparrow Bluestone, the well-known young composer. I can go anywheres and do anything I feel like. But don't ask me to go to New England, Manny, because I give you my word, all the success I had with that little number I wrote up there, I earned every quarter. You will never know the mental agony.

You know me, Manny: I am a city boy and one of the neighbor's children. I go to school at P. S. 86, and when I am fifteen years old, I am playing piano in a band. And when I am eighteen, I get a job in a publishing house, on account of I can merchandise a song, and I stay there for twelve years. And all this time I am strictly a New York guy. I never get as far out as New Rochelle or Flushing.

So last summer I find out about the country. By this time I am professional manager of Faust's, and I am having it tough because we have a lousy catalogue to work on. Night and day, I and the boys in my department are down on our knees begging band leaders and radio directors to use those dog numbers of ours. I am personally handling the contract work on six big radio programs, and I am really going out of my mind. Then that hot spell comes along in the first of June, and I begin to think I am auditioning for the nut foundry.

One Friday night I went up to Radio City to see a broadcast. It was that big ice-cream hour, and I had a song on it that night. The director of the program, a fellow named Booth Dearborn, put it on as a special favor to me, and it was a very nice coast-to-coast plug. So afterward I go around to thank him and take him out for a drink. We wind up at the Comstock where Feets McGlue is opening with his band that night.

Now this Dearborn is a big, quiet guy, with a lot of class, and he knows what he is doing. I contacted him for eight years, and he always leveled with me. Once he even went so far as to buy me a lunch. And you know, Manny, that is totally unnecessary.

Anyway, we go to the Comstock, which I don't have to tell you is right near Grand Central. For a summer opening, it is a pretty good opening. Besides all the publishers, there is a pretty good crowd. Jack Feinstein, who is general manager of Faust's, has a big ringside table for members of the firm and their guests, but it is all loaded up with small-time talent, so Dearborn and I duck over and get a table by the wall.

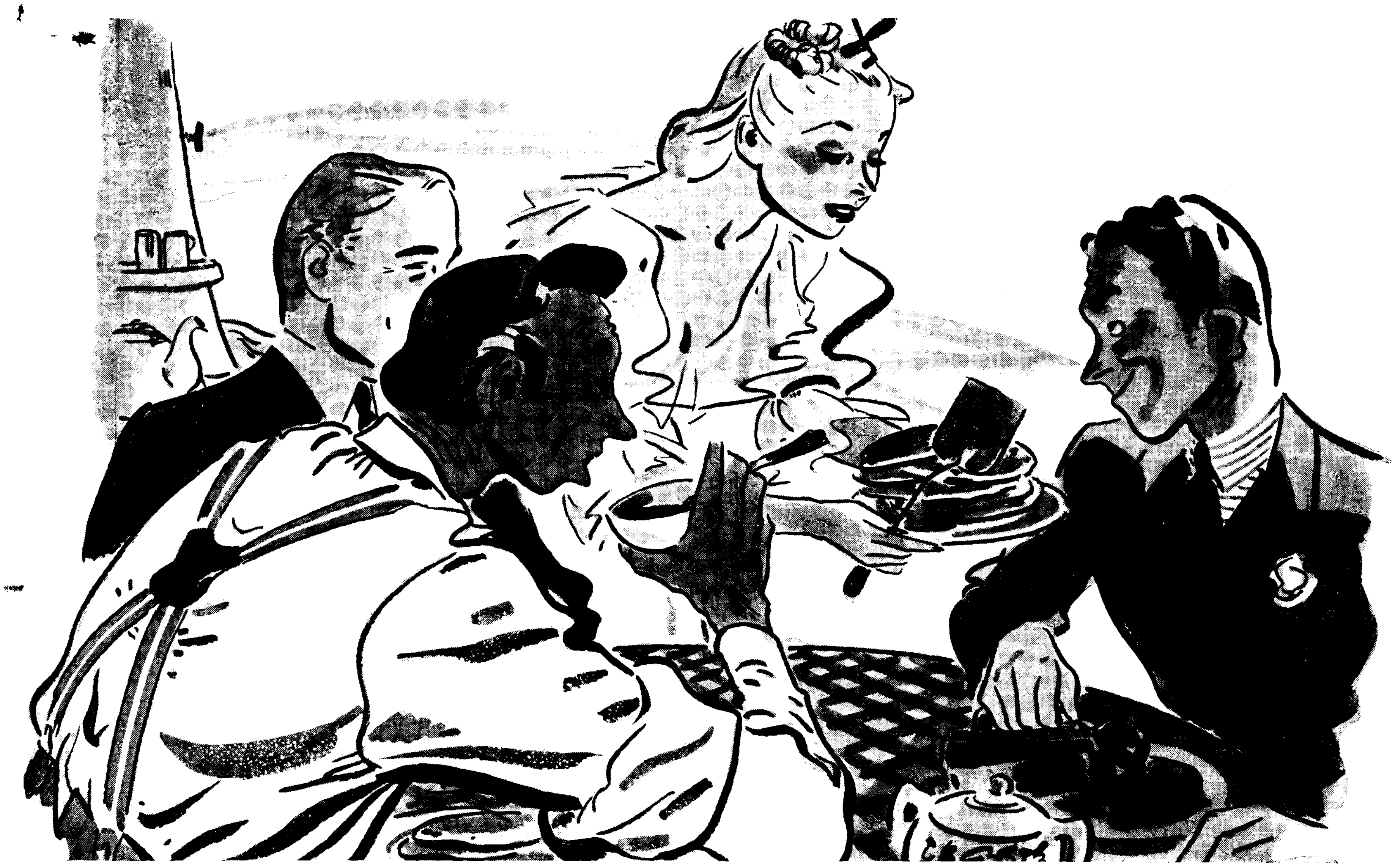
"BOOTH," I says, after I order the drinks, "that program of yours tonight was terrific."

He doesn't say anything for a minute, but just gives me this wise smile.

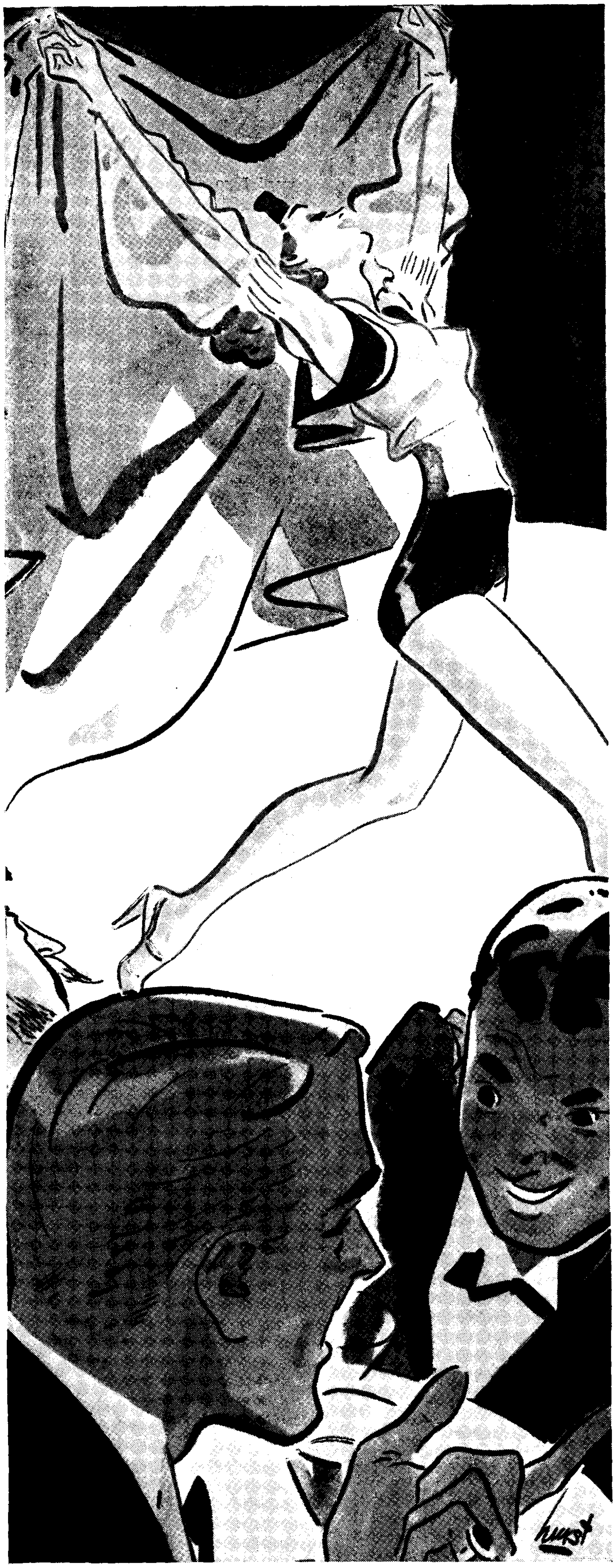
"Listen, Sparrow," he says finally, "why don't you relax? That show tonight was terrible, and you know it."

"What do you mean?" I protests. "I thought it was swell. I wouldn't kid you."

"Oh, yes, you would," he says. "Now wait a minute, Sparrow. You look the way I feel, and I feel tired as hell. Why



I start in on the wheatcakes. Pretty soon I lose count of how many of them I am partaking of



We go to the Comstock. For a summer opening, it is a pretty good opening

don't you stop being professional manager of Faust's for two minutes, and just be yourself?"

"Booth," I says, "you got me. I would give anything if I could take one day off from touting that punk ballad that's number one on our catalogue, now."

"You mean The Old Village Church?" he says, hiding a grin.

"That's the turkey," I says bitterly.

"I bet you have never seen a village church in your life," he says.

"Only the one in Greenwich Village," I comes back, "on the way to Nick's Tavern."

He thinks that is very funny, and is getting a good laugh out of it, when all of a sudden he stops and leans forward. There is a peculiar, faraway look in his eyes.

"Sparrow," he says, "I have a swell idea. I'm going to show you a village church. It's on the way to my farm up in Vermont."

"In Vermont?" I says, startled. "Where is that?"

"Not so far from here," he says, and goes on to tell me about it. It seems he once bought this old farm up there, and fixed up the house, and put a farmer and his wife on it. The way he described it, it sounded really marvelous. There was two hundred acres of land, he said, and the place was right on a lake, and there was mountains all around.

"THAT sounds really marvelous," I says. "I bet it's a wonderful place."

"There's no doubt about it," he says. "Will you come up with me?"

"Absolutely," I says. "That's for *me*. Maybe I can get a coupla days off in August—"

"August hell!" he says. "We're going tonight."

"Tonight!" I gasps.

"There's a train," he says, looking at his watch, "leaving Grand Central in just twelve minutes. If we run, we can make it."

"Are you out of your mind?" I yells. "I haven't any clothes packed, and besides I gotta work tomorrow."

"You don't need any clothes," he says, getting up and paying the waiter. "There's plenty up at the farm. All you need is a toothbrush and you can get that downstairs."

"Yeh, but what about my job?" I wails.

"Send Feinstein a wire from the train. Tell him you've gone up to supervise spring planting."

What can you do with that kind of a guy, Manny? But nothing, so I get on the train with him.

You will never know how excited I was. I was so excited I forgot to send a telegram to Feinstein. Dearborn went to bed pretty soon, but I sat up and tried to read a magazine. Every now and then I would look out of the window to see what the country looked like, but there would be nothing but a whole lot of darkness out there. Finally it gets cooler and I go off to sleep.

I must of slept very hard, because Dearborn can hardly wake me up in time to get off the train the next morning, at a place called Lyndonville. I am still in a daze, standing on the station platform, when a big, tall guy with a face like the Flatiron Building, walks up and says something to Dearborn. He looks like a movie extra in rube makeup, and I start to look around for the Pixilated Sisters, when Dearborn says, "This is Ethan Graves, Sparrow. He farms my place."

"Glad to make your acquaintance," the rube says. It sounded like somebody played it on a banjo. I found out later he wasn't acting, that was really the way he talked. He led us over to an old, broken-down touring car, and we went away from there in a cloud of dust. It only takes about two minutes to leave the town behind us, and from then on, I was a city boy who was really seeing something new.

That country was so beautiful that for once in my life I didn't have a word to say. All I could do was look around at those trees and fields and mountains, and wonder whether I was dreaming or whether I was at the Music Hall seeing one of those travel pictures. It was so damn' beautiful, Manny, that if I was to try to describe it to you the way it affected me, you would think I was a poet.

It is nearly an hour's drive to the farmhouse, and all the way I am knocking myself out with that mountain greenery. Nobody says much. Once in a while, Dearborn will ask Ethan some question, and he will get an answer in some kind of double-talk.

"You in good health, Ethan?" says Dearborn.

"Ay-yuh," says Ethan. That's what it sounded like.

"How's Martha?"

"Ain't offal rug-ged," said Ethan.

"That's too bad," says Dearborn. "What's the matter?"

"Don't nawthin' ail her," says Ethan, "just a mite peak-ed."

"Well, you take care of her, now," says Dearborn. "How are the pigs?"

"They're a caution," says Ethan.

"You going to sell them right away?" says Dearborn.

"Might," says Ethan.

"Market for them is kind of low, now, isn't it?" says Dearborn.

"A mite," says Ethan.

Now, Manny, you tell me what all that means. I wouldn't know. I never did get so I could understand Ethan very good. Half the time I would think he is giving me a rib, but he is strictly a deadpan, so after a while I just gave up. I figured there was room for both of us on two hundred acres.

When we finally got to the farm, I can see that Dearborn hasn't told the half of it. There is this lovely white farmhouse high up on a hillside, looking down on a big blue lake. A mountain rises up in back of the house, and on the other side of the lake there is a lot of other mountains. The kitchen in the house is bigger than my two-room apartment on Fifty-eighth Street, and there is a big living room with a wood-burning fireplace, a radio-phonograph combo and an upright piano. That Dearborn really has a spot up there.

AS SOON as we get inside the house we sit down to a light breakfast. I have myself four boiled eggs—fresh eggs. You wouldn't know what they taste like, Manny. Then I start in on the wheatcakes. Pretty soon I lose count of how many of them I am partaking of, because they are swimming in maple syrup. Only this maple syrup isn't like that stuff you get on Sixth Avenue. Dearborn said it come out of some trees up on the mountain. I let that one go, and played dumb. After all, I've been ribbed by geniuses in my time.

And by the way, this meal is cooked and served up by a very cute female. She wears a comedy dress, but otherwise she is all right. Give her a lipstick and you could take her anywheres, after you'd bought her some clothes. It turns out that she is Martha, Ethan's wife, and she looks plenty nice.

After breakfast, Dearborn takes me out to get a hunk of the farm. The first thing is a whole row of midget houses full of chickens. It looked like there was about a million of them, all pure white, and all squawking like a hungry chorine. And there was some baby ones that are so cute you would like to have one for a pet.

I ask Dearborn about the cows, but he

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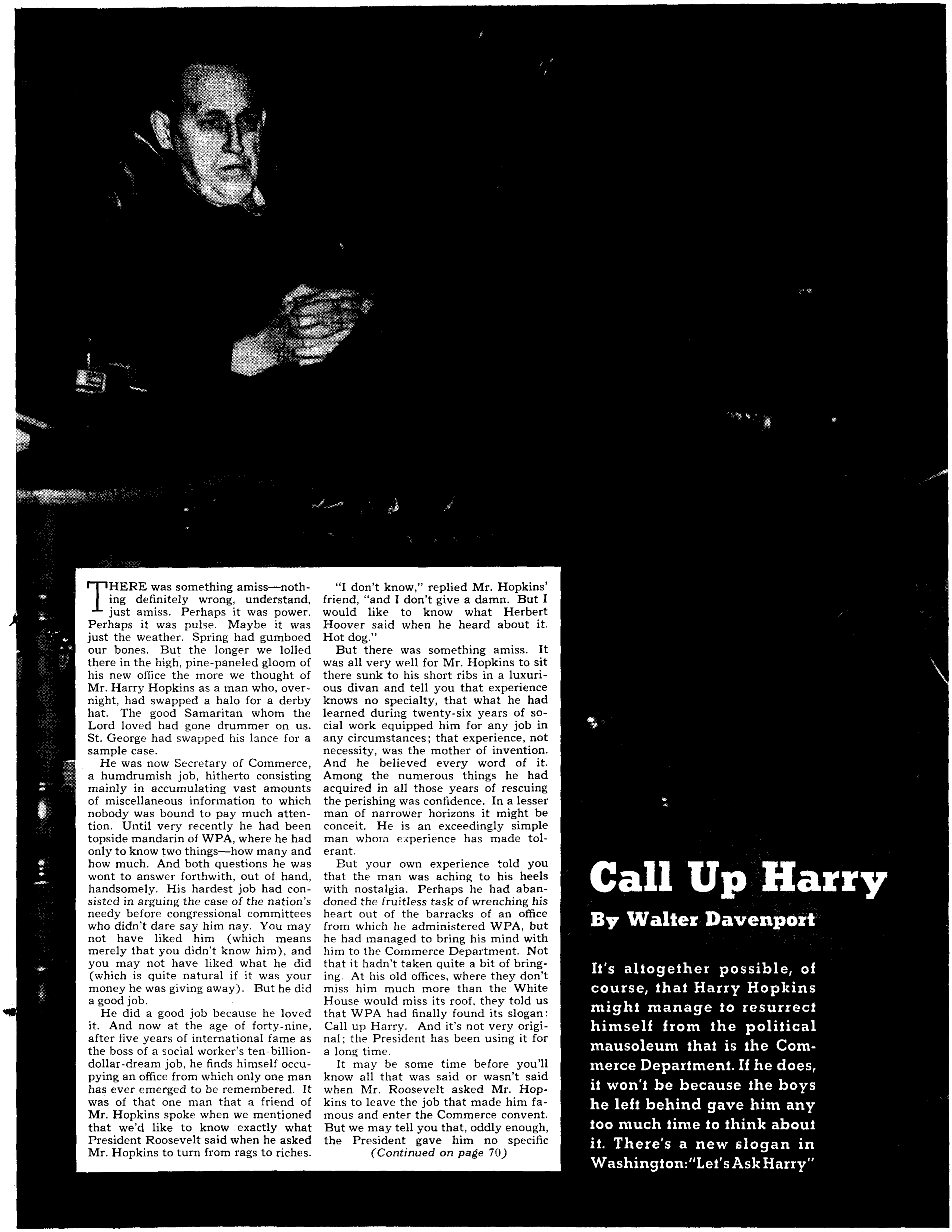


IFOR THOMAS

Call Up Harry

By Walter Davenport

It's altogether possible, of course, that Harry Hopkins might manage to resurrect himself from the political mausoleum that is the Commerce Department. If he does, it won't be because the boys he left behind gave him any too much time to think about it. There's a new slogan in Washington: "Let's Ask Harry"

THERE was something amiss—nothing definitely wrong, understand, just amiss. Perhaps it was power. Perhaps it was pulse. Maybe it was just the weather. Spring had gumboed our bones. But the longer we lolled there in the high, pine-paneled gloom of his new office the more we thought of Mr. Harry Hopkins as a man who, overnight, had swapped a halo for a derby hat. The good Samaritan whom the Lord loved had gone drummer on us. St. George had swapped his lance for a sample case.

He was now Secretary of Commerce, a humdrumish job, hitherto consisting mainly in accumulating vast amounts of miscellaneous information to which nobody was bound to pay much attention. Until very recently he had been topside mandarin of WPA, where he had only to know two things—how many and how much. And both questions he was wont to answer forthwith, out of hand, handsomely. His hardest job had consisted in arguing the case of the nation's needy before congressional committees who didn't dare say him nay. You may not have liked him (which means merely that you didn't know him), and you may not have liked what he did (which is quite natural if it was your money he was giving away). But he did a good job.

He did a good job because he loved it. And now at the age of forty-nine, after five years of international fame as the boss of a social worker's ten-billion-dollar-dream job, he finds himself occupying an office from which only one man has ever emerged to be remembered. It was of that one man that a friend of Mr. Hopkins spoke when we mentioned that we'd like to know exactly what President Roosevelt said when he asked Mr. Hopkins to turn from rags to riches.

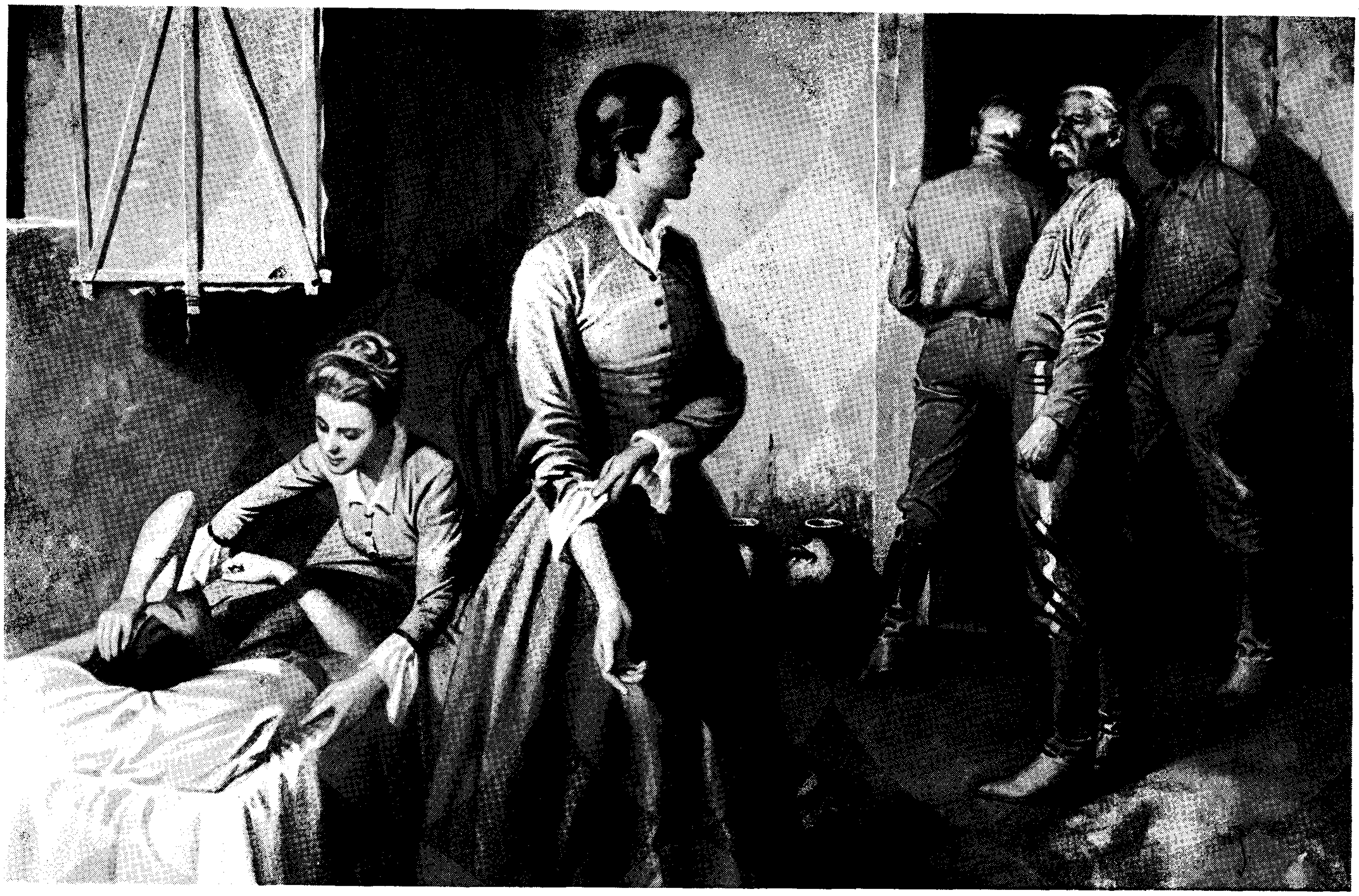
"I don't know," replied Mr. Hopkins' friend, "and I don't give a damn. But I would like to know what Herbert Hoover said when he heard about it. Hot dog."

But there was something amiss. It was all very well for Mr. Hopkins to sit there sunk to his short ribs in a luxurious divan and tell you that experience knows no specialty, that what he had learned during twenty-six years of social work equipped him for any job in any circumstances; that experience, not necessity, was the mother of invention. And he believed every word of it. Among the numerous things he had acquired in all those years of rescuing the perishing was confidence. In a lesser man of narrower horizons it might be conceit. He is an exceedingly simple man whom experience has made tolerant.

But your own experience told you that the man was aching to his heels with nostalgia. Perhaps he had abandoned the fruitless task of wrenching his heart out of the barracks of an office from which he administered WPA, but he had managed to bring his mind with him to the Commerce Department. Not that it hadn't taken quite a bit of bringing. At his old offices, where they don't miss him much more than the White House would miss its roof, they told us that WPA had finally found its slogan: Call up Harry. And it's not very original; the President has been using it for a long time.

It may be some time before you'll know all that was said or wasn't said when Mr. Roosevelt asked Mr. Hopkins to leave the job that made him famous and enter the Commerce convent. But we may tell you that, oddly enough, the President gave him no specific

(*Continued on page 70*)



Lily looked at the men. "You had better leave," she said. "Eleanor and I will do this"

The Border Trumpet

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

AN "ARMY girl," Eleanor Warren, who has been attending a Boston school for three years, arrives at Camp Grant (which her father, Major Warren, commands) at a time when the Apaches are on the warpath. It does not take her long to discover that Philip Castleton, the young lieutenant to whom she is engaged, is none too popular, and that it is to Tom Benteen, another lieutenant, that Major Warren turns in every emergency.

Nevertheless, surrounded by old friends, Eleanor is happy. In this she is unlike Harriet Mixler, whose husband, Lieutenant George Mixler, is often away on scouting duty, and who, a newcomer from Virginia and bored with army life, is wretched.

Following an attack—presumably by Apaches led by a man known as Antone—on two wagons en route to Summerton's ranch, Benteen brings another woman to the post. It appears that, promised a job as housekeeper and cook by Summerton, she had hidden herself in one of the wagons and come through the melee unscathed. And Benteen gathers from her somewhat cryptic remarks that the attack had not been made by Indians.

Since Antone's Apaches have been ravishing the countryside, Major Warren naturally assumes that the marauders are Antone's men. He orders Benteen to take twenty men and go on the trail of the Indian.

Among the enlisted men are Harry Jackson, a young and sensitive boy, and Mitch Canreen, a bully who takes pleasure in heckling Jackson. Jackson is in love with Rose Smith, a girl who lives in a small adobe house beyond the sentry lines. Canreen, too, is interested in Rose. Shortly after the two soldiers have a fight—in which Jackson, using a saber, makes a furious onslaught on Canreen—Jackson slips through the sentries and calls on Rose. He tells her that he is going with Benteen's detail; he intimates, gently, that he loves her.

When he leaves, a door opens and Canreen comes in. "Who was it, Rose?" he asks.

Rose does not answer. Canreen laughs. "Sure, sure," he exclaims, "it was the kid. He don't know much, Rose." He pauses. "Come here."

Rose is silent for a few moments; she is thinking of the charming boy who has just left her. But, after a time, she sighs—and moves across the room.

III

TATTOO ran the parade in strong, slow notes and sank into the velvet-layered mystery of this night. Twenty men of I Troop, equipped for field duty, stood by their horses on the parade, a long blur in the blackness. Sergeant McSween's voice struck its grumbling command into the silence and other voices snapped back at him, counting off. Standing at the edge of the parade, Eleanor watched Benteen and Howell Ford cross the shadows and appear before the other officers grouped with Major Warren. They always went through this, shaking hands and exchanging best wishes. But Phil Castleton was in the background, aloof and silent. Major Warren said:

"I wish you to remember, Mr. Benteen, that your judgment always must prevail in the field. You are to catch Antone if that is possible, to keep him moving if you cannot catch him. Should you come upon him, be sure to estimate your chances carefully. Make a fight under any decent odds. If you must lose men to break up Antone's power then do it. But under no circumstances should you waste a life foolishly. That temptation will be constantly before you. Antone will see to that. I have a great regard for the troopers in this command. They're the finest soldiers on earth and they're in your hands. Be sure you give them proper leadership. I wish you good luck."

Benteen's voice was slow and cool. He said, "Yes, sir," and moved on until he stood before Eleanor Warren, tall-shaped against the night. She said: "Good luck," and took his hand. Afterward he wheeled away with Howell Ford.

Sergeant McSween's solemn voice crossed the parade: "Detail formed, sor."

"Prepare to mount. Mount!"

There was the smash of twenty bodies hitting leather, the grunt of horses and the clank of carbines and canteens and belted trenching tools.

"Right by twos, march!"

The line moved, gray and indistinct, and saddle leather made a little song against the ruffled beat of the walking horses. Eleanor went along the edge of the parade, as far as the end of officers' row, following that column as it passed the guardhouse and the breaking corral and blended with the shadows lying over the San Pedro. Standing there, she listened to the slow fade of sound. Right of her, through the open door of the adjacent sutler's store, she saw Cowen's stiff shape against the light. Half a dozen troopers sat before him and Cowen's voice was dryly addressing them: "I wish now to read the letter of a man in Switzerland who went down into the horrors of drink and took the pledge. 'Dear sir and esteemed friend—' " This was as it had been in Stanton. Cowen had organized his Soldiers' Temperance Union. At last all sound of Benteen's detail died beyond the San Pedro and only the dogged rumble of Cowen's voice and the lower murmur of the dispersing officers remained.

BENTEEN led the detail up the dry bed of Arivaipa Creek, soon passing from level country into the shallow mouth of a canyon, and thus onward

(Continued on page 46)

Meshes of Fashion

By Ruth Carson

Fishnet is so busy catching the girls' fancy that mere fish may get the go-by any day now. It's a fashion and the rage

YOU have to keep your shirt pinned on tight in this business," said Tiny Worthington, swerving the car to avoid a rut in the road. "Say, isn't that something!"

Meaning the scenery, and it was something. Golden sand dunes made a miniature mountainscape along the blue-green sea, and the low hills glowed with the dull red of wild cranberry, spotted with green pine and smoky gray bayberry. Fishermen's smacks rode in with the sunset, dripping nets hanging from the masts. It was beautiful and peaceful.

"I've been here six years," she said, "and I haven't had five peaceful minutes. But the day will come."

It'll be a long time coming, though, with Tiny Worthington around. She's like that. Too packed with energy and ideas to sit and contemplate. Which is why the fishnets of Cape Cod are now a fashion, coveted by ladies from Honolulu to the Riviera.

The business started in the loft of her husband's cold-storage plant for fish. He recently had quitted aviation and bought the plant because he and Tiny both thought they would like to live on Cape Cod.

On her first visit to the plant, Mrs. Worthington spied the nets piled on the floor in creamy folds, ready for tarring. That solved the curtain problem for the 200-year-old house that she and her husband, John Worthington, took over. Fishnets for curtains. Then fishnets for lampshades. Soon the house was redone.

Time was on the energetic Mrs. Worthington's hands. So she constructed a few belts and turbans and beach things out of fishnet, and set off for New York. Being gifted with an excellent sense of direction and timing, she landed in the offices of a top fashion magazine on the very day they were corralling material for beach pages. In five minutes flat the dazed young woman from Cape Cod was launched in business. In ten minutes flat she had a name for her business—the Cape Cod Fish Net Industries. And so to work.

That was in 1935. She's already talking about those days as the good old, romantic days. That was when they worked in the loft, she and the fishermen's wives who volunteered to help (and whose help she still credits for the success of her business).

Down on the beach, pots of salt sea water mixed with dyes boiled up, for color was the second step in the fishnet fashion business. The first samples had been natural. Now the netting was taking on the subtle tones of the Cape—the winy red of cranberry, the rusty color of sorrel, beach-plum pink, sand color, the gold of poverty grass, periwinkle blue, the soft pink of the Truro cliffs. Mixing her colors in rusty tin cans, Tiny Worthington got results by sheer instinct. Once the boiling mass of netting looked right, she baled it out of the pot on a stick and tossed it into the sea to set in the salt water, then spread it on the beach to dry.

The fishing business grew and pushed Tiny Worthington out of the loft. And the fishnet business grew even faster. So she reluctantly ended this first inspired, sea-tossed phase of her business, and settled down to bigger-time stuff. She hired an expert to dye her netting. She moved into an old schoolhouse on the main road. The fish trough is there for a worktable. Fish boxes on end make bins for the finished things.

Since the first trip to New York to show her wares, Tiny Worthington is her own best saleswoman.

"Three years ago," she says, "people didn't know whether to hang themselves with the stuff or use it for spinach bags. You had to show them."

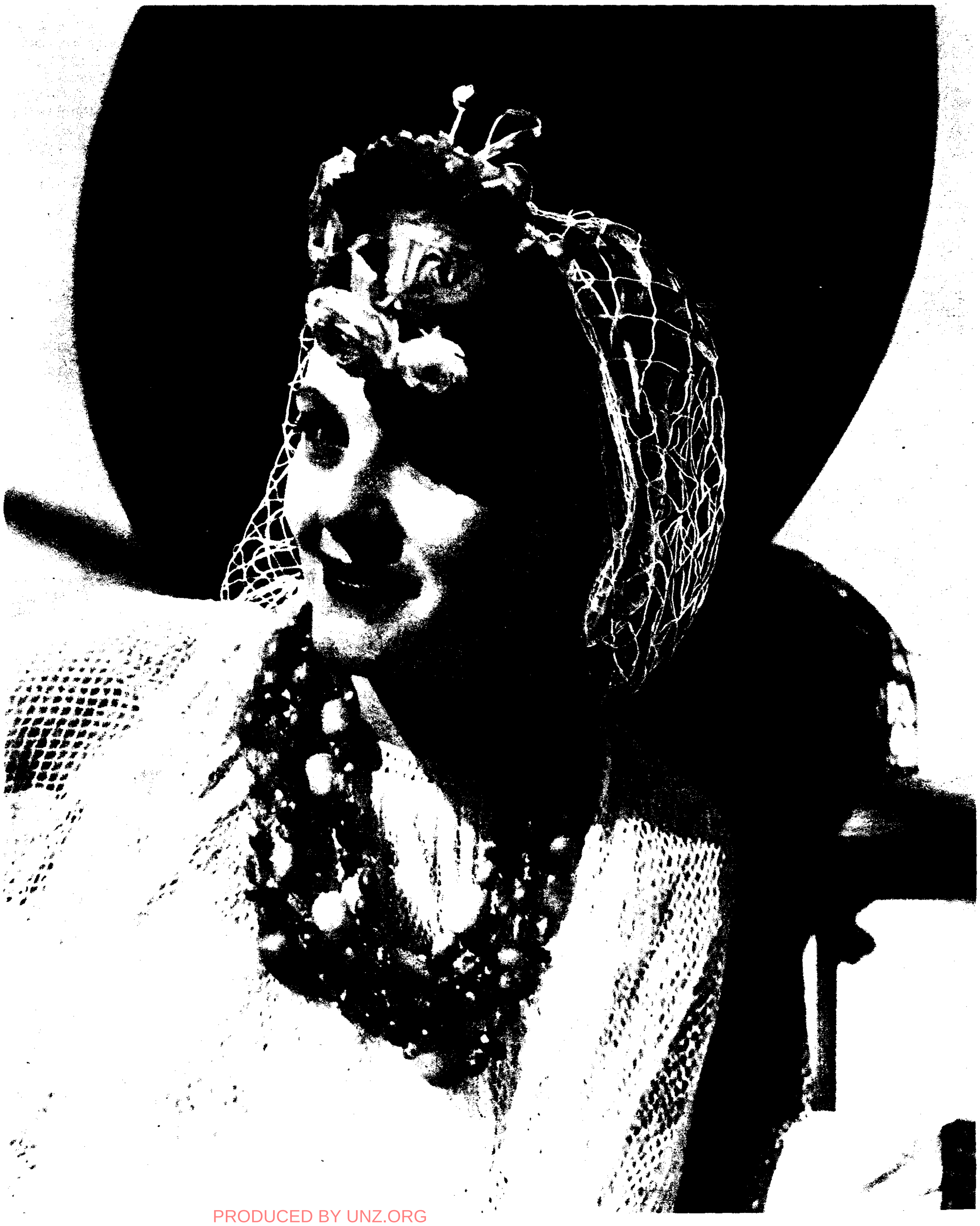
Two years ago she was using as much netting as a thriving fishing business. Last year some 55,000 yards of fish netting never reached the sea. This year business is doubling.

Her best seller is the turban, ready draped or merely stitched into cap shape with long ends so that you can twist your own. She makes wide Cossack belts of netting that you crush about your own slim middle and fasten with sailmaker's bobbins or corks for buttons. Nautical caps, bags, kerchiefs tipped with cork, provocative dip-net skirts.

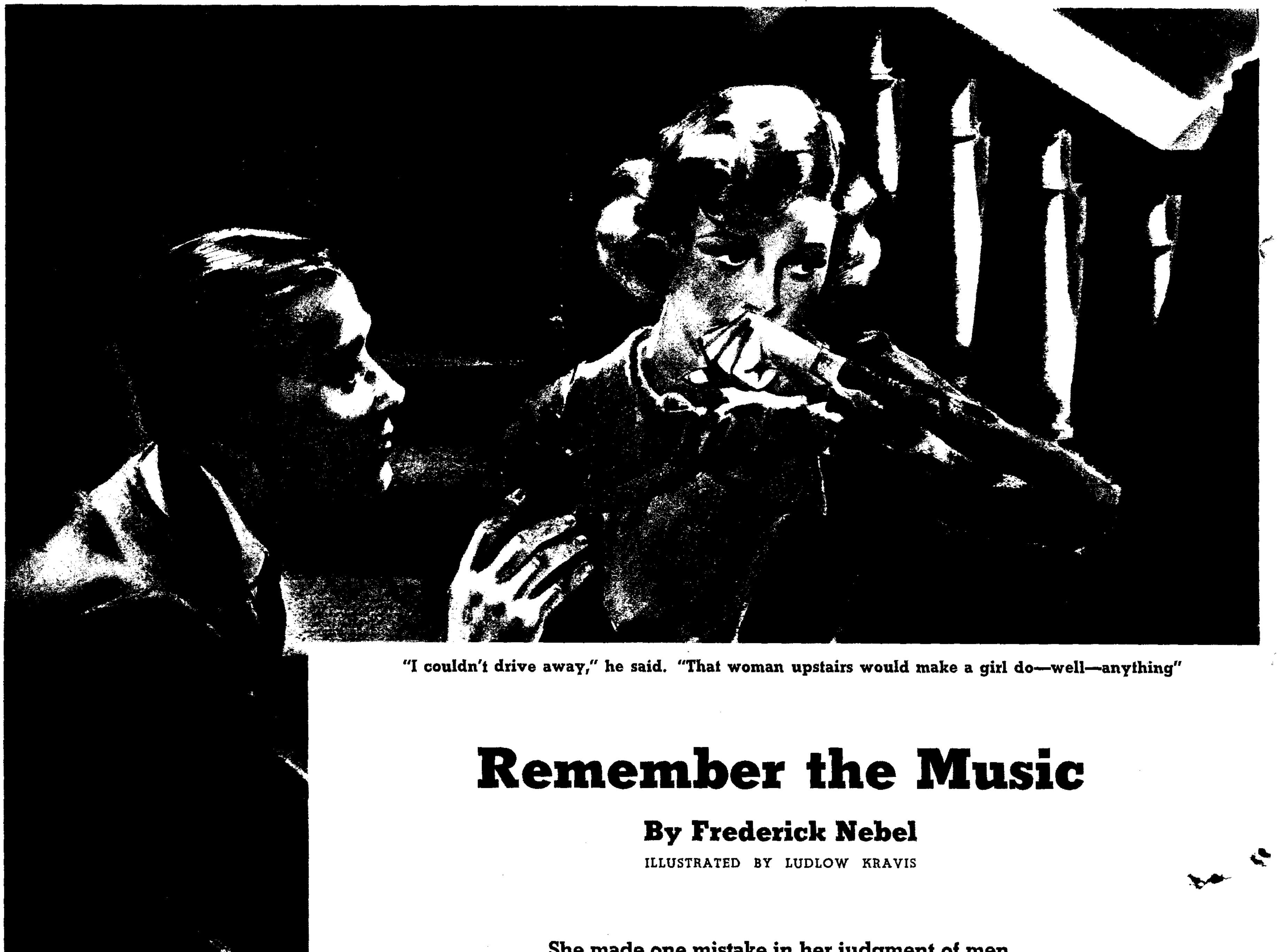
Fishnet is a natural for seaside fashions. But a hearty salt-tar atmosphere is not the whole of it. There's plenty of lure and year-round loveliness in fishnet, too. Mrs. Worthington snatches

(Continued on page 42)

IFOR THOMAS



There's something alluringly gypsy about this mackerel mesh snood and net blouse with long, full sleeves



"I couldn't drive away," he said. "That woman upstairs would make a girl do—well—anything"

Remember the Music

By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY LUDLOW KRAVIS

She made one mistake in her judgment of men. She was determined not to make another

THE cement highway curved around the hill, and beyond among scattered tall pines was the big roadhouse. You could hear the dance music, wild and full of rhythm in the summer night, and there was wind in the pines. Nick Edwards caught the rhythm and whistled spiritedly as he rolled the sedan across the cinders; and beside him under a tipped-down hard straw hat George Kemmerer observed, "A big crowd, looks like." The parking boy with the flashlight spotted the P. D. shield between the headlights and stepped aside. Still whistling to the music, Nick braked and cut the engine. He was hatless.

"I'd sure like to swing that number with some baby," he said.

George Kemmerer sighed. "My hey-hey days are over." He scaled his hat onto the back seat and got out—a corpulent man with plump middle-aged jowls and an unhurried, comfortable way of putting his feet down. "I got my doubts about him being here, Nickie."

"Well, we can look."

Inside, high latticework interlaced with artificial vines partially screened the large dining and dancing room and made a kind of foyer containing upholstered benches and a coat room. Nick was nonchalantly snapping his fingers to the music. His sandy hair was a little tousled from the ride out. His eyes twinkled with good humor. He had a mobile, amiable mouth and a rather long, clean-cut face, deep brown now after two weeks at his shack down on the shore.

A squat man in a white coat and black trousers said, "Right this way, gentlemen. I have a nice table for two."

"We're just looking," George Kemmerer said. He joined Nick at the latticework. "See him?"

Nick was standing with his hands in his hip pockets and keeping time to the music with his right foot. He nodded, saying, "Just dancing past the band, with the girl in yellow." After a minute he added, "She looks like a kid."

She had a slender, insolent body that gave everything to the rhythm of the music. She danced with her eyes closed, and on her face was a faint, ecstatic smile and in the warm undulations of her body something strangely naïve. Sam Delaney held her very close, his cheek pressed against the side of her head, the fingers of his right hand splayed low on the small of her back.

The music stopped, and the dancers began meandering back to their tables. Nick found no difficulty in following the course of the girl in the yellow dress. Sam Delaney led her to a table far on the other side.

"Okay, Nick," George Kemmerer said.

They made their way leisurely among the tables. Nick, who was in the lead, leaned over and said with an almost confidential air, "Where've you been keeping yourself these days, Sam?" And George Kemmerer said, "Hello, Sam. Long time no see." Their manner was so easy, so natural, that no one around them paid any attention. A waiter brought two extra chairs and they sat down.

DELANEY'S hair was coal black and clung tightly to his head. He had a welterweight boxer's build and covered it with well-chosen clothes. His eyes were brown, nimble, quick to size up a situation; and after an almost imperceptible contraction of his shoulders he relaxed, smiled dryly, nonchalantly tossed a packet of matches in the air and deftly caught it again.

"Josie, meet George Kemmerer and Nick Edwards. This is Josie Grant."

She said, "Hello," in a muffled, quick voice, her eyes darting shyly from one to the other. She dug her hands into her lap and drew her shoulders together. She had no poise. Her face was thin, too pale, but her eyes were large and dark and very beautiful and her lips were full and sensitive. The music had flowed through her, possessed her, and the effect was not yet gone but she was trying awkwardly to repress it.

"You boys on a night off?" Delaney said easily.

Nick took his gaze reluctantly away from the girl, glanced at Kemmerer.

"No," said George Kemmerer, staring glumly at the table. "I'd like to have a little talk with you, Sam."

"How about the washroom?"

"SURE," George Kemmerer said; and to Nick, "you keep the young lady company, Nickie." He stood up as Sam Delaney stood up and the two of them strolled away making desultory conversation. Josie gazed after them, resting her finger tips tentatively on the edge of the table. A faint shadow of doubt, of uneasiness, floated through her eyes. She gave Nick a curious, sidelong glance.

Nick was amiable: "I saw you and Sam dancing. You're a pretty fine dancer. Known Sam long?"

"Not very long," she said uneasily.

"You his girl?"

She spoke slowly: "We're just friends. You know, friends." Her face grew scarlet. Sitting very straight, pressing her hands hard together in her lap, making her mouth ludicrously grim, she waited until the color ebbed.

Nick pretended he had not noticed. "I like dancing myself," he said. "Ever danced at Boylan's Casino down on the beach?"

"I was there once, yes."

"They always get a good band there, don't they?"

"Yes, I guess they do. I was only there once."

"Of course," Nick said, chuckling. "Sam never gets around to places like that. He usually goes in for more class."

She moistened her lips. "I—I wanted to come out here."

The music started and Nick said, "Maybe we can get in a dance before they come back. Want to?"

A wave of relief seemed to break over her, taking away the tenseness. Dancing, you didn't have to talk. And Nick could dance. He led well, and held you in a way that made dancing very comfortable. He was sure and deft.

Josie was a little stiff at first but gradually she relented and bit by bit Nick held her more snugly. Her body in his arms was warm, pliant; it followed each twist and movement of his own as though it were his shadow. Her smile was faint, curious, hesitating at the corners of her mouth.

He said jokingly, "I think I'll take you away from Sam."

She laughed. "You're funny." She stopped dancing. "There they are. We better go back."

When they returned to the table Sam Delaney was settling with the waiter. There was a cool, remote look on his face. George Kemmerer glanced at Nick and shrugged. Nick picked Josie's coat off the back of her chair and held it for her.

"Well, I guess we're all ready," George Kemmerer said.

They went outside and Sam Delaney said, "What about my car?"

"Oh," Kemmerer told him, "you can send a garageman out for it or something."

Josie stopped in her tracks, her eyes fastened on the P. D. shield between the sedan's headlights. For a couple of seconds her finger tips groped aimlessly at her throat. She grimaced. Then her jaw set, her eyes steadied, and she bolted. She was swift as the wind, but once among the trees and the bushes she stumbled, fell; and Nick, coming at a fast walk, picked her up and planted her on her feet. She cringed but her mouth was relentless. Nick took hold of her arm, saying, "Come on." She braced herself, refusing to move; so Nick, laughing good-naturedly, picked her up and carried her out of the woods.

Sam Delaney was irritated. "All at once she turns into a little screwball."

Nick bounced her into the front seat and George Kemmerer followed Delaney into the rear. Nick wheeled the sedan out upon the highway. They had a five-mile ride ahead of them. The fields were pale in the moonlight and wherever the road dipped down there were gauzy layers of mist, sweet to smell.

WHEN they reached the first boulevard traffic light, and stopped on the red, George Kemmerer cleared his throat. "Where do you live, miss?" he asked.

Josie stared straight ahead and made no reply.

Kemmerer turned to Sam Delaney. "Where's she live, Sam?"

"You got me," Delaney said.

George Kemmerer leaned back. "Oh," he said. "A pickup?"

"Yeah," Sam Delaney said.

Josie locked her hands tightly around her knees and bit hard into her lower lip.

George Kemmerer said, "Okay, Nick; the light's green."

Nick tramped the accelerator hard on the getaway. He glanced down at Josie and saw, as the lights of another car glared through the windshield, tears on her face.

At police headquarters they took an elevator from the garage in the basement to the second floor; and in the second-floor corridor George Kemmerer said:

"I'll see if the old man wants to see her, Nick. Come on, Sam."

Nick took her into an office at the end of the corridor. He told her to sit down and then sat down himself at one of the desks, got out a pipe and tobacco.

"I can't figure you out," he said. "One minute you're like a kid that doesn't know what it's all about and the next you're like a brat."

"I'm a brat," she said. "So that's settled."

He wasn't convinced. "Where do you live?" he asked.

"I didn't do anything, so I don't have to tell."

"Maybe you will. It depends on how Captain Barnett feels tonight. Look, kid. You're judged by the company you keep. I didn't make that law and as a rule I don't pay much attention to it. But it's a fact. And Sam Delaney's not nice people. You want to be careful about who you let pick you up."

"I can take care of myself."

"How old are you?"

"I'm eighteen, going on nineteen, but I'm no baby. I can take care of myself."

"You said that once. You're just whistling in the dark. Right now, you're scared stiff."

She cried, "Leave me alone!"

George Kemmerer came in, sat down and rolled a cigarette with care and deliberation. "The old man says he won't have to see the girl. Sam says he picked

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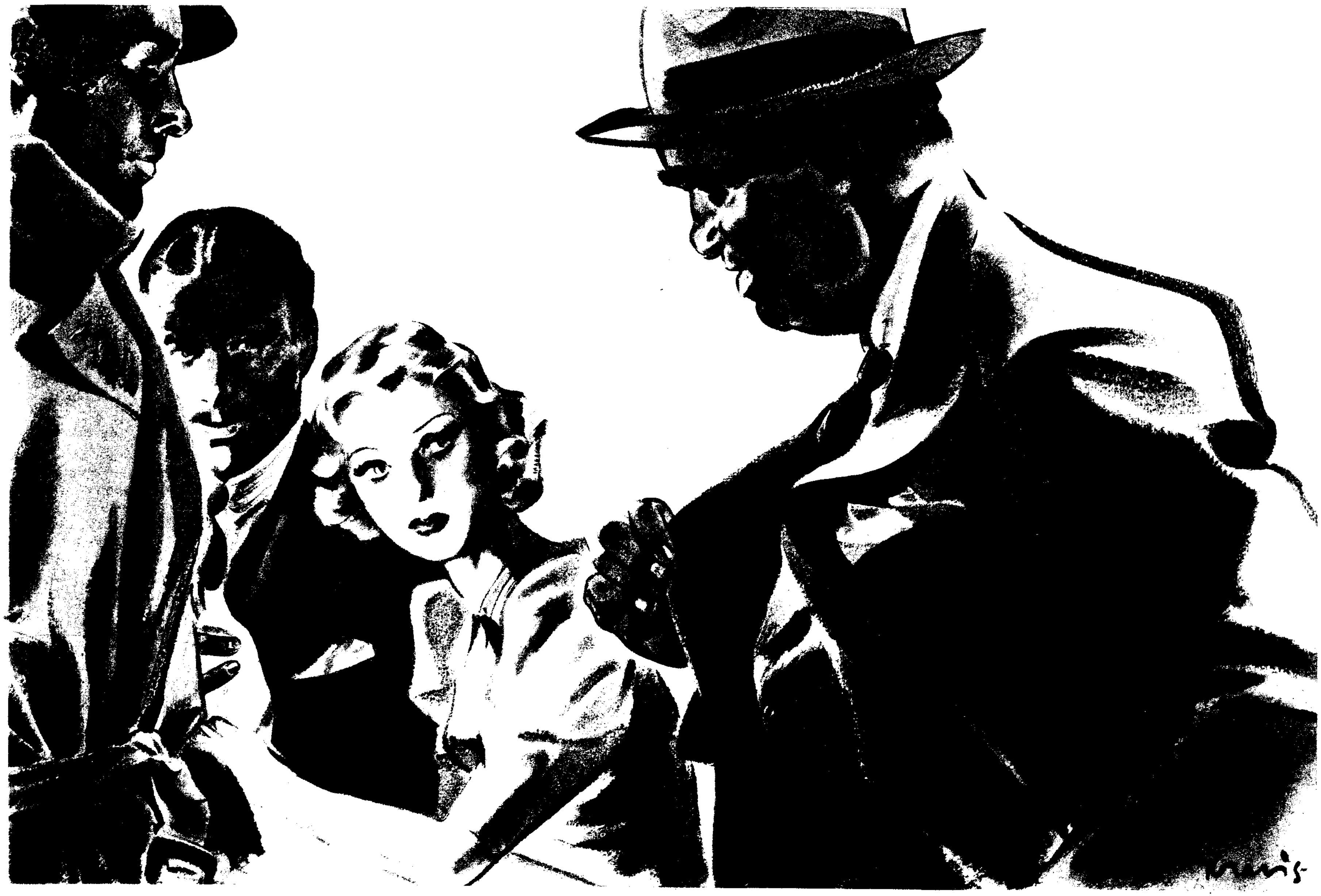
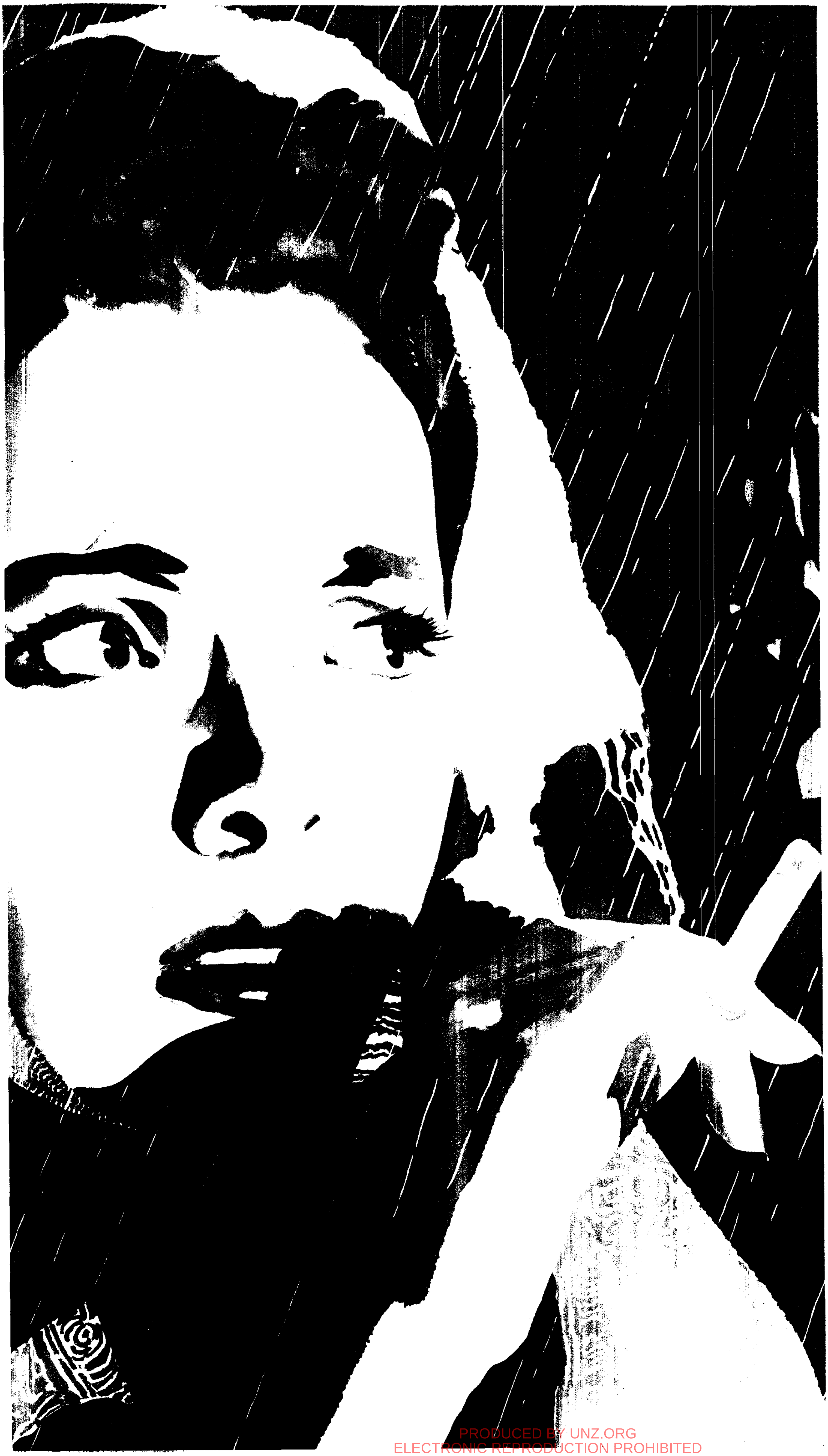


"Hello, Sam," George Kemmerer said. "Long time no see." Their manner was so easy, so natural, that no one around them paid any attention



Her face showed white and strained. All the eager, rushing words choking my lips sank back again, leaving nothing to say

THE name on me is Dennis Fitzhugh O'Shea, and I am Head of the Hous The name I like, but if you don't, I have another, Baron Dunfogar in the peerage of Ireland, after our manor in Kerry. An outpost of Paradise, Dunfogar, and most pleasantly grim about it.

There is no need referring to the greatness of the O'Sheas in Ireland or for that matter in the world, for at the moment the only one of us matters a damn at all is my uncle Sir Fulke O'Shea, the most learned man in all Ireland. You might say, and be not at all wrong in the saying, there is simply no end to the learning of my Uncle Fulke.

But better than his learning is his kindness, and better than his kindness is his unfailing courtesy. I tell you, I like my Uncle O'Shea.

You can understand how, arriving unexpected in Dublin early of a September morning, cold off the Holyhead boat, I would make direct for his house in Merrion Square. And a grand sight he was, contented and pontifical as all hell behind a newspaper at breakfast, glowing a welcome.

" 'Morning to you, O'Shea, you drooling old pedagogue," says I, by way of affectionate greeting.

"Dennis, lad!" beams my uncle, going to the sideboard.

"And," says I, "what's the matter with your tongue, O'Shea? Have you no welcome for your nephew, and the Head of the House?"

NOW what word could be on him, and it three dirty, war-torn years since last we had seen each other, save the countersign of the O'Shea?

"Dennis," says my Uncle Fulke. "Dennis," he says, "let's have the drink."

We had that drink, we did so, and for the sake of the long years we had another. There is this to be said for Irish whisky: it is a solace before breakfast.

You can see I would have an appetite for breakfast. O'Shea settled down to watch me eat.

"And what," says he, "brings you home from the Rhineland, Dennis of my heart?"

"Trouble, O'Shea," I answered. "Trouble, in Ireland."

"Ah!" says Sir Fulke, reflective. Oddly reflective, of a sudden.

I continued, "History, O'Shea, is a curious thing, repeating itself. Now, last week orders were published sending us from the Rhineland to Burma. Is there fighting in Burma? Not by a damn' sight, O'Shea. So I had a look, I did, at general orders over the past month or two, and the Irish regiments are all off to foreign parts, every damned one of them. Do you know what that means, O'Shea?"

My Uncle O'Shea nods his head solemnly, very sober indeed.

"O'Shea," I said, "we know well enough that when the Irish regiments suddenly discover urgent business on the outposts of the empire, it is generally because they're not wanted near home. So that is why I am here, on my way to Dunfogar."

The Dark Lady

By Patrick Welch

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Now I know panic is not in my uncle, but his voice, when he spoke, betrayed something close to alarm.

"Of course, Dennis," says he, "I can understand that. But you'll bide the few days with me here, for there's the grand visiting and drinking for us to be doing, with the many friends will be aching to see you."

But I shook my head. "Uncle," says I, "thank you, but no. I am for Dunfogar within the hour, if I can borrow your two-seater, or as soon thereafter as it takes me to steal it."

"But, Dennis, lad," and earnest enough he was now, "you must no go today! Why, man, Kerry and the West are seething, right now! Why, last night, look you, that fool Fitzgerald raided the barracks at Newcastle and disappeared in the hills with its stores of arms and ammunition. You must wait the few days."

Puzzled I was by the urgency in his voice, but even more by the rest. "Fitzgerald?" I queried. "And who might he be?"

"A Republican, a Sinn Feiner, Dennis, but a fine gentleman, and"—he hesitated—"a relative, lad."

"Relative? What in hell do you mean?"

"I'm married to his sister, Dennis," says my uncle, sheepish.

The old rascal had the grace to blush, though why he shouldn't marry if he chose I'm damned if I know. I threw down my napkin with a cheer and reached for the bottle.

"Well, I'll be damned forever," says I cheerful, in spite of the surprise, "and where is my aunt, for me to be welcoming into the family?"

"Dennis," answers Sir Fulke, "Lady O'Shea is in the West, on business, but will be home within the day or so. I meant to tell you, but had no address for you and you all over the Rhineland garrison. Will you no stay, now?"

But I shook my head again. "I can't, O'Shea. Aren't those farmer tenants of mine the fools entirely? And with trouble in the county, can I tell what they'll be up to? I must go today, O'Shea, but bring your lady down when you can get away."

"It may be sooner than you think, Dennis," says my uncle. And then, reflective, "Will you just deliver the small letter for me on your way?"

"And why not?" asks I, cheerful, putting down the bottle reluctant.

"Why not, indeed?" murmurs my Uncle O'Shea, leading the way to the library.

IN THE Desmond Arms at Newcastle, on the other side of Ireland, I sat that afternoon, ruminating on my Uncle O'Shea, and the surprising fact of his marriage, and on his ill-concealed reluctance to have me reach Dunfogar.

The day that started so fair had turned doubtful crossing Kildare. The rain met me just before Limerick, so that the old city was drear in the wet, just a sad old woman, a gray woman, weeping by the river.

With the better part of fifty miles still to go it was no hardship at all to stop at Newcastle to deliver Sir Fulke's letter. And to tell you the truth, the honest truth, what counted as much at the moment was the thought of the golden whisky the Desmond Arms would have for purveying, and that I, by the grace of God and the parsimony of my ancestors, had the money to buy for the sake of my innards.

The common room where I sat was low-hung and snug, properly drenched with that grand smell of mingled beer and spirits distinguishing proper taprooms the world over.

I fingered the letter O'Shea had given me. No superscription at all on the impolitely sealed envelope, but no need either in the clear precision of the instructions I had from Sir Fulke.

The landlord was hovering over me, red-faced and jovial.

"Whisky, Mr. Flynn!" says I, at the beck of my thirst. "And it please you!" I added, for common politeness is a valued commodity in Ireland.

"Whisky it is, your Honor. And would there be anything else, now?"

I tapped the table with the envelope.

"It's the word I would, Mr. Flynn," suggests I, lowering the voice, "with Mr. Sean O'Rourke."

I LOVED the blank puzzlement on Flynn's broad West Country face. He considered for a moment, rubbing his chin, reflective. "Now, your Honor, it's the funny thing entirely, but I don't place the man at all. Twenty years ago, now, in New York, it was, there was a Tammany man, I remember—"

"Ah, the pity it is, Mr. Flynn," says I, casual as all hell, "and me with the note from Sir Fulke O'Shea, the great Dublin scholar."

"And who hasn't heard of Sir Fulke?" Mr. Flynn, of a sudden, was vastly cordial. "Just rest here, sir, rest here the minute only, now."

I shrugged my shoulders and picked up the copy of the Limerick Times from the table. I spread out the paper, and leaned over, shocked. Hard on the front page was a police notice of reward for James Fitzgerald, and worse, a good photograph of the rebel outlaw who was my new relative by marriage. A damned good-looking lad he was, too, on the easy side of forty, and yet no infant. And the sort of a face would be good to have in a friend, and the more shame to you was it on your enemy, if you know what I mean.

A soft voice broke into my thoughts, from over my shoulder. "A fine face on that man there, and him a traitor to the King's Majesty, wouldn't you say, sir? Mr. Flynn was just saying to me, we might be having the word or two together. I'm O'Rourke."

"God save the good name!" says I, quiet, indicating the chair opposite.

"The Grace of Himself to you, sir, and thank you!" answers O'Rourke, serene in his dignity.

Easy he was to like, this O'Rourke, one hell of a big man, the good fill of a door, with a solid hatchet face, the tousled red hair, and the merry green eyes set in deep sockets all edged about with a network of fine wrinkles.

Flynn, wisely, brought two double whiskies. O'Rourke looked at his meditatively, then at me. The shy smile on him would win anyone.

"Whisky," says he, oratorical, "is like Mr. Shakespeare's quality of mercy, in the blessings it scatters on all. Wouldn't I like to join you, sir, had I but the benefit of your name, now!"

"Sorry!" I apologized. "I am Dennis O'Shea, Mr. O'Rourke, nephew to Sir Fulke. I thought you would know."

The whisky was pale, nicely aged, of the proper body and aroma. Just the length of time it takes to set down it was that O'Rourke hesitated.

"Lord Dunfogar, then?" Noncommittal he seemed, and of a sudden reserved. "Don't I remember you are a captain in the Inniskillens, sir?"

"Ordered to Burma," answered I, brief, "and I on a year's leave, to attend to my affairs at Dunfogar."

"Ah!" says O'Rourke. "And the message from Sir Fulke?"

"Of course!" answered I, dragging out the letter. Thinking it no business of mine to be watching him read it, I settled down to the delayed business of whisky.

"This uncle of yours, Dunfogar," announces O'Rourke, impassive, "is the great man, entirely."

"We should have another drink on that," I agree. We did.

"He tells me his marriage was the surprise to you," says he conversational, "and that you haven't yet met Lady O'Shea."

"I'm looking forward to it," says I, eager. "Do you know her?"

"And who doesn't?" The grin of him was a treat.

"Hm!" says I, noncommittal.

"And now," says O'Rourke, pensive, "your uncle tells me it is for Kerry and Dunfogar you are, this night. I'm sorry to hear that, I am so."

I looked up. The question in my eyes, I give him credit, he met squarely enough.

"In fact," says he, mild, "it won't do at all."

"And why not?" asks I instantly belligerent, with the thought cold in me of my uncle's reluctance and now this damned Sinn Feiner's commands.

"Mr. O'Rourke," I continued, "give me leave to tell you, sir, that I am for Dunfogar, now."

I stood up. O'Rourke stood up too. He spoke, but the tongue on him was not English, but the Gaelic, and it was not I he spoke to, but over my head to the farmer group at the bar. I whirled, noticing, too late, their alert, intelligent faces.

With no warning at all the taproom ceiling split open and my eyeballs blew up. Darkness came easy, drifting on the soft words of O'Rourke:

"Easy with him, Finnegan, easy. Upstairs, and stay with him. Easy now."

Then blackness. A very dark and efficient blackness.

I dreamed a dream, and the dream was this: Flat on my back, I was, in the mud of Flanders, and somebody stepped on my face. Then slowly the realization came, that it wasn't mud, but a soft bed, and the boot in my face was no boot at all, but a hand, rubbing my forehead with a wet cloth.

The hand bathing my head, like most hands, was attached to a body, and the body was Finnegan's. He turned from me to wring out the cloth in a basin. I cocked an eye at the lumbering lad, pensive, and shut it again as he turned around.

I coughed. Poor Finnegan was all solicitude, lifting me to a sitting posture. Behind him, my right foot slid down to the sound purchase against the floor.

"Easy now, your Honor,"—slapping my back, he was—"easy does it, sir."

There was the world of sympathy and concern in his soft West Country voice but no time at all for gratitude in me. As he held me up, didn't I brace firm against the floor and let him have my right fist, clenched hard over a signet ring, right on the button? I did.

I picked up his pistol and peered out the window. The street was deserted save for Uncle Fulke's car, still parked where I left it. Right under the window it was, and a welcome sight.

TWO hours later, I pulled up beside the indistinct but familiar gateposts of Dunfogar Castle.

This was old territory now, every inch familiar, the whole the scene of many a childhood exploration. By a steep path up the hillside I ascended to come at last to the terrace fronting the house, where I could peer into the main hall, whose windows faced straight across to the Americas, with nothing but water and a pinch of salt between.

There were two gentlemen there. One was a lean handsome fellow, and easily

(Continued on page 25)

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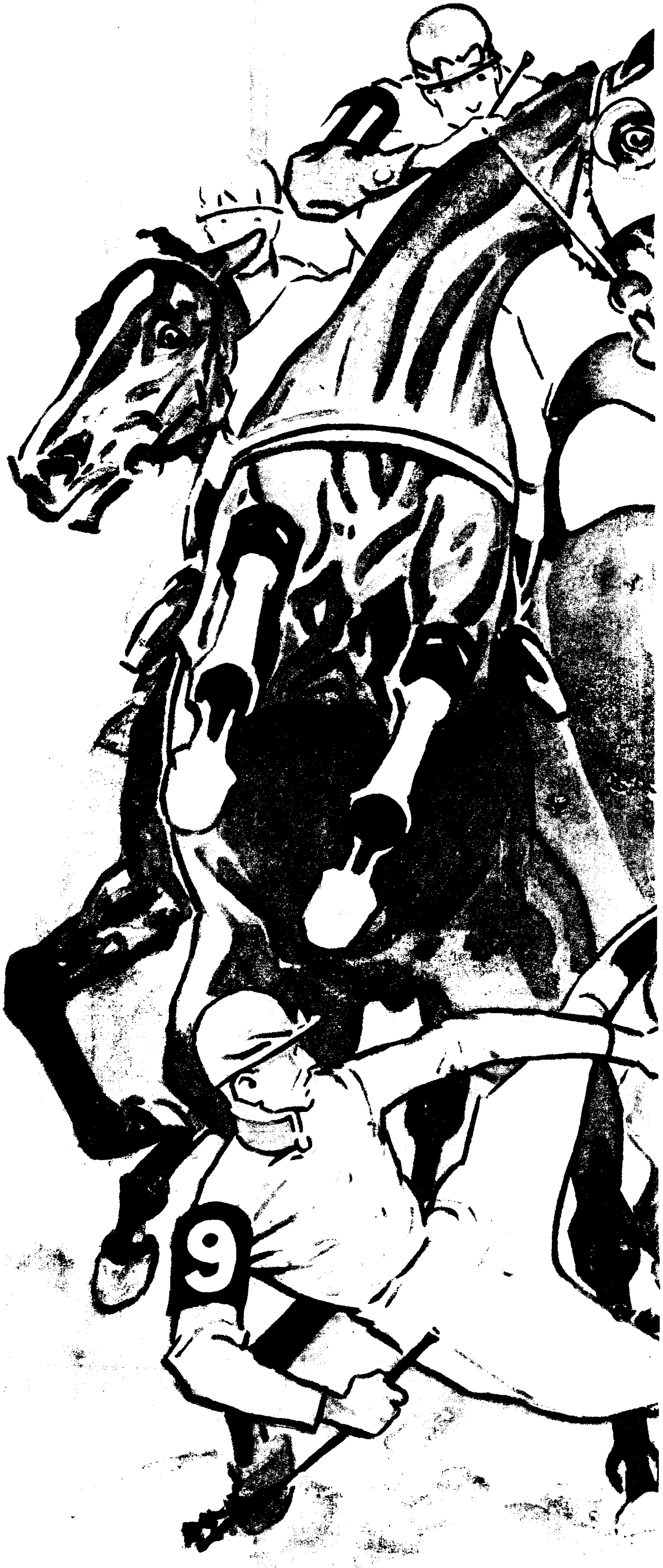
Not to the Swift

By Daniel Fuchs

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BROWN

Churchill Downs on Derby Day. The story of a gallant horse that was just too good to lose



THAT early spring morning at the Aqueduct race track, Henkle paid the first visit, but when he came by Sam Bellish was too busy for him and didn't even take time to say hello.

Bellish was leaning heavily against the rail, barely tall enough to get his shoulders above it, and he kept his eyes on Charlu, the big black three-year-old now out on the track for his workout. The exercise boy in his street pants was perched high over the colt and softly coaxed him into position at the starting gate. Cooing into his ear, the boy pressed with rein and knee to straighten him out until Bellish's kid brother Harry, waiting on the starter's platform, was able to ring the bell. At its clangor Charlu staggered a split second in the stall but he gathered himself together and went banging down the stretch, already in full stride when he went past Bellish and Henkle at the rail.

"Say, he broke good, kid," Henkle said, and Bellish resented the strong note of surprise in his voice. It was meant to flatter him, but coming from Henkle it only made him suspicious.

"I want to tell you," Henkle said, "he got off clean and sharp. Never saw the like of it when I handled him. I got to hand it to you, kid, even if it hurts."

Harry had come running across the track from the starter's platform to join them. He knew Henkle trained for Calloway and wanted to know what the visitor was doing here.

"Well, not bad," Sam Bellish said, keeping his eyes on Charlu, now almost half a mile away from them. Sam wished the boy hadn't come up to hear Henkle. He didn't enjoy having his younger brother hear people call him kid when he was past forty. "Not bad," Sam said, "but he still can stand plenty improvement."

"No," the trainer insisted expansively. "Right is only right. You're performing wonders with that black plug. Listen, kid, I'm the one who made Calloway sell that horse. I'm the one who thought that plug didn't have nothing. But if you got faith in him, you got faith and someday he'll deliver for you. Don't let nobody convince you otherwise. That's the only way to be."

Bellish kept silent. He knew the trainer's manner was false and patronizing, was puzzled to know what he meant to gain by it and grew worried. But he said nothing, buttoning his worn sweater at the throat. His eyes hadn't been off the colt. Now the exercise boy was having a hard job pulling him up. The short workout left Charlu still full of run and finally the boy had to swing him sideways to break his speed. The animal was coming back to them, dancing high, his head jerking strongly at the reins.

"Your brother," Henkle said, turning to Harry with rich, oily conviction, "he's got the right idea, no matter what all the weisenheimers say. Just because I had no confidence in the black horse, that don't necessarily mean that I have to be right, you know. It was just like the other day. I was talking this and that with Calloway and the subject come up on your brother.

" 'Bellish?' Calloway said. 'Oh, yes, he's one of these bugs about horses. Just because he was a good jockey in his time, it don't signify he knows all about horses and has to be a trainer. It's a disease with every jockey until it finally ruins them. Take Bellish. Now he's stuck with the black deadhead.' Understand, that's what Calloway said. I didn't say it. Naturally. What I said, I said, 'Oh, yes, Mr. Calloway. I want to tell you, a lot of people is going to be surprised with that kid yet. He's got a lot on the ball.' Got a world of admiration for your brother, yes sir."

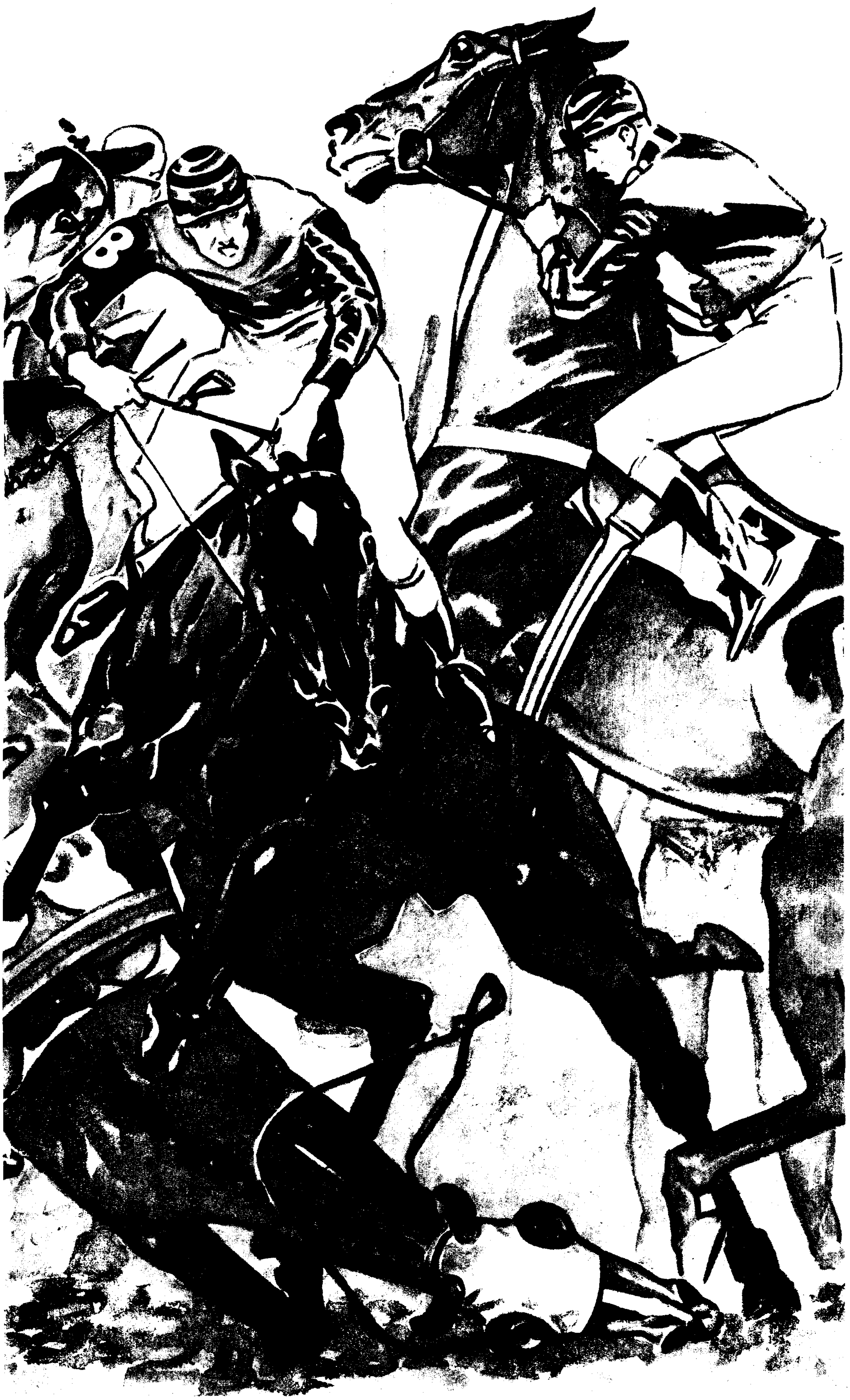
Harry thought it would make things easier if he was polite. "You bet," he said and smiled.

"NOT that it's a cinch for a poor man to break even in the racing game," Henkle said and his voice went low with sympathy. He kept talking to Harry but the mournful words were meant for Sam and Sam knew it. "Racing today, you got to have plenty of capital. It's a rich man's luxury, only for multimillionaires and movie stars. Oh, take us even. With all our dough, we ain't had a profitable season in years. Truth of the matter is, a poor guy, he can't pay the bills, he gets squeezed out and eventually it amounts to a form of economic suicide. Well, it's a fact but never mind that. I always like to see a guy put up a fight and your brother, I'm for him, one hundred per cent."

Harry was again searching for something to say but Charlu came back before them. The colt was breathing easily but couldn't stand still after the excitement of the sprint. Sam sent his brother out to the track to hold him while the exercise boy slipped off to the ground. "Walk him, Harry," Sam said. "Cool him out." Harry led the colt back to the stables and Sam Bellish faced Henkle squarely.

"Well," he said, having no heart for trouble but knowing he had to go through with it. "All right. The kid's gone. So come to the point."

"The point?" Henkle repeated. He rubbed his nose with his finger. "It don't amount to anything in particular but, to come right out with it, Calloway was saying, 'Henkle, you go down and see that Bellish kid and tell him I'll help him out if he's in a hole.' Understand, no offense intended personally. I'm only doing what I been told to. You want to appreciate my point of view in this."



Jazbo had swerved insanely away from the rail, piling up every outside horse. Trapped, three or four of the colts were rearing high, their forelegs pawing the air. One horse was knocked flat on his side

"All right," Sam said. "So what?"

"Calloway said, 'Henkle, if that kid wants to get rid of Charlu, I'll buy the lemon back. I wouldn't take advantage of an old-timer like Bellish.' He told me to tell you, so I'm telling you."

"I'm doing all right," Sam said. "I'm satisfied the way I am."

"Oh, I understand, kid. I can see," the trainer said. "I know and you know but the way Calloway's got this figured out, you're on his conscience. It actually makes him feel bad when a kid with your reputation winds up behind the eight ball after all these years in racing. Now you picked up the black plug for six thousand dollars and Calloway says he'll pay you back six. He's doing it only out of the best intentions."

BELLISH kept silent a moment, understanding through Henkle's greasy talk that they really wanted the colt back and there might be trouble ahead for him.

"Tell Calloway," Sam said, "tell him thanks. Tell him I'm making out pretty good and I don't need his help."

The trainer stared at him. "All right," he said, "from now on it's your own funeral." He turned his back on the short man and hurried off toward the car parked beyond the sheds.

Sam waited until Henkle drove away and then went to the stable. Harry had finished bathing the colt with the mixture of alcohol, witch hazel and arnica.

"We're shipping south," Sam said.

"What's the matter?" Harry looked startled. "What did Henkle have to say?"

"Henkle said nothing," Sam said, unwilling to have his brother worry. "I just thought we might as well get going if we're going. That's all."

Harry knew. That night, rocking in the dim light of the horsecar, he suddenly said, "If a guy like Calloway wants a horse, he can make an owner sell, Sam. They got ways. They can make all kinds of trouble until the owner is up against the wall and can't help himself."

"Ah, don't believe all the stories you hear around the stables. You'll be better off." Sam knew he wasn't fooling the boy. Harry was bright enough to understand they were shipping south because the stable protection for a small owner was better there at this season than at Aqueduct.

"Sam," the boy broke out, "you think we got a chance in the Derby? Tell me, you honestly think Charlu can do it?"

Sam didn't answer. The boy was asking him how good Charlu was and that meant how good he, Sam, was. Asking himself the same question, Bellish couldn't tell whether he knew the answer or not, and he said nothing.

"On the level, Sam, tell me the truth," Harry went on, knowing he should be keeping still. "All right, you say Charlu is a router and he couldn't show nothing in the two-year-old sprints last year. All right, you been working him at the gate, trying to get him away fast and hit stride. Taking it all for granted, Sam. What do you think? We can win?"

Sam kept looking at the straw on the floor of the car.

"I don't know," he said and his voice had gone strangely flat and hopeless. "I don't know."

(Continued on page 34)

Rhythm Man

By Quentin Reynolds

The old plantation Negro had no hymnbooks in his church—couldn't even read one if he had it. So he sang his prayers and Bob MacGimsey has captured those weird melodies of "move music." Gather 'round, brethren!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Bob MacGimsey, whose Negro songs have the true spirit of the only real American music

UNCLE JOHN was ninety-three and quite often he thought of death. He wasn't afraid of death, mind you—he had led a good life and he felt that he had earned his reward. Around Pineville, which is on the banks of the Red River in Rapides Parish in Louisiana, they called him Ol' Pensioner because he'd fought in the war between the States. But nobody called him John Stockton, which was his real name. Young Bob MacGimsey, who lived on a plantation near by, always called him Uncle John. Uncle John was very black but his hair and his heart were very white and he'd sit for hours talking to young Bob, talking of the glory of the Lord.

"We all gotta die," he'd tell Bob. "Me, ah don' mind. Yo' know why ah don' mind—

" 'Cause mah soul's got a hidin' place.

"Ah'm so glad 'cause mah soul's got a hidin' place."

Of course he wouldn't say that, he'd sing it and then he'd go on and sing:

"Hush, hush, somebody's callin' me.
"O Lord, O Lord, what shall ah do?
"Ah'm so glad 'cause mah soul's got a hidin' place."

Bob would ask timidly, "Uncle John, aren't you afraid to die? I don't want to die, Uncle John."

The old man would pat the youngster on the head and he'd smile and his eyes would light up, reflecting the inner calm and peace in his soul and he'd sing:

"Oh, ah'm goin' back with him when he comes.
"Oh, ah'm goin' back with him when he comes.
"Yes ah'm standin't at the station with mah ticket in mah hand,
"And ah'm goin't back with him when he comes."

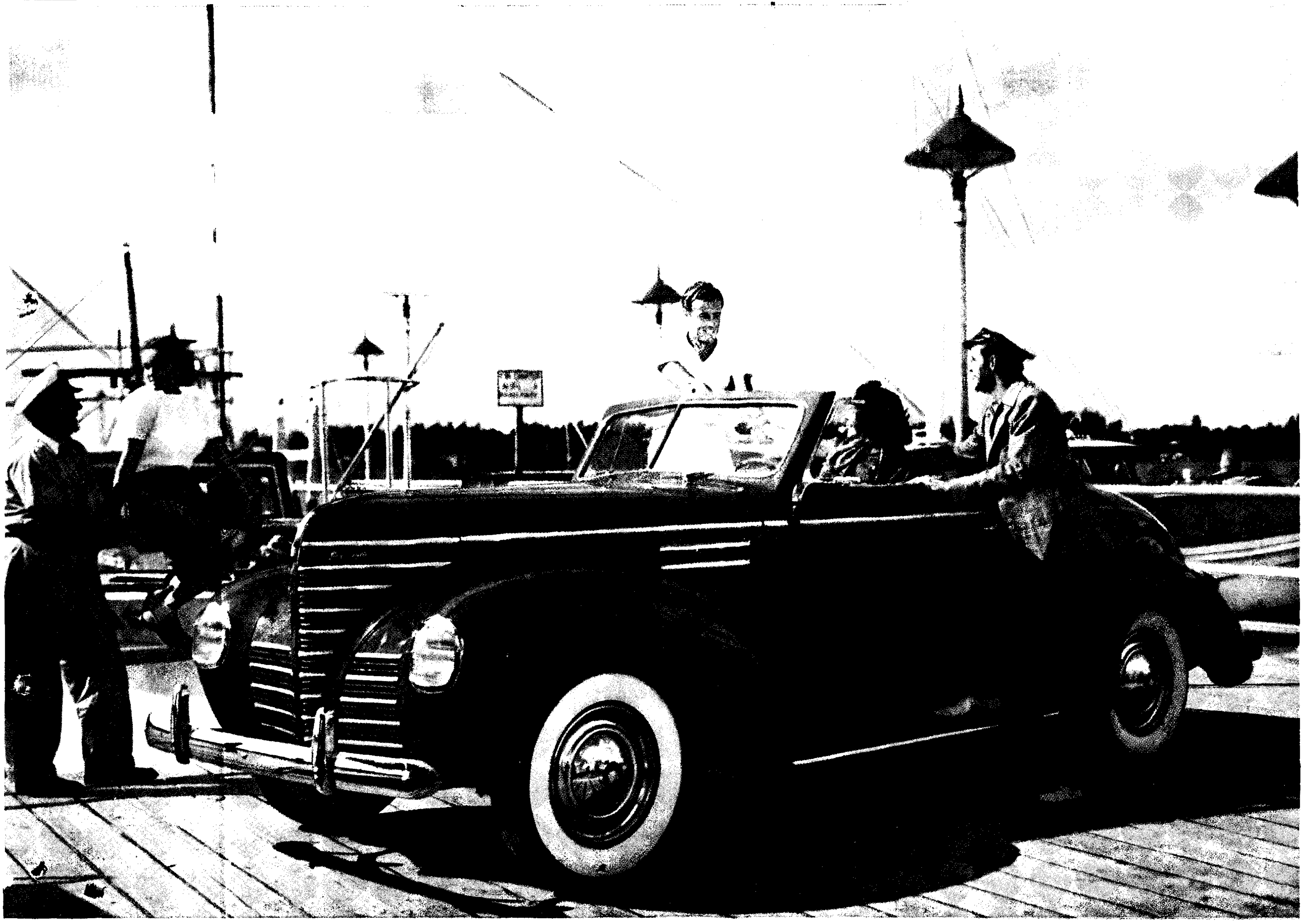
Young Bob was a great favorite among the Negroes in the bayou country. There weren't many white youngsters around, for plantations were few and far apart. Bob used to play with the Negro children and he'd go to their churches occasionally. He'd go to the Rising Star Baptist Church and he'd sit there listening to the preacher and all the time the rhythm of Negro music was entering his soul, preparing him for the time when he was to become famous as a writer and singer of Negro spirituals. He never consciously studied the songs of the Negroes; they were seldom repeated. But he got to thinking and feeling as they did.

In church the preacher would begin by solemnly opening a huge Bible (which of course he couldn't read) and he would say, "Brethren, the text foh today is, 'Ah is the vine and ye is the branches.' That's what the good Lord say."

"That's what the good Lord say," the congregation would chant almost unconsciously.

The preacher would warm up to his subject. His voice would rise and the perspiration would glisten on his ebony forehead. He'd tell about Jonah and the whale, and young Bob would sit there enthralled, as tense and as reverent as any member of the congregation.

"The Lord made that whale as big as he wanted," the preacher would cry. "The Lord made man, so it was easy fo' him to make a *(Continued on page 72)*



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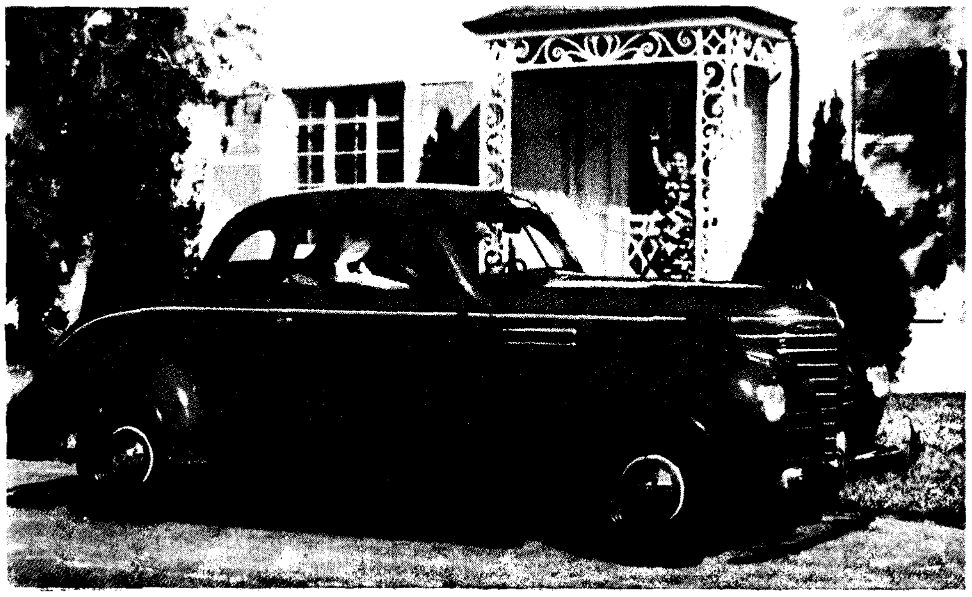

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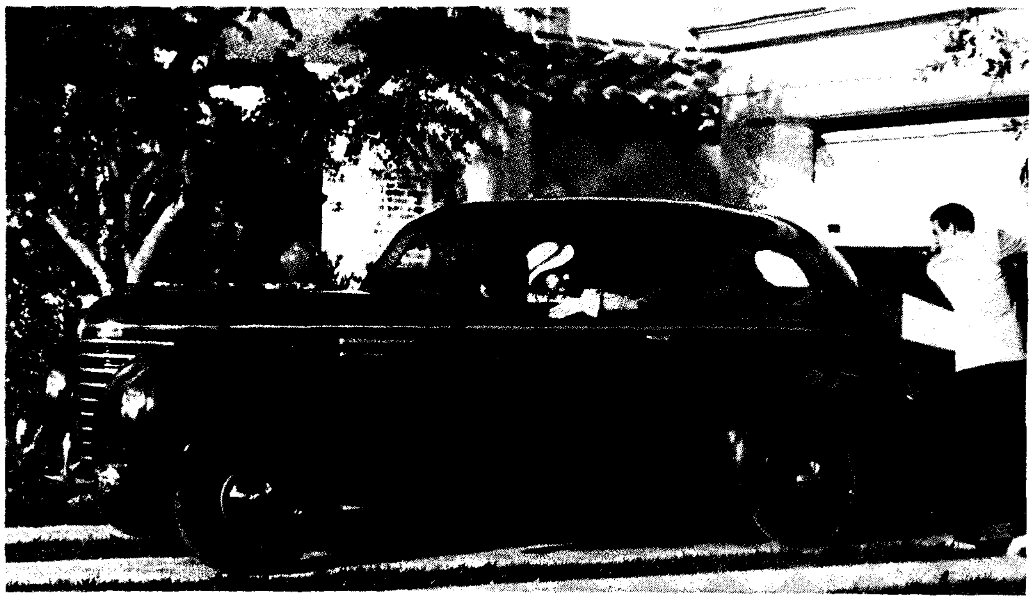

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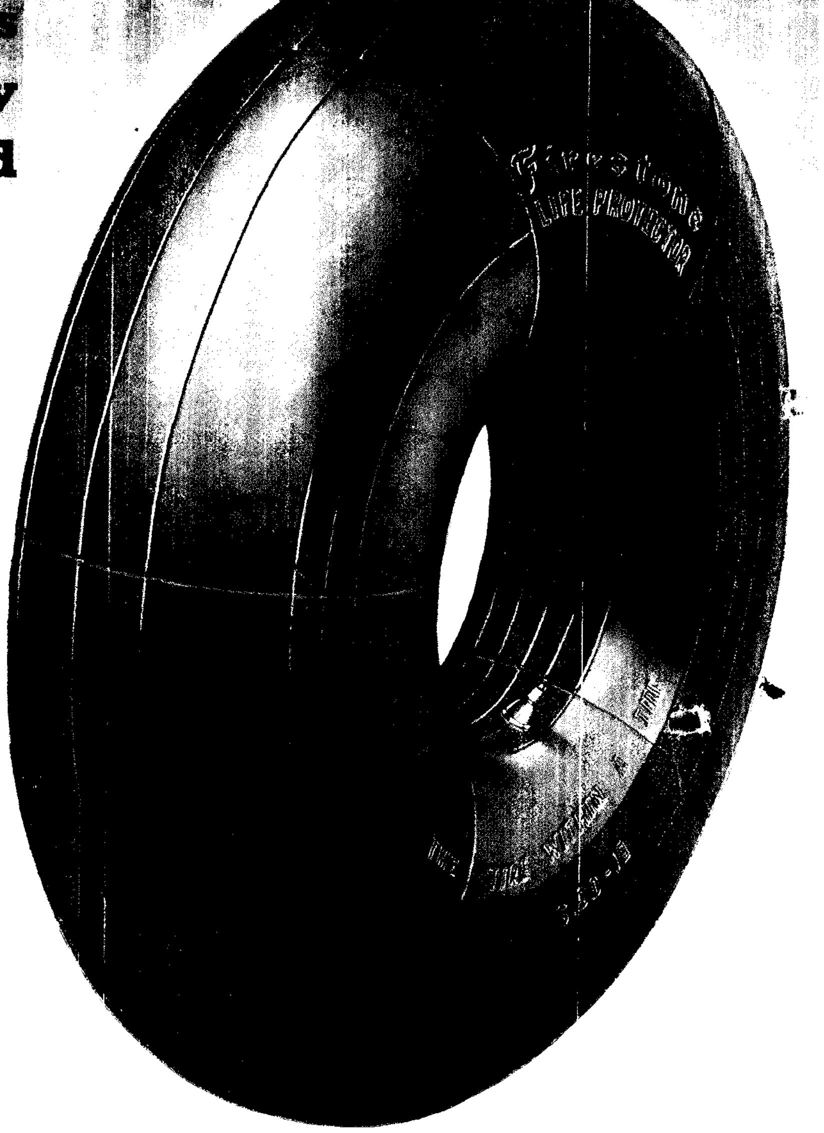

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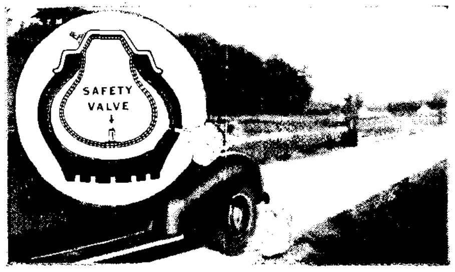
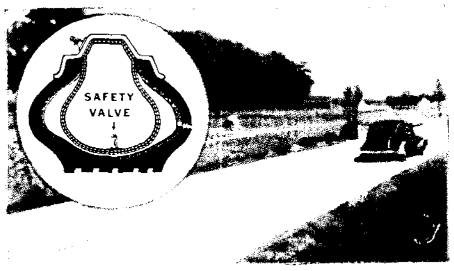


Should a tire equipped with a Firestone Life Protector blow out, the release of air from the outer compartment of the Life Protector, causes the Safety-Valve to close immediately.



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The Dark Lady

Continued from page 19

recognizable from the police photograph I had seen in Newcastle, as the rebel Fitzgerald. And the other? I started to laugh to myself, with the rain trickling down my neck. Fondly, almost, I caressed the bump on my head. The other was that gentle soul, that kindly tavern knight, that quoter of Shakespearean homilies, that scholarly, humorous, smiling hypocrite O'Rourke.

While I watched, Fitzgerald started to struggle into a heavy raincoat. Things began slowly to piece themselves together, and I could well enough understand how my uncle would extend the shelter of Dunfogar to this pleasant man with a price on his head and the police hard on his heels. And, for that matter, if anything were needed further to impress me with the bloody seriousness of the situation it was the casual way he transferred a revolver from his clothes to the raincoat. Then he was gone through one of the French windows.

I HOPED he would get clear away. But O'Rourke—O'Rourke was another matter, for O'Rourke had slugged an O'Shea, and I was both the victim and the Head of the House. So, after a squeeze through the main door and down a long passage, I slowly opened the door of the great hall.

O'Rourke had wasted no bit of time at all with Fitzgerald gone in making himself at home. At the long table he was, a fine haunch of beef set before him, a great, red, juicy slice of it on the plate under his chin, and a bottle of my special stout ready to his hand. I like to think the gaze on me, as I stood behind him, had that proper sardonic quality we all know about.

My hand closed round the butt of Finnegan's Betsy, as I understand it is called in America. I coughed.

"Mr. O'Rourke—" said I.

The automatic in my hand was blunt and dangerous enough as I circled careful about him. Slowly I came into his line of vision. And I'll be damned forever if the gray wariness of his face didn't give way to an amazed relief.

"Dunfogar!" He laughed. "Your lordship shouldn't be scaring an old man to death! The blood froze in my veins, man, taking you for a Britisher."

Hospitable as hell, he waved me to my own table.

"Sit down, man, and have some beef. Damned good stout this. Tell me"—cool and conversational, damn him—"what did you do with poor Finnegan?"

"This," says I, and let him have the butt of the Betsy right in the spot he had selected on my skull, back in Newcastle. And it worked as well, for his head fell with a clump into the plate with his nose in the pot of mustard.

The rapidly rising bump on the back of O'Rourke's head was ample assuagement for the O'Shea honor. So I blew him a kiss and stepped through the west window in the tracks of Fitzgerald. With the night air in my face, I hesitated to accustom my eyes to the darkness. And in that moment—ah, the fine windy night—my ears took in the throb of a heavy marine motor down in the bay.

But that was not at all the only motor to be sounding off, for no sooner do I catch the noise of the boat than another pounding starts, loud too, and snorting, that could be nothing other than a heavy lorry pulling up my drive.

Around the corner a light showed, sweeping, then bright the headlights burned into the trees as the lorry debouched soldiers from every direction.

Safe in the darkness of the west side, I vaulted the balustrade and raced down the hill to the harbor.

The deep throb of the motor sounded closer now. Somewhere ahead a greater blackness than the water was edging in, feeling its way to the dock. From somewhere on the piling, a voice, low yet urgent, hailed soft the boat. From the darkness came an answer.

Simple enough that. And yet with that hail from the boat the entire complexion of life and existence changed for me. Changed in the instant, it did, or I'm a liar forever.

That voice, answering from the blackness of the ship, was a woman's voice. And listening to it, noting its low-pitched clarity, the lovely clarity of Shandon Bells, the softness of it, I'll be damned forever didn't I forget entirely the desperate nature of affairs.

I tell you, I forgot Fitzgerald there on the dock, to hell with O'Rourke, and as for the British, even now overrunning my house, why I even forgot them too.

And the words on her! Will you only listen to this, if you please, with the boat a sudden shape out of the darkness bumping against the dock, and the fleeting glimpse of a cloaked figure, easy and graceful, jumping down.

"Brigid!" came the voice of Fitzgerald, "more power to you, and thank God! Not too bad a crossing, I hope?"

"Rough as the devil's acres, Shamus, darling!" the sweet throat on her, forming the words. "Like the first drop into hell, dark brother!"

She laughed, the grand running gurgle of a laugh, leaning away from the wind to light a cigarette. In the moment's glow her face stood out strong, wet with the salt spray, laughing and beautiful as it had to be for not to be shaming her voice.

So completely had I developed in my mind the theory that this was an escape engineered for Fitzgerald that I never expected anything except to see him go aboard and cast off. You can imagine my panic and horror when the boat's crew suddenly start to pass over heavy long boxes, and short square boxes, not a damn' one of which held sardines, either.

Of all the places in the world this Fitzgerald should pick to run contraband, it seemed to my aggrieved soul that Dunfogar landing, with the British in the middle of a raid on the castle, might have escaped being chosen. But here they were, calm enough about it, and I suppose, what with having heard the voice on Brigid, it was worth it. But I ran down the dock, pounding along the boards, calling: "Fitzgerald! For the love of God! Fitzgerald!"

Of a sudden a flash played full in my eyes. I had a vague sense of Fitzgerald pulling hard on his pocket, and a throaty curse from Brigid. But behind Fitzgerald another voice spoke up, amazed.

"For the love of God and Saint Kevin —it's his Lordship!" And the voice was that of my miscreant butler and bailiff, Sullivan.

Fitzgerald spoke up sharp, his pistol all too ready for me. "Seumeen, do you know this man?"

"Sullivan," says I, desperate, "shut your rebel face. Fitzgerald, by all that's holy, will you get your stuff back aboard and out of here? They're at the castle!"

FITZGERALD stared at me, white. A moan broke from the lips of Brigid. Leaning down, I picked up a case and tossed it, incontinent, back on the boat.

You could understand how Shamus Fitzgerald was high in the councils of the Sinn Fein, the way he moved. In no time at all the last case was on board and he after it.

"Thanks, Dennis," reaching over to shake hands, "look out for Brigid there. She'll come to no harm with you here. Goodby!"

The handclasp broke with the widening gap. Swinging away from the dock, the boat gathered speed, was lost in the darkness of the bay.

I handed her a cigarette, and struck a match, cupping it in my hands. Her face showed white and strained. All the eager rushing words choking my lips sank back again, leaving nothing to say.

I had just remembered that this would be my uncle's wife.

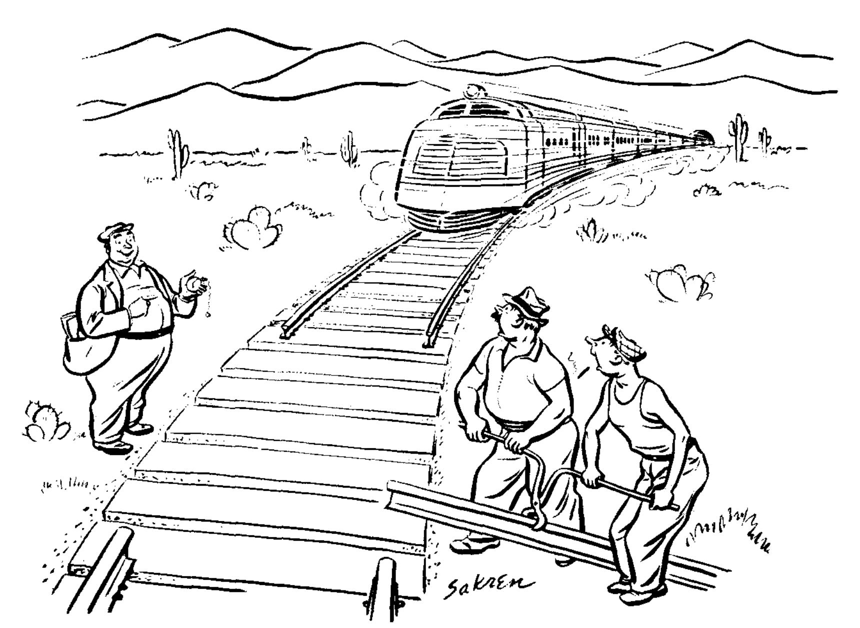
There seemed nothing to do save take her arm and start down the dock.

"We shall go back to the castle, ma'am, if you don't mind. We'll be better off there. Sullivan, damn your hide, get ahead and straighten things out so that Lady O'Shea and I can have some dinner."

I saw her lean over to peer at me, thoughtfully.

"And you are Dunfogar, Fulke's nephew. He speaks of you often, so that we all know you."

"Er—he would, the old—" It doesn't



"This daylight-saving time mixes me all up!" WILLIAM SAKREN

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Your Ford dealer makes all arrangements — in one place, at one time, day or night. Broad insurance coverage for *your protection* included!

This reliable, *10-year-old* method of buying a Ford "on time" has helped more than 4,000,000 customers! *Low in cost.* Convenient.

Universal Plans establish your credit *nationally*. 155 "Universal" offices and all Ford dealers are at your service in time of fire, theft, collision — *even away from home!*

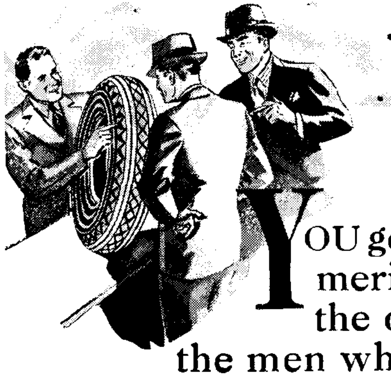
Write Dept. C-10 for free booklets on judging Used Car values and financing car purchases.

Financing Ford Dealers Exclusively

UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

The boys call our ne

“a BEAUTY and a BR



YOU get a good line on the merit of a product from the off-guard chatter of the men who build and sell it.

They know the *net*—and among themselves they never gild the lily.

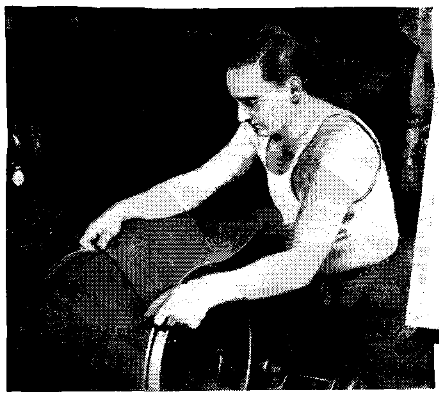
So it means something to us to hear the good things the boys in the shop and in the field are saying about our Centennial tire—the new “G-100” All-Weather.

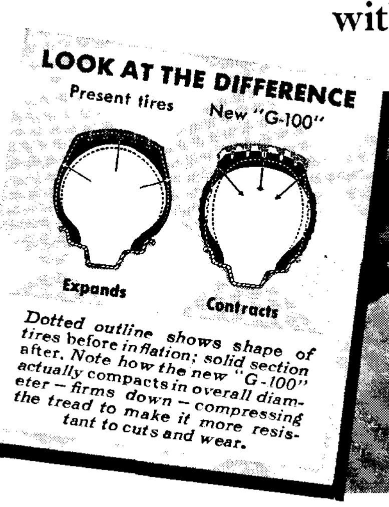
They've tagged it “a beauty and a brute” and if you know the tire, you know that's pretty well on the target.

It *is* a beauty—smart, clean, modern—it dresses up any man's car with its “sculptured” simplicity and grace.

And when it comes to dogging it—standing up to the smack and scuff and grind and wrench of today's high-speed travel, this smooth and sinewy “G-100” certainly has got what it takes!

Master tire builder constructing carcass with new low stretch Supertwist cord*





LOOK AT THE DIFFERENCE

Dotted outline shows shape of tires before inflation; solid section after. Note how the new “G-100” actually compacts in overall diameter—firms down—compressing the tread to make it more resistant to cuts and wear.

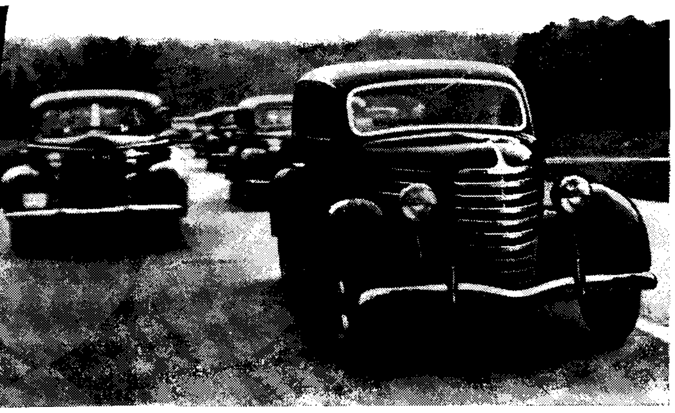
It's more than a new tire, it's a new *kind* of tire—new in engineering, new in the way it's made.

It gets its *plus* by new shapes of tire and tread, new cord-angles, new designing—not by merely “beefing up” the old, as is usually done.

We wanted a lightfooted tire, nimble, full of zing, a cool-running far-traveling tire that could “tough it” and call for more.

So overboard went the past. We dared new territory. And we came out with something grand.

We came out with a tire that, with less weight, *is giving us 33% greater tread wear!*



You've no idea what a difference tires can make—until you skim the roads on this lithe, fleet, “G-100.”

That's only part of it: here's a quiet tire, a more stable tire that sways and rolls less on turns, a surefooted tire with 11% more rubber on the road.

And when you pour air into this tire the tread *compacts* both ways instead of stretching, actually it “makes a muscle” when inflated.

That means the tread is under compression, making it harder to cut, giving it smoother wear without “cupping,” and longer non-skid life.

One big purpose of this remarkable Centennial “G-100” All-Weather tire is to celebrate 1939 in fitting fashion as the Hundredth Anniversary of Charles Goodyear's discovery of the vulcanization of rubber.

We think this magnificently able carrier does that as it ought to be done, and if you'll try “G-100” you'll agree.

THE GREATEST NAME

GOOD

w "G-100" tire

TE"!

There's a thrill in having this new light-footed easier-riding "G-100" tire under you!

GOODYEAR'S CENTENNIAL TIRE–
THE NEW STREAMLINED "G-100"

ONLY THIS TIRE GIVES YOU ALL THESE FEATURES

1—New tire engineering provides a *compressed* tread—greater resistance to cuts and bruises—up to 33% more tread mileage.

2—Flatter, sure-footed tread with 11% more road contact.

3—New protection against bursts and bruises from more durable cords.

4—Improved, modernized center traction All-Weather tread with diamonds closer nested for traction and safety.

5—Greater strength and endurance from new longer-lived low stretch cords.

6—Smart new beauty—fluted sidewalls to match streamlines of modern motor cars.

IN RUBBER

YEAR

CENTENNIAL
1839 1939
CHARLES GOODYEAR

READ YOUR GOOD FORTUNE IN THE STARS

Among the new and improved products we have developed in commemoration of the Hundredth Anniversary of Charles Goodyear's Discovery of the Vulcanization of Rubber, we especially call your attention to the following:

★ **The new Goodyear Centennial "G-100" tire**—the latest development for passenger cars, lighter, more durable, quieter, smoother-running, with 33% more tread mileage.

★ **The new Double Eagle* tire**—built with Rayotwist*—revolutionary in design, material and performance, the finest luxury tire money can buy.

★ **The new YKL* truck and bus tire**—built with Rayotwist for high-speed, long-distance, any-hard-duty — phenomenal in its long-mileage, high-durability performance.

★ **The LifeGuard***—an inner reserve air-container which takes the place of the conventional inner tube and makes the most violent blowout as harmless as a slow leak. You can't get better protection to save your life.

★ **The new "G-3" All-Weather* tire**—favorite of millions; gives you full center traction—blowout protection in every ply — tough, long-wearing tread—at new low price.

★ **The new Pathfinder* tire**—sets a new standard of Quality with Economy — husky, durable, good-looking; a tough, sturdy performer in the lowest price class.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

* *Trade-marks of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company*

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
AT THE N.Y. WORLD'S FAIR AMUSEMENTS
DAD, I'D LIKE TO TRY SOME OF THESE WORLD'S FAIR AMUSEMENTS—
YOU GO AHEAD, CHUBBINS. I'LL STICK TO MY PIPE
WORLD'S FAIR MUSIC HALL
EXCUSE ME, MISS, I'D LIKE TO— BZ-Z-Z BZ-Z-Z—
?
LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MY FATHER. HE'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT— OH, DAD!
GIANT BATHYSPHERE
THIS LADY LIKES THE SMELL OF YOUR TOBACCO, DAD. SHE WANTS TO SEND A PACKAGE AS A GIFT TO HER NEPHEW BACK HOME
DUTCH VILLAGE
I'M DELIGHTED TO COOPERATE IN SUCH A WORTHY CAUSE! I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE TO GET SOME PRINCE ALBERT
OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH...
LATER
MY NEPHEW IS ALWAYS COMPLAINING ABOUT HIS PIPE'S TASTING BITTER. NOW, A TOBACCO THAT SMELLS AS GOOD AS YOURS SHOULD TASTE GOOD TOO
SUPERCHARGED RACERS
WELL, YOU SEE, PRINCE ALBERT IS BETTER TOBACCO TO BEGIN WITH — AND THEN THEY TAKE OUT THE BITE!
TURTLE CHASE
WELL, I DECLARE! NO WONDER YOU FIND THAT TOBACCO SO MILD
I SHOULD THINK ALL PIPE-SMOKERS WOULD TAKE UP WITH PRINCE ALBERT
WELL, IT'S ALREADY THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING TOBACCO. SMOKERS SOON FIND THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE P.A.
PRINCE ALBERT

Copr., 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR ATTRACTION FOR SMOKERS
YOU'LL APPLAUD PRINCE ALBERT FOR MILDNESS, RICH TASTE, AND EASY DRAWING
SEE HOW FAST P.A.'S SPECIAL CUT SPINS UP 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES TOO. NO BUNCHING— AND SMOKES SLOWER
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

A REMINDER TO TRY P. A.

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.
(*Signed*)
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

SO MILD • SO TASTY

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

matter what dubious compliment was on my lips for O'Shea, because out of the gloom ahead moved a figure, and with it a bayonet, and a whistle, and on top of the whistle a high-pitched disagreeable cockney voice:

"Halt, you bleeding ruddy rebels. You're under arrest!"

"Where's your officer?" I demanded.

You can understand how taken aback I was by the sheer impertinence when an insolent little squirt of a lance-corporal reached out a hand to grab my coat, patting the pockets swift, just as a slim young officer broke through the line. I was shoved across to him.

"This is 'im orlright, sir. Fair loaded wit' firearms 'e is, contrary to regulations. Hit's Fitzgerald orlright, Leftinnint!"

Sullivan opened his mouth, but I put my free hand over it. Brigid beside me gasped, but the sudden pressure of my arm reduced the gasp to silence.

"Fitzgerald, what? Good work, Jinks. Did any get away? And who are these two?"

"Lady O'Shea, who else?" I put in, not too cheerful about it and only concerned to gain the time necessary to let Fitzgerald get beyond pursuit.

The subaltern ignored me, but was all politeness to Brigid.

"Lady O'Shea, ma'am?" Impressed he was and why not? "Sorry to find you in this company, ma'am. My orders are to arrest any persons I find. I'm afraid that includes you too, ma'am."

"God save us and what in hell for, child?" Brigid was vastly tolerant and curious.

"I can't say as to you, ma'am, although," with a dark glance at me, "it's the finish for this fellow. At the moment you must return to the house for questioning. The head of Intelligence from Dublin is on his way here, and his aide is already in charge. Will you proceed, ma'am?" Very proper and obliging he was, the impertinent young ass, with his cloying salute to Brigid.

She, good girl, leaned to me, groping for my hand. "And suppose I do as I please, Englishman?"

He indicated with a gesture the encircling ring of soldiers. "Sorry, ma'am. You see, you are seriously compromised by the presence of this traitor."

The rain had stopped, but the soft Irish wind caught up the mocking words of sweet Brigid, throwing them in his face: "Compromised, Lieutenant? On a dock?"

THE haunch of beef was still on the long table, inviting. There was even the pot of mustard. But no sign at all of O'Rourke. Wondering to myself how in the name of Saint Patrick he had won free, or was he this moment shot dead, I thought it needful to take charge more or less, still wanting more time for the sake of Fitzgerald.

The soldiers lined up about the room, a round dozen of them. I struggled out of my coat, helped Brigid off with hers, and led the way to the table.

"As long as we have to wait here, Lieutenant," says I, cheerful, "you wouldn't be denying a condemned man a slice of beef, and the smallest drink ever, would you now? Sit down, ma'am"—holding a chair for Brigid—"and you too, Mister. I'm sure the owner wouldn't object at all. Isn't he the English officer himself?"

"British officer you mean," put in Brigid, cool.

"Right you are, ma'am." I started to carve. "It's a correction he would have made himself."

"Fitzgerald," puts in the subaltern, stifflike, "I can't allow you to talk."

"Lieutenant," puts in Brigid, innocent, "how long have you been in the police?"

I don't know what his answer might have been to that, with his gorge rising so rapid. From the door of the room one of the soldiers called sharp, "Attention!" Footsteps echoed down the corridor. The Tommies around the room brought their rifles around to present, and the subaltern stumbled quick from his chair. My own back stiffening behind me, I leaned over the table, glancing at Brigid. She was considering me gravely, her eyes a little wide, and very beautiful.

I grinned reassuring, knowing well enough when it became necessary I could make myself known to the authorities and thinking only of the fun the evening had been and my meeting so unsuspecting this lady, my uncle's wife, and I in love with her. It's the funny thing I should set it down like that, for love is not a matter entered into lightly in Ireland.

"Well, Lieutenant," a brisk, vaguely familiar voice broke out behind me, fair crackling with authority, "I hear you took some prisoners. Where are they? General Knox will be here directly."

THE subaltern, saluting stiffly, indicated us, calm at the table. "Here they are, sir. We've got Fitzgerald," pointing to me. "Caught him red-handed on the dock, sir. And this lady is I understand—"

"Lady O'Shea," I broke in again, putting down my napkin, "a relative of the owner, Lord Dunfogar." I turned, thinking the time had come to make myself known to this new Britisher. I half turned in my chair, looking up. The man was in civilian clothes, but anyone, anywhere, would have known him for an army man. Only—my eyes reverted quick to the table, to settle, of course, on the pot of mustard—only the face on him was the face of the rebel O'Rourke!

Not a shadow flickered on his face as he took off his hat and bowed to Brigid. Distant and formal he was, the beggar, and probably knowing her from childhood. "Lady O'Shea? So sorry, ma'am."

Brigid, sweet lass, looked up at him gravely, disapproving. Helpless, I pointed to the table. "Join us, won't you?" I invited, grinning up at the conical swelling rising glorious from the back of his head. "Have some beef."

O'Rourke looked me over with just the proper amount of interest. "Fitzgerald, is it?" he marveled. "And a merry chase you've led us, man. But you'll hang now. I think you're overrated anyway."

I considered the bump on his head. "You should know, Captain." Why shouldn't I be cheerful? "Have a drink."

I looked up at him, wondering if I could allow a question to appear in my face. And it seemed to me, there was just the fleeting tiny wink of an eyelash, gone before it came. I prepared myself for anything. And it was just as well.

In from the corridor, to the echoing tread of spurred boots, strode the tall spare figure of a brigadier, immaculate in staff uniform and brass hat, his tunic covered with service ribbons. His hair was gray, his mustache crisp and his eyebrows shaggy. The face on him was ruddy and handsome, alert and authoritative, and by the holy grace of the most benign collection of martyred saints, it was the face of my Uncle O'Shea!

How he managed to get to Kerry from Dublin I don't know, and where he picked up the soldier suit on the way I don't care, but the acting of him was a matter of sheer wonder.

O'Rourke blandly indicated the ramrod subaltern. "The lieutenant here"—you could sense the kindness of the superior officer, giving credit to a junior—"has captured Fitzgerald."

"Good! Good work, men!" O'Shea beamed at the boy, who swelled near to bursting. "Produce him! By Jove, what an example we'll make of him!"

"This is the prisoner, sir."

I bowed. "Good evening, General," says I, "but tell me, are there any more of you peelers coming?"

O'Shea looked at me. He looked closer. He opened his mouth. He even closed it again. And when he turned to the prideful subaltern the purple of apoplexy was faithfully rising on his neck.

"This gentleman"—his hand flung out to me—"you have had the temerity to arrest?" The last word was a roar that shook the ancient rafters of Dunfogar.

"But—"

"No buts, dammit!" Ah, the tongue on him! "For the better part of one hundred years, sir, imbecilic morons have been granted commissions in the British army! But I misdoubt me gravely if ever one of them was so early stolen from his mother's pap as you! This gentleman here is Lord Dunfogar, the owner of this estate, and an officer of the Inniskillens! God! I'll never hear the end of this!" He wiped his forehead, the poor old choleric, embarrassed military man.

"I say, Dunfogar," he actually mumbled with shame, "the whole British army in Ireland asks your pardon."

"The whole British army in Ireland can have it," said I cheerful, "if you'll but get rid of this puling infant and his henchmen. You'll stay yourself though and have a drink, I hope? And your aide?"

O'SHEA—perhaps I should say General Knox—bowed. O'Rourke bowed. The lieutenant saluted stiffly. The hall echoed again to the tread of boots, all centered in bearing off a very red and shamed face. In silence, the four of us around the table heard the lorry depart.

"O'Shea," says I, opening a fresh bottle, "you blundering old jackass, why in hell didn't you tell me what was up this morning?"

O'Rourke interposed, laughing. "How could he, Dennis, and you with the king's commission? What else could he do, but pass on to me the stopping of you?"

"O'Rourke," says I, "that matter is closed and fairly closed between us. Never mention it again. It is enough we saved Fitzgerald and got him off to France."

"Off to France, hell!" O'Shea started to his feet. "Come on, O'Rourke. There's work to be done."

"Oh, for the love of Columkill!" I groaned, "don't be telling me that storm center is back, him and his dynamite?"

"Waiting in the darkness for my signal," said O'Shea, "and where else? Isn't Mary down with the lorries now, waiting? Come on, O'Rourke. That load must be in Cork by the morning."

"Wait a while, man." I held up my hand. "Now will you only tell me, please, who in the name of the devil himself is Mary?"

"Sure, Dennis, didn't I forget, you haven't met your aunt yet! And when you do, won't you find her one hell of a sight better-looking than this gawky sister of hers here!"

Somehow, I knew they left, my Uncle O'Shea and the shy fellow O'Rourke. But my mind was not on them, nor on Fitzgerald, nor even on the Republican movement, and still less on His Majesty's whole damned forces in Ireland. All I knew was this, that peace had come again to Dunfogar, to this rough old house of the O'Sheas, to the pleasant place that was now home to me again.

"Brigid Fitzgerald, Dark Woman," started I, hesitant, still unbelieving.

"Your Lordship says?" Mocking she was, and anyone could see would be a constant and magnificent irritation.

"Dennis O'Shea, to you Brigid Fitzgerald. And your sister, Mary O'Shea—is she an addition to the name?"

"Didn't she pick your uncle out of a thousand?" retorted the woman. "And wasn't she the beauty of a dozen counties?"

"Ah," says I to that. "Strong and healthy too?"

"That's the hell of a question, Dennis O'Shea. What would you mean by it?" The woman Brigid had her eyes up from her empty glass, facing me across the table.

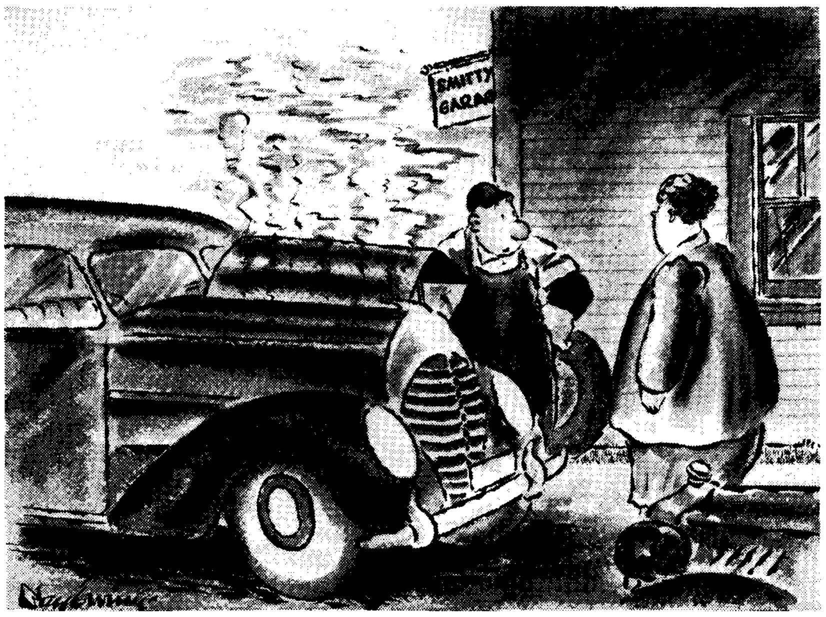
"Have another drink," said I, filling hers. And because it would be bad for the lass to be drinking alone, setting the bad example, I filled mine too. "The thought was on me, Dark Woman, there would perhaps be a cousin fall heir to the title."

She weighed that gravely. "There might, at that," lifting her glass, "but I won't drink to it."

"You won't? What will you drink to then?" I asked, thinking how I started out to set down the romance of my Uncle O'Shea and the way of his marriage. Well, I have to admit, the O'Sheas are a mighty curious people.

"What shall I drink to?" She considered, careful, the sweet lady. "Dennis O'Shea," says she, "have you ever thought," she asked, "of the duty is on you to maintain a direct line?"

I hadn't, but we drank to it anyway.



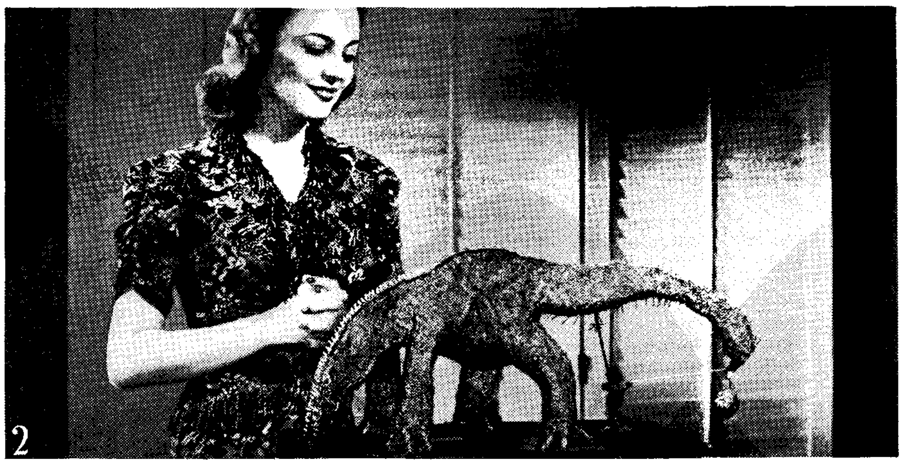
"That's right, lady, yuh drain out the oil after a thousand miles, but yuh're supposed t' put new oil in . . ." JAY IRVING

SO THE HARDER A WIFE WORKS, THE CUTER SHE LOOKS!
1. GOSH, HONEY, YOU SEEM TO THRIVE ON COOKING, CLEANING AND DUSTING—AND I'M ALL TUCKERED OUT BY CLOSING TIME. WHAT'S THE ANSWER?
VITAMINS, DARLING! I ALWAYS GET MY VITAMINS
2. REMEMBER WHAT THE DOCTOR TOLD YOU—YOU CAN'T HAVE PEP WITHOUT VITAMINS? WELL I'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING—A PERFECTLY DELICIOUS BREAKFAST CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP, THAT'S RICH IN VITAMINS B AND D. AND I'VE ALREADY LAID IN A SUPPLY FOR OUR BREAKFASTS
3. HONEY, IF VITAMINS CAN GIVE ME EVEN A LITTLE OF YOUR ZIP AND SPARKLE, YOU'VE MADE THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!
IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU. AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT KELLOGG'S PEP FOR BREAKFAST. IT'S A SUPREMELY DELICIOUS CEREAL—CRUNCHY GOLDEN FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B AND D. EAT IT EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!
Kellogg's PEP VITAMIN (B+D) ENRICHED 30% BRAN FLAKES

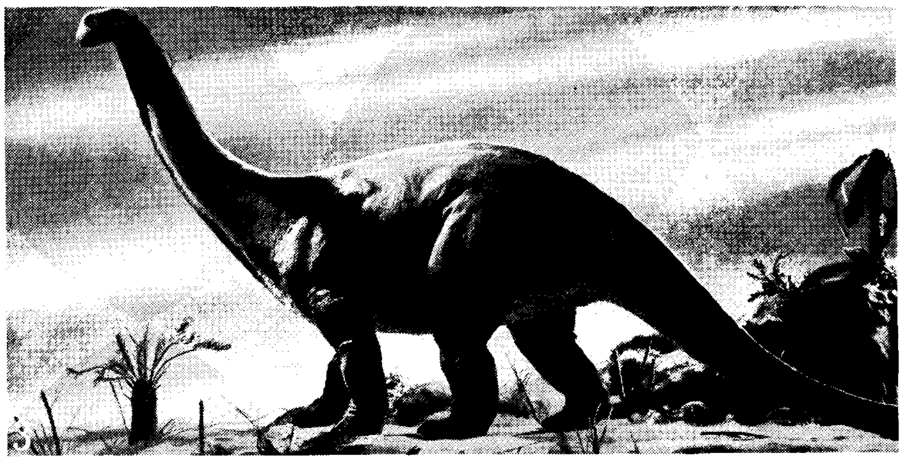
Vitamins for pep! PEP for vitamins!*

**Pep contains only vitamins B and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.*

Andrea Leeds, Gary Cooper's leading lady in Samuel Goldwyn's forthcoming production, "The Real Glory", is . . .



. . . pictured admiring the wire dinosaur made by Berthold Ordner, who is totally blind. This unique work has been purchased by Sinclair to add to its collection of . . .



. . . model dinosaurs. Sinclair uses dinosaurs to symbolize the fact that Sinclair Opaline and Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oils are expertly refined from oldest crudes. That's why you'll find . . .

SINCLAIR
4
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. . . these oils stand up better and last longer in your car. Ask for them at your nearby Sinclair dealer. And ask him, too, about his special Sinclair-ize for Summer service. It makes your car safer for hot weather driving.

Remember the Music

Continued from page 17

her up at Sixty-third and Belvedere. We'll just take her name and address. Write it down, Nick, will you?" He turned to Josie. "What's your address, miss?"

She covered her face with her hands and cried, "I don't want to! I don't want to!"

Kemmerer was patient. "We got to have it, miss. It's just routine."

It took her a minute to get straightened out; and she said, grimly, "Fifty-eight-sixty Clinton Street."

"Live with your parents?"

"No."

"Who with?"

"Aunt and uncle."

Kemmerer pinched the ends of his cigarette. "What's their name?"

"Same as mine; Grant."

"Okay; that's all." He looked at his watch. It was after midnight. "Pretty late. Better drive her home, Nick."

She jumped up. "I can walk."

"It's three miles, miss, at least. Go ahead, Nick. The old man's holding Sam for forty-eight hours."

NICK drove to Civic Square, picked up Belvedere Avenue and headed north past the theaters and Chinese chop-suey joints. He didn't feel like talking any longer. Whatever he said would sound like good advice, and advice was cheap and often sounded priggish.

At Fiftieth Street she said, falteringly, "What did he do?"

"Who, Sam? He's in the policy game. It's a general roundup. Captain Barnett wanted him picked up for questioning. We're picking them all up."

"Oh."

"He'll probably be out in a day or two. They all have good lawyers."

After that, she was silent.

Nick turned right at Fifty-eighth Street, left into Clinton Street, the outskirts of the city: darkened stores, scattered bars, poolrooms, two- and three-storied buildings of red brick or frame construction.

"I was born around here," Nick said. "Over on Andrews. All this was fields, then, and there was a brook. My old man was a blacksmith. His shop was where the new dairy is now."

"Pop was a postman," she said. "Pop died and then Mamma died. I was six."

"Gosh," said Nick. He pulled up against the curb and peered at a three-storied frame house with a plumbing shop on the ground level. "This it?"

"Yes."

Nick got out and strolled with her across the sidewalk to the hall door alongside the store.

"Well, it's about time you're getting home," a woman's voice said.

Nick looked up, saw the vague pale blur of a face in a top-story window.

The voice went on querulously: "You little trollop, you! A fine little trollop I got on my hands!"

Josie looked upward. "Will you open the door, please?"

The window slammed shut and in a minute there was a clicking at the hall door and it opened under Josie's hand. She said in a low, choked voice, "Good night. Thanks." She vanished swiftly, without a sound, and then the door clicked shut.

Nick walked slowly to the curb, peered up at the top-floor windows. Faintly he heard the woman's high, shrill, bickering voice. Nick sat in the car for five or ten minutes, wondering if perhaps Josie would appear again. She didn't, and he drove away.

When he got back to headquarters George Kemmerer was going through a Gladstone bag. Beside the Gladstone was another bag, smaller, in which lay things a woman would wear: silk underclothes, a nightgown, red mules, stockings, a couple of dresses.

"What's this?" Nick asked.

"We brought Sam's car in. These bags were in the trunk. I was just looking through, but"—he shrugged—"there ain't nothing." He looked glum. "I guess we kind of busted up a nice little week-end party for two. Her only a kid, too." He sighed, wagged his head.

Nick remained silent, his eyes wandering back and forth over the soft silk underthings. A small rueful smile drew his mouth out of shape. "Too bad," he said.

"Too bad what?"

Nick gave a short, vague laugh. "I'm damned if I know, George." Then he laughed as if he'd just heard a good joke. "Forget it. It's water under the bridge."

But it wasn't water under the bridge. For a few days—a week—Nick kidded himself into believing it was. You couldn't forget her face, though. You remembered the wide, childlike eyes, the awkward silences at the roadhouse, the way she didn't seem to know what to do with her hands. And you remembered the way she felt in your arms when you danced with her. Her eyes were not so wide, then. And later, at headquarters, they flashed with fire and her chin was firm, resolute.

Nick took to hanging around the neighborhood where she lived. He saw her on a warm evening while he was standing in front of a corner cigar store. She was strolling along, a block away, pausing every few yards to gaze into store windows. She was headed in his direction and he waited.

"I guess you see the same thing I see, Nick."

Nick turned around.

"Hello," Sam Delaney said. He smiled at Nick but his gaze was dreaming up the street; cigarette smoke was drifting from his lips on the warm summer air. "You detailed to this neighborhood nowadays?"

"I get around," Nick said.

"Strange kid, ain't she?" Delaney drawled. "Young; fire and ice. They say clothes make a dame. They don't make her, because she hasn't got any." He moved his lips as though he were savoring something very sweet. His eyelids were halfway down, drowsy. He said, "You guys certainly chucked a wrench in the works last week."

NICK *felt like turning and walking* away. But he didn't, because she was too close.

"Hello, Josie," Sam Delaney said.

"Hello," she said offhand, looking from one to the other with guarded eyes as she strolled on past them, then disappearing unhurriedly around the corner.

"Well," Sam Delaney said, "see you again sometime, fella," and sauntered around the same corner.

Nick didn't move. Thoughts darted through his head, taking strange tangents. He'd do something, anything; he'd get something on Sam, anything, no matter how small, and build it up. He'd frame Sam if he had to. Anything. Anything to get him tossed in the clink, to get him away from Josie. Blood raced hot through Nick's veins and his upper lip lifted in a thin, caustic line.

Then Josie came strolling back around the corner humming to herself. "Warm, isn't it?" she said, blithely looking everywhere but at Nick.

"Yes, it is," Nick replied, climbing

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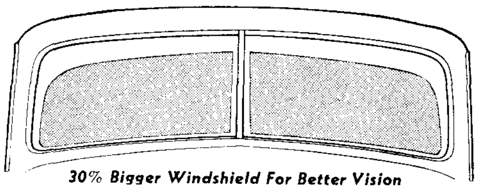

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out of his private emotional conflict.

"Sam wanted me to go for a ride with him."

"Well, why didn't you go? It's warm. Do you good."

"Oh, I don't know, I guess I don't like Sam any more."

"Just like that."

She nodded lightly. "A girl can get over Sam easy. One fellow all the time, gosh, it's boring."

Nick squinted one eye until it was almost shut. The other one shone balefully. "Maybe your aunt was right last week when she gave you hell out the window. Maybe Sam ought to haul off and clip you one."

"Maybe. Maybe he would, too. You wouldn't, though."

"The hell I wouldn't! Why should I?"

"Then what are you getting all steamed up about?"

Nick took out a handkerchief and wiped his face. Then suddenly she laughed outright, her head tilted back, her eyes wide and bright and full of mischief.

"You're awfully nice," she said, and there was a different look in her eyes, deep and far down, thoughtful, almost languorous. "A lot of girls tell you that, don't they?"

"Sure. Millions."

"Good. That's good. I've got a million boy friends, too. I like boys. A lot of them."

"I know what you are," Nick said, exasperated. "You're a damned little liar."

"But you like me a little, don't you?"

He said, "Cut it! I got a car down the street. Let's ride out to the beach."

"Oh, I haven't been to the beach in *ages!*" she cried. Then her shoulders dropped. "No, I guess I better not. I'll only catch it when I get home."

Nick said, "You leave that to me."

IT WAS dark when they reached the big amusement park on the beach, and they heard the thrash of the roller coaster overhead and the jolly sound of a calliope and the raucous voices of the barkers.

"Oh, it's wonderful!" Josie cried.

"What do you want to try first?" Nick asked.

"Oh, anything, anything. I don't care. We can just walk and look."

They started at one end and went right down the boardwalk, trying one ride after another. Nick was having fun, making himself have fun, but back of it, always back of it, was the other thing—the thing about Sam Delaney. You couldn't pretend it didn't mean anything, because it did. It was there and it would always be there, more persistent than your shadow.

But Josie was having fun, all right, and Nick liked that. She squealed and hung onto him on the wild, reckless rides; and in those brief moments he could feel her body quivering with excitement. By the time they reached the other end of the boardwalk Josie's hair was a shambles, Nick's tie was half undone, and both were exhausted.

Nick said, "Let's get a drink and a hot dog or something."

"I better be going home."

"It won't take long."

It didn't, and when they drove out of the parking lot Josie lay back in a vast gesture of ecstasy and stretched her arms far back of her head.

"Have fun?" Nick said.

"Oh, so much—so much!"

"We'll take the shore road around."

"All right."

The lights of the amusement park faded away behind them and now they could hear, faintly, the sound of the surf on the beach. They saw the scattered lights of bungalows ahead, and Nick pointed.

"See that place there, the little one, by those trees?"

"Yes," Josie replied.

"That's mine. I built it last year. I've got a boat, too; just a little one, with a kicker. Come out sometime and we'll go swimming. Fishing, too."

"Gee! A place right on the beach!"

Nick stopped the car and pointed out two white posts. "This is the entrance. I had a tough time putting the driveway in. Did it myself."

"I must see!" she cried, and jumped out of the car. She ran up the shell driveway toward the bungalow and disappeared over a dune.

Nick got out, lit a cigarette and sat on the running board. In a little while he heard her calling, "Yoo-hoo!" He rose and walked up over the dune and saw her down on the beach running in the surf. "I've got my shoes and stockings off!" she shouted. "It's *fun!*" Nick walked on down, stopping at the water's edge, and waited, chuckling, until she started out of the water.

He picked up her shoes and stockings and said, "Don't get sand on you. I'll carry you up to the car." He got his feet wet reaching her, and picking her up in his arms he said, "Hang on," and carried her up past his bungalow and through the short grass to the car. She sat on the running board and he dried her feet and legs with his handkerchief and she put on her shoes and stockings. He watched her, and when she stood up, shaking her skirt down, he took hold of her and kissed her and there was no fight, no struggle. She came into his arms, pressing against him, holding on. He could feel the beating of her heart. Presently he let her go and her hands trailed down his arms and she gazed up at him.

"I was easy, wasn't I?" she murmured hoarsely.

"I—I guess I'd better get you home."

"Listen!" she cried desperately. "I'm not easy. With you, yes, I am—I was. I wanted you to kiss me. But, listen, I'm not easy. Honest, I'm not! All right, he picked me up. But he tried for days, and that night, I don't know, I was crazy. My aunt giving me hell all the time, giving everybody hell, so that no fellow in the neighborhood would come around. She'd yell things out the window, call me a tramp, a trollop, things like that—and these fellows would think I was and try anything. Listen, I'm not smart, I don't know anything, but I say a lot of things I don't mean, things like I said to you, as if I ran around a lot. I was only showing off. I'm a dope, really; that's what I am."

Nick's voice was cloudy: "You're swell, Josie. There's nothing wrong with you at all." He took hold of her arm. "We better get going."

WIDE-EYED, uncertain, she got into the car. And as Nick drove off, she said, "You don't believe me." Her voice was empty but it asked no quarter. She leaned back and watched the scattered trees whip past and listened to the soft cadence of the surf. "But it was a wonderful night. It was like music. I'll always remember the music. Even if I was too easy."

It wasn't that, Nick knew, but he couldn't find words to tell her how it was and in his helplessness he felt miserable. Generations before him had spawned that ugly shadow and it was still there and he couldn't deny it and he couldn't bring himself around to believing it meant nothing. Nick was too honest for that. But he shouldn't have kissed her like that. He shouldn't have come around looking for her, in the first place.

When he pulled up at the curb in front of her house he felt small and very cheap and she said, "Don't get out," as she opened the car's door. Her voice was small and sounded far away and he didn't move or say anything but sat with his hands draped heavily on the wheel. She hesitated on the curb, her face drawn and pale in the glow of a street light. "I guess I can't blame you," she murmured bitterly.

"Well, you're getting yourself a fine reputation, all right, young lady," the old woman's voice bawled from the window. "He don't even get out of the car. Ha! A fine gentleman! Thank God there's none of my blood in your veins."

Josie was crouched against the hall door, waiting it out, waiting to be let in.

"You can just wait," the old lady bawled, "till I get good and ready to open it!"

NICK drove off, but he didn't get far. He turned left at the first corner and drove around the block and when he reached the house again Josie was sitting on the doorstep and the upstairs window was closed. Nick got out and walked across the sidewalk.

"How long will she make you wait?" he said.

Josie didn't seem to care about anything. "I don't know. Once it was all night, almost. Go away. Go home."

Nick stared down at his palms. "I love you, Josie."

"Don't say that. You don't mean it."

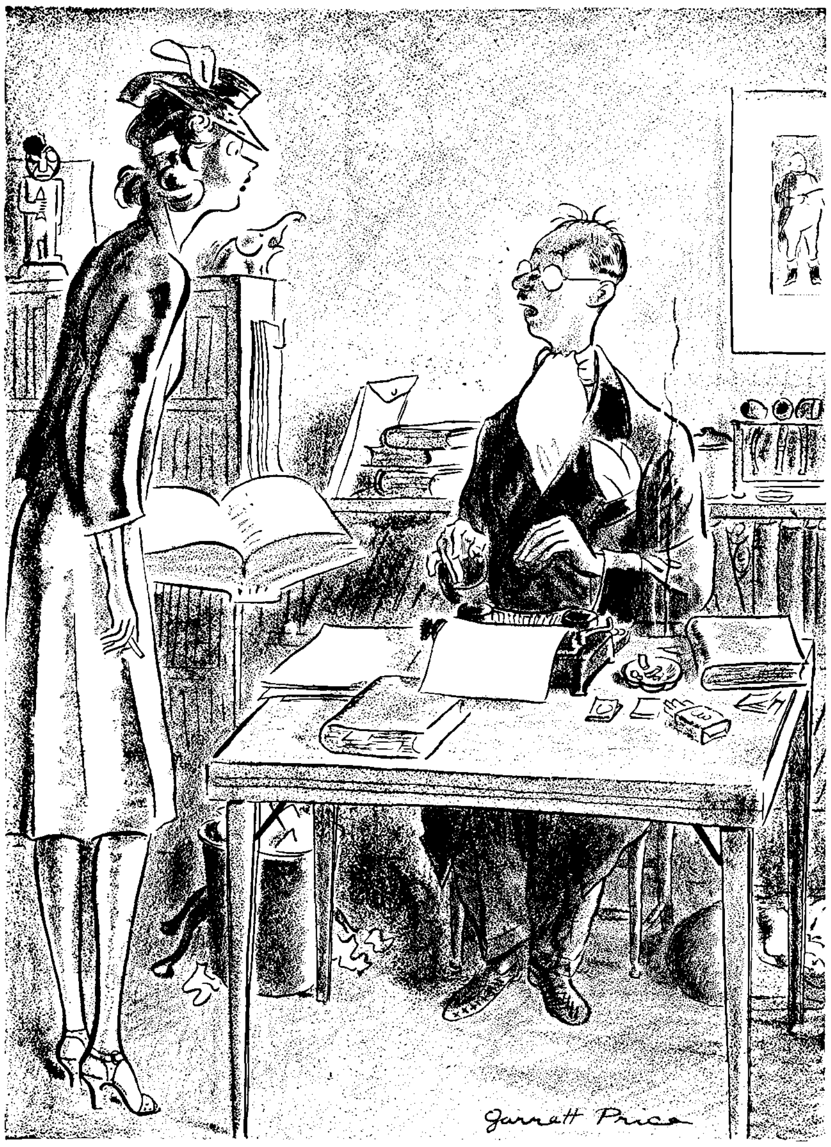
"Yes, I do. I couldn't drive away. That woman upstairs would make a girl do—well—anything."

She drew back against the door, saying, "Don't say things like that if you don't mean them, Nick. Nobody ever said them before."

"I mean what I say," Nick told her slowly. "You can't stay here with her any longer. I'd never sleep thinking about it. I couldn't stand to see you hurt all the time this way, Josie." And to hell with Sam Delaney, too. She didn't care a damn about Sam. She was driven to it. If Sam ever mentions it, you'll break his neck. It's done. It's gone. It's something that never happened. You'd never forgive yourself if you let it come between you and break this up. So when you're pushed far enough, you understand. "On the level, Josie," he muttered, and sat down on the step beside her.

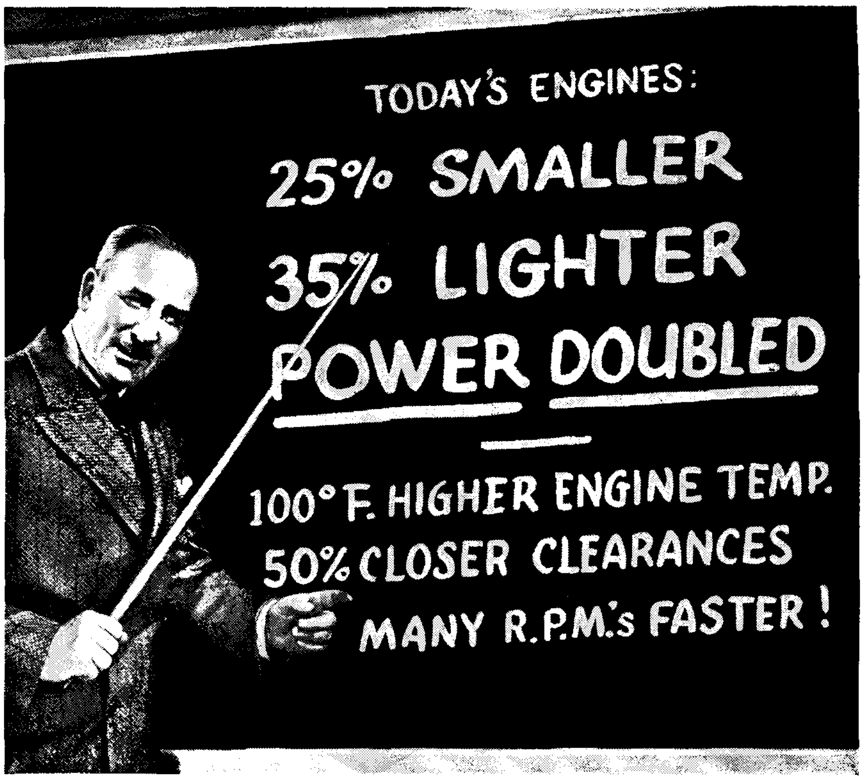
She clung desperately to his arm, pressing her cheek hard against his shoulder. She said in a rushing, passionate whisper, "Oh, I wish Sam Delaney could see this, so I could laugh at him! He thought he was so cute, so smart. Out at the roadhouse he asked me to spend the night with him, and you know how I am, how I try to be smart-alecky —I said, oh, I haven't a thing along to wear. And he said he had that all fixed. He came prepared, he had a bag in the car with everything I'd need. He said that just before you and the other man came over to the table, and it made me mad and scared and embarrassed. He thought I was so easy. Oh, Nick!" she cried, clinging to him, "I don't know anything about people, about men!"

Nick put his lips against the top of her head and stared into the street and shuddered. He had come so close to taking the other way out. If he had driven straight away, if he had not in that single brittle instant swung his car to the left and come back again around the block— Thinking of it, his throat closed up and he held Josie in an embrace so fierce with possession that his temples pounded.



"What expression would you have one gangster apply to another who had made a perfect cad of himself?"

GARRETT PRICE



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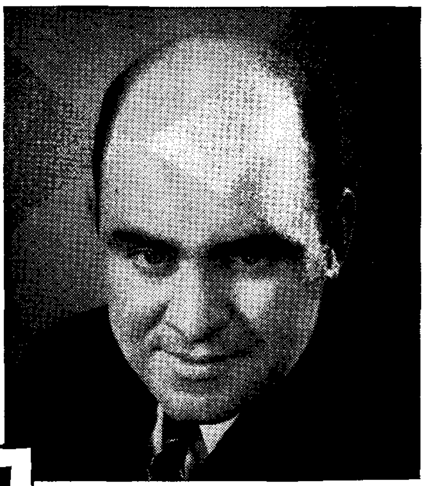
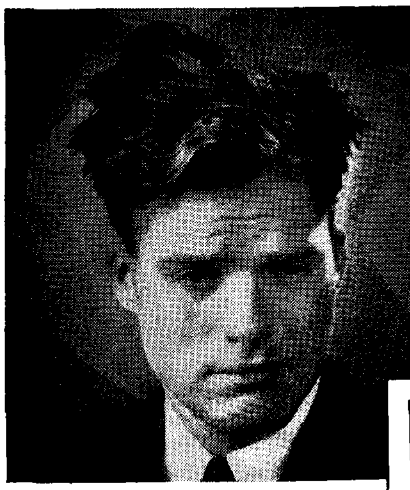
Among my Souvenirs



CAREY THE CUE BALL was a good egg—but! I felt like a gold-digger when he took me out. What a pity he didn't use Kreml for dandruff scales and thinning hair before it was too late.



SANDY THE SOAK soaked his hair with water every time he combed it. Water is bad for hair. Dries it out, so it won't stay combed. Looks messy. Sheds ugly dandruff scales. I often wanted to tell him to use Kreml.

GEORGIE THE GIGOLO went to the other extreme. The greasy goo he used plastered down his hair okeh, but the stuff came off on my hands. He needed Kreml—as a dressing and to check excessive falling hair.

HARRY THE HEAD MAN led me to the altar. His hair is always neat as a pin. Never sticky or greasy. Never a speck of dandruff scales. No excessive loss of hair. He uses Kreml, the wonderful tonic dressing that I like so much for my own hair, too.

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REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Not to the Swift

Continued from page 21

"It's a gamble!" the boy cried. "Let Calloway take it. He's rich enough to gamble. Sell, Sam, sell and get out. This way we're taking chances all around. We don't know if the horse can do it, and even if he could, Calloway wouldn't let him. There's no guarantee and the money's running out fast. Sell, Sam, sell and get out."

The boy spoke with youthful ardor and with affection. Sam roused himself at the outburst and stared at the beseeching face of his brother. "Ah, shut up. Shut up," he said. "You gab like a merry-go-round. You're gabbing all the time Who's asking you?" He left him and went up to the other end of the car where there was a window and he could look out. Stunned and hurt, the boy looked after him a moment and then hid his face, turning to Charlu and stroking the long smooth neck.

IT WAS too early for the shipments south and they had the horsecar mostly to themselves. Sam Bellish smelled the straw and manure and the heavy warm odor of the half-dozen animals. These were the smells he had known all his life, ever since he had been twelve or thirteen. He had banged around from one end of the country to the other, racing at every track there was; and then he was too old to ride, unable to make the weight and unwilling, too, to take the chances, and it was all over. That was what they all said, but when he took the silks off he wondered what next there was for him to do, and if he found it, whatever it was, he wondered what sense there could be in it for him.

All right, maybe he was a bug on horses. It was foolish and dumb maybe to take an interest in horses and how beautiful they were. But racing them was the only thing he understood or cared for, and after the good days riding there was nothing else he could do but bum around the stables, going north and south with the season, doing exercise work, helping trainers, anything, willing to take the small change just so long as he could stay near the horses and feel he was at home.

Then finally, at Pimlico, Henkle weeded out the deadheads, or what he thought were the deadheads, in Calloway's stable, and put them up at auction. Bellish, jumping at the chance, had scraped together all his savings to buy Charlu. All winter he had stabled the colt at Aqueduct, watching him fill out and grow strong, bringing him gradually into condition, breaking him away fast from the barrier to overcome his early sluggishness. If the colt went well in the Derby, even if he finished somewhere in the money, Bellish could build a reputation for himself as a trainer instead of an ex-jockey who didn't know enough to leave the track when he was through. Now the word had gone out that he had a good thing in Charlu and Calloway was down on him, wanting to get the colt back.

It was lousy, Bellish said to himself, and he cursed Calloway, knowing as he cursed that if it weren't Calloway it might just as well be somebody else who'd take his horse away from him. Bellish kept looking out into the blackness of the countryside and finally walked back to his brother.

"Sure, kid," he said, "you're right. I ought to take Calloway's offer. But supposing I wanted to: what business could I go into with the money? What do I know? What can I do? Outside of the horses, I'm good for nothing."

"Sure," Harry said, still stroking the horse. "I was just making a suggestion. You know what you got to do. It's okay."

Three days a week at Churchill Downs, Bellish sent Charlu out to jog a half mile and to gallop a mile and a half. On the alternate days he gave him short spins to bring up his speed. Every morning he worked the colt at the barrier, making him grow excited about the getaway. Sam knew Charlu would be the fastest horse in the race for the last three furlongs, but the hard part of the training job now was to make sure he'd be well up during the early stages of the scramble.

Bellish worked over the colt day and night, and if he had to leave him for an hour he posted Harry on guard at the stable. Whatever time he could spare from the horse he spent worrying about Henkle and Calloway. Neither of them had bothered him again but he could tell they were around.

The Friday morning before the race, Bellish sent Charlu out for an easy mile gallop. He asked Molla, the jockey he had hired for the race, to exercise him so that the boy could learn something of the horse in advance of the race. A dozen clockers and early birds — the touts and gossips who knew all the inside information and always looked for it—stood about, watching Bellish curiously, waiting for the workout. Molla sat on the colt, knotting the reins at the length he wanted them, his jaws sawing smoothly on the chewing gum in his mouth. Harry watched him trot out to the track, disturbed by the hard unflustered air of confidence of the jockey.

"I don't like it," Harry said to his brother. "I don't trust that guy. Not with his shady reputation. He's too wise. I wish you would get somebody else to ride."

"Ah, stop worrying," Sam said, going up to the rail. "Let me do all the worrying. That's my department."

MOLLA had Charlu away nicely around the turn, holding him surely in hand. The colt moved easily enough until he hit the back straightaway but once there he suddenly stretched out and flew. Molla wasn't holding him in. Harry started jumping up and down in anger.

"See?" he cried. "There you have it, the crook! You only told him to breeze and he's driving. He's crooked, Sam. He's working for Calloway already!"

"Shut up," Sam snapped. "Maybe it's not Molla's fault. Maybe he can't hold him in."

"Oh yeah! Just take a look. He's bent over his neck with the reins loose. He's letting the horse run his head off!"

Charlu was coming round the last turn now and driving up the homestretch. Sam waited, the stop watch in his hand. When the colt flashed by, he saw he had gone the distance in 1:39 and two fifths. It might have been a fifth one way or the other but it was altogether too fast for the day before the race. Molla was pulling up now, standing high in the stirrups and trying to turn the colt around.

"When Charlu gets back," Sam told his brother, "just take him back to the stables and shut up. I'll do all the talking to Molla."

"No!" Harry cried, kicking the sand. "No!"

But he walked out to the track and held the bridle while Molla slipped down. When he took the horse away he wouldn't trust himself to look at the jockey but kept his eyes on the ground. Molla, complacently chewing away on

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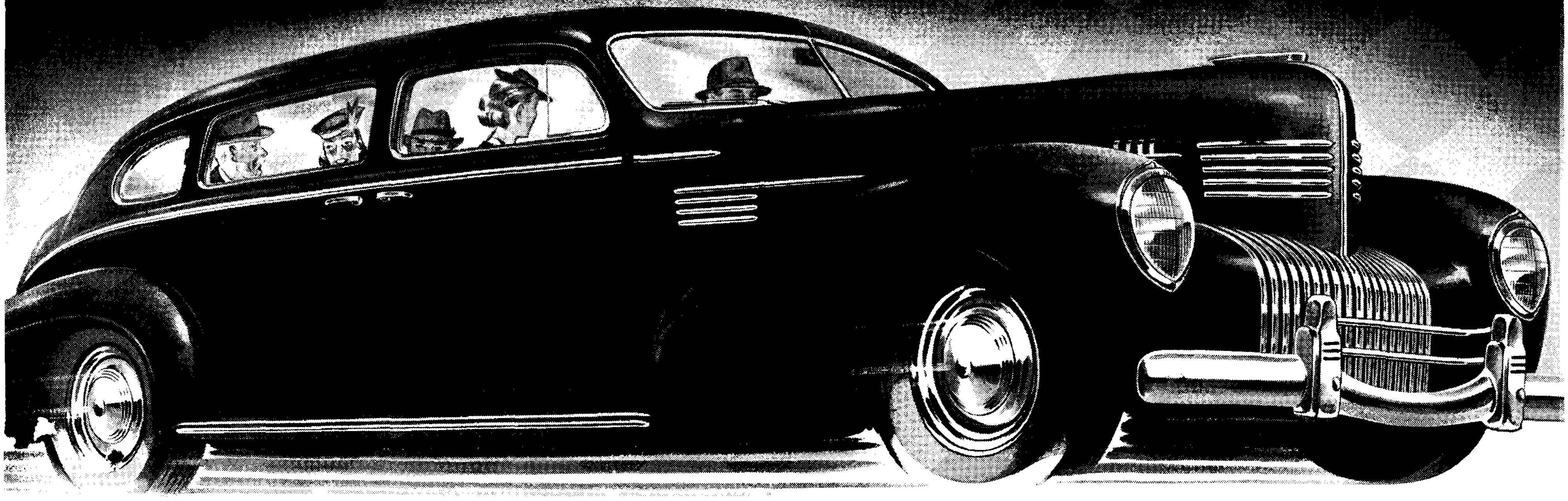

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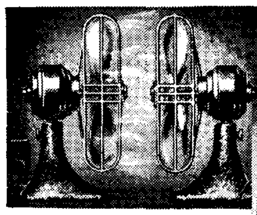

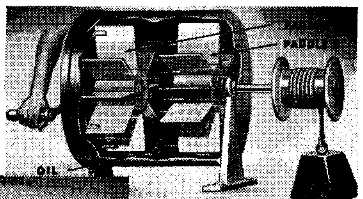

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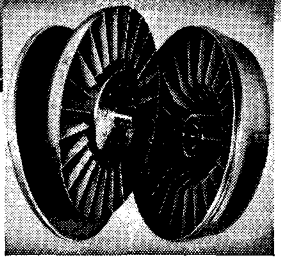

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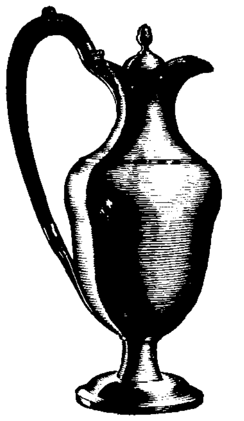

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his gum, came up and spoke to Sam.

"I'm sorry about that run," he said. "See, he was full of go and I just couldn't hold him in. He got away."

"It looked kind of funny from where I stood," Bellish said. "I didn't see you holding him back."

"Hell, what do you think? He just got away. I couldn't help it. You ought to know how it is. You were a jockey once yourself."

"I'm just saying it looked funny from where I was standing," Bellish said. "I want to make sure whose orders you're following, mine or somebody else's."

"You can't talk that way to me, Bellish!" the jockey cried, flaring up. "See, I won't stand for it!" He stopped short and calmed down, growing aware that men near by were watching him. "I follow orders and do the best I can. I got my living to make off the track and with my record I can't afford to get wise."

"Well, that's fine," Sam said. "I'm glad to hear you talk like that." He kept his voice unexcited and even but held the boy firmly by the shoulder. "When you ride tomorrow, don't try nothing special."

Molla went white before him. He knocked the hand down angrily and backed away. "Okay! Okay!" he shouted. "I'll ride on the level! Don't worry about that. But if you try to get funny with me, I know plenty guys who'll take care of you!"

Bellish let the boy glare at him and then walked back to the stables. The group of spectators broke up.

The fast morning trial should have been good enough to draw respect from the future handbooks. Sam sent his brother around to find out whether the odds—which had been fifteen to one—had changed, but when Harry came back his face remained gloomy. "It's still fifteen to one," he said. "So long as you keep Molla, it'll stay fifteen to one forever. The books are wise even if you can't see it."

"Can it," Bellish said. "Keep it to yourself."

AT NOONTIME, while the black colt was feeding outside of the stable, Calloway passed by, escorting a group of his friends through the grounds. He left them and went up to Bellish, his eyes on Charlu.

"That's Charlu?" he asked. "And you're Bellish, aren't you?"

"That's right," Sam said.

Calloway was a man past sixty. His thick mustache was pure white against his ruddy complexion and he looked at Bellish with elderly kindliness. But Sam was wise enough to feel pretty sure—to know—that Calloway was a dirty, lowdown hypocrite, his mind on the gambling and the money.

"The colt looks fine," Calloway was saying. "But Henkle still tells me he can't run at all."

"He can run," he said. "You know he can run."

Calloway looked up sharply, then a good-natured smile came over his face. "Well, I'll be keeping an eye on him in the race tomorrow. I'll be curious to see what you've been able to do with him. You're using Molla, aren't you?"

"Yes," Sam said, making an effort to control himself, "I'm using Molla."

"That boy's been around long enough to know his trade. He'll give Charlu a good ride," Calloway said. "Good luck." He went back to his friends and the group walked away. While Sam was still staring after them, Henkle came up.

"You see Calloway?" he asked. "I'm looking for him. Did he pass by?"

"Yeah, he passed by," Sam said bitterly. "He made a special trip just to wish me good luck. Nice old gent. Real kind and fatherly."

Henkle put his arm around Bellish's shoulder and grew confidential and oily again. "Listen, kid," he reasoned. "You can't beat a man like Calloway. He's too big. Sell, kid, sell."

"He's got a nice colt in the race," Sam said. "What the hell does he want my horse for?"

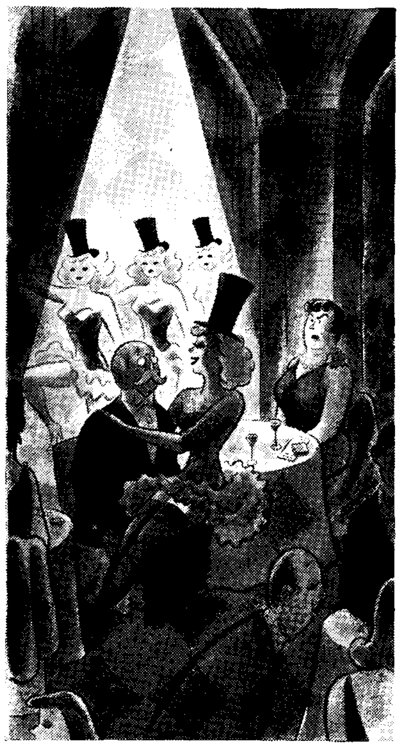
"He's not worrying about the Derby. He just wants the horse back, and believe me, kid, he's going to get him sooner or later."

"Not if we win," Sam said.

"Oh, you won't win," Henkle said. He took his arm away. "Think it over. When you make up your mind, get in touch with me."

He left abruptly to look for Calloway.

MINT juleps and Kentucky colonels, yes. Seventy thousand of the sporting folk that Saturday afternoon jammed Louisville to leave a million and a half dollars there, but they were having a good time for their money. But standing there among the throngs in the paddock, unmindful of their glad racket and untouched by it, Sam Bellish waited for the bugle call. The Derby had no glamor for him today. If it was a big race, it meant only that a victory would bring him fast recognition and owners to hire him for their racers. And if he lost, it would be all gone.



"Don't pay any attention to her, Charles"

FRANK BEAVEN

Harry was warming up the colt, walking him in a wide circle around a tree. The kid was restless, dissatisfied with the day's prospects and worrying. When he brought Charlu around to Sam again, he stopped.

"Where's Molla?" he asked. "If you're letting him ride, why don't he show up? What's he stalling for?"

"Molla's not riding," Sam said.

"What?" Harry cried. "I don't get it. What's going on?"

"I was only bluffing with Molla. I wouldn't use him to ride. He knows Henkle too well to suit me." As the boy stood there open-mouthed, Sam went on to explain. "If Calloway was going to try something, I figured I'd let him work on the jockey and leave the horse alone. I'll take a chance with an apprentice."

As the meaning of the ruse broke through, Harry smiled broadly. "Why didn't you tell me?" he asked. "That was neat, Sam. That was good."

Shouldering his way through the crowd, the apprentice boy came running up on his short legs, still shoving the silk shirt Sam had given him into his pants. The boy wasn't more than seventeen and couldn't hide his excitement over the sudden chance to ride in the big race.

"How you feeling, Hinch?" Sam asked. "How's it coming?"

"How am I feeling?" the boy repeated. "Oh, I'm feeling great, Mr. Bellish! I'm feeling fine!"

"That's good," Sam said. "You just take it easy."

As the time for the race grew closer and the spectators left for the stands, the crowds here thinned and Bellish could look down the paddock. He saw Henkle standing near the colt Calloway was running in the race. It was Jazbo, an expensively bred three-year-old, but the colt didn't take Sam's attention now. He watched Henkle. The trainer was talking hard to the jockey, gesturing with his hands. The sight of him, absorbed and intent as he gave the boy last-minute instructions, disturbed Bellish. He wondered what Henkle might be planning now and turned to Hinch.

"The main thing, Hinch," he said, "is to get Charlu away fast. You hustle him, kid."

"Okay, Mr. Bellish," Hinch said, "I'll do it."

The bugle blew and Sam lifted the boy up, tossing him into the saddle. Then he picked up Harry and the two of them followed the stable hands and grooms across the track into the infield.

The inside rail was high and Sam had to work his elbows over it to get a full view.

Charlu had drawn the No. 8 position, which wasn't bad, but beside him at No. 7 was Calloway's Jazbo. Even at the distance, Sam could see Jazbo's jockey turning toward Hinch, jabbering at him, taunts, sneers, insults, Sam knew, anything to distract the kid's mind from the start. Charlu champed and fretted along with the other three-year-olds, but the apprentice sat stiff as marble on him, his eyes directly before him, straining for the sound of the bell.

The wait was agonizing. The crowd groaned and shouted to the starter to let them go, but he didn't hear them and kept on waiting for the line-up.

FOR all the waiting, the break came suddenly and seemed to catch the spectators off guard. As the horses sprang from their stalls, it was as though some giant elastic band had snapped but snapped awry. The crowd's first heavy roar heightened and went shrill with dismay and horror. The outside line of racers had gone down to the ground, fighting and kicking in a wild mess. Sam saw it clearly from the rail and knew now what Henkle had been telling his jockey in the paddock. Jazbo, in No. 7, had swerved insanely away from the rail instead of toward it, piling up every outside horse that bore over. Trapped, three or four of the colts were rearing high, their forelegs, now seeming strangely little and thin, pawing the air.

One horse was knocked flat on his side, roughing the limp jockey beneath him as he struggled frantically to regain his legs. Jazbo himself was at a full stop, turned completely around, definitely out of the race; and even as Sam watched the crazy tangle he wondered that Calloway and Henkle would throw away all their chances for the race just to knock Charlu out of the running. He couldn't believe it. All Calloway wanted was the horse and he wouldn't stop at anything to get him. Sam went sick at the stomach, the strength draining from him. Alongside, Harry pounded the rail with both fists, his eyes blinded by tears, choking as he cursed Calloway in a furious, inarticulate stream.

The lucky half-dozen colts toward the rail that had escaped the crash were

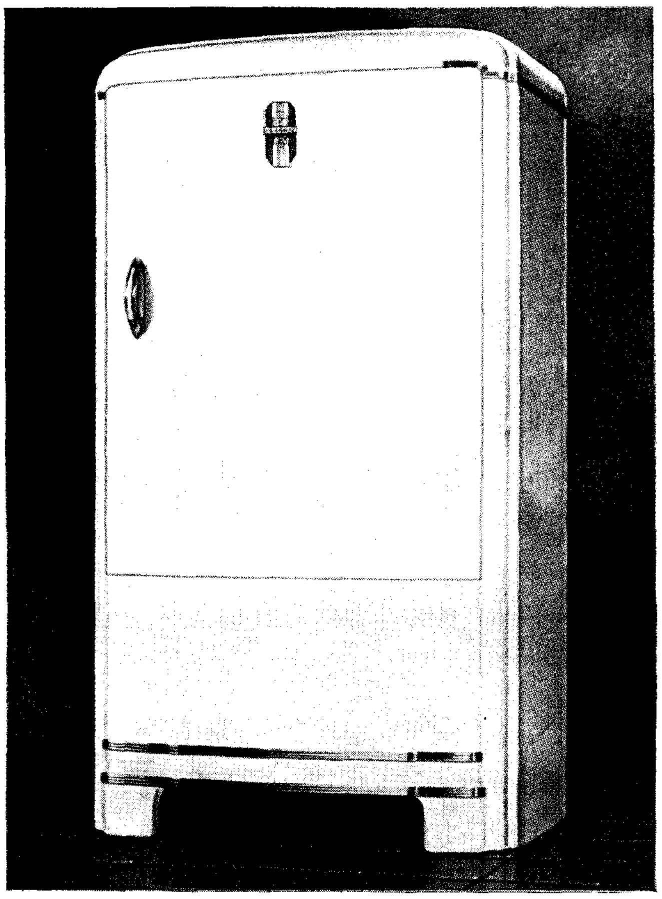
BOTH 7 DAYS OLD... BUT
LOOK AT THE AMAZING DIFFERENCE!*

Reproduced from certified, unretouched photographs of identical foods, refrigerated, uncovered, at comparable temperatures

Frigidaire and General Motors Present the World's first "Cold-Wall" Refrigerator

BUILT ON AN ENTIRELY NEW PRINCIPLE!

Saves Food's Vital Juices from Drying Out!
Preserves Flavor, Color, Nourishment—Amazingly Longer!

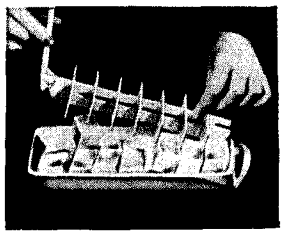


● Now—for the first time—you can store even highly perishable foods days longer than ever before ... and prolong their *original freshness*—retain their *rich nutritional values*—save their *peak fresh flavor!*

Fresh fruits and vegetables do not lose their attractiveness through wilting, shrinking, changing color! Left-over meats, peas, beans, oatmeal, even *mashed potatoes*—stay as fresh and delicious as when first prepared. And you don't even have to cover them . . . Because, with the new "Cold-Wall" Principle, food is not dried out by moisture-robbing air currents. And odor-and-flavor transfer is also checked.

Here, at last, is something *entirely new* in refrigeration—the refrigerator that saves not just your food, but the VITAL VALUES you pay for in food. And gives you new elegance in its sweeping, modern lines. A new MEAT-TENDER for fresh meats. New SUPER-MOIST HYDRATORS that keep vegetables crisper, fresher. New METER-MISER that continues to break economy records.

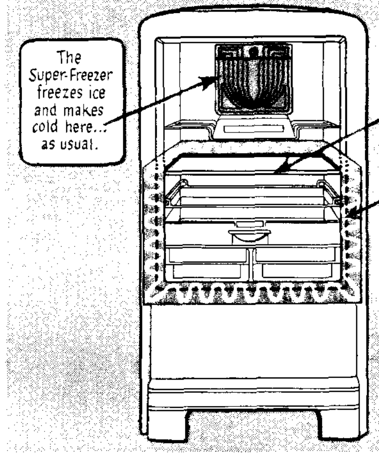
Get Proof—in 5 Minutes—No other refrigerator in the world can give you these advantages. Convince *yourself* in 5 minutes. Visit your Frigidaire Dealer's store. See *proof* that the New "Cold-Wall" Frigidaire puts you way out ahead, in every vital way—yet costs no more than *ordinary* "first-line" refrigerators. Make no choice until you see it! See Frigidaire's other new models, too—for every need and budget. Also the new Frigidaire Electric Ranges and Water Heaters. Every one a great General Motors Value. FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS SALES CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO.



ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS QUICKUBE TRAYS

Imitated but never equalled—because they're 1. *Easier to use*—just lift one lever and cubes are free, two or a trayful. 2. *Built Sturdier*—to stand hard, constant service. 3. *Faster Freezing*—made of heavy gauge metal in every part. 4. *Better Looking*—styled trim and modern. Compare—and you'll want only *genuine* FRIGIDAIRE QUICKUBE TRAYS.

HOW AMAZING "COLD-WALL" PRINCIPLE WORKS


The Super-Freezer freezes ice and makes cold here... as usual.

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME

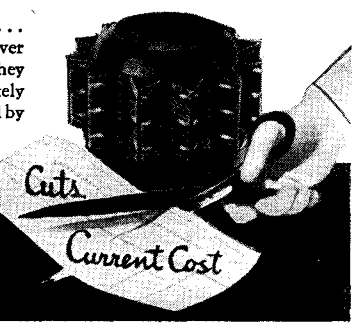
1 THE NEW "DEW-FRESH SEAL"—A SOLID GLASS PARTITION—DIVIDES THE CABINET INTO 2 COMPARTMENTS.

and

2 THE LOWER COMPARTMENT IS REFRIGERATED DIRECTLY THROUGH THE WALLS BY CONCEALED REFRIGERATED COILS.

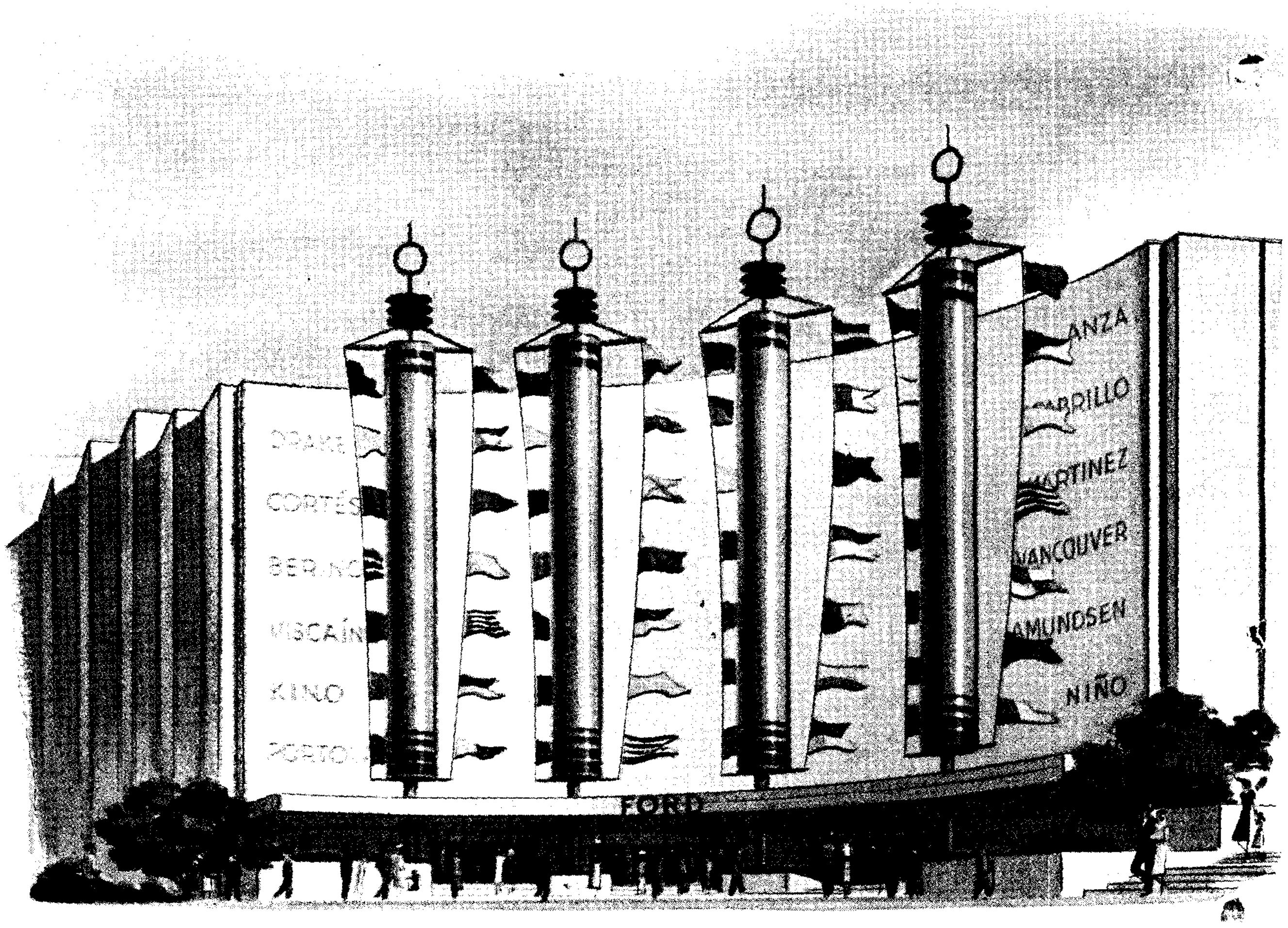
This provides all 3 essentials for keeping foods vitally fresh *longer than ever before!*—1. Uniform Low Temperatures. 2. 85 to 100% Humidity. 3. No Moisture-Robbing Air Circulation. All without adding a single moving part! AND ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS IT!

CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE . . . Simplest Refrigerating Mechanism Ever Built—and when parts aren't there, they just can't use current or wear. Completely sealed. 5-Year Protection Plan, backed by General Motors.



FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE METER-MISER

Young Henry Ford



Above is the Ford building at the Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco, as seen from the Court of the Seven Seas. *At right* is the Ford building at the New York World's Fair, showing part of the Road of Tomorrow and the elm-shaded patio, where visitors may rest and relax.

It was summer, 1893. The Chicago World's Fair was crowded, clamorous, exciting. But a thirty-year-old mechanic named Ford forgot everything else as he studied a small gasoline engine mounted on a fire hosecart. He had been working a long time to develop just such a power-plant. Here was proof that his plans were sound! He hurried home to his little shop in Detroit, and by 1896, produced a horseless carriage that would really run.

* * *

OUT OF THAT early Fair came a Ford *conviction,* as well as a Ford car. The conviction that expositions are *education.* The conviction that if you show men's most advanced ideas to the minds of other men, progress is inevitable and everybody benefits.

That's why the Ford Motor Company has been a big exhibitor at every important fair since its founding. That's why Ford is one of the largest industrial exhibitors at each of *two* World's Fairs this year—New York and San Francisco. And that is why permanent exhibits of great industrial and historical interest have been set up at Greenfield Village near Dearborn, where they are seen by hundreds of thousands of people every year.

A tonic to invention

Mr. Ford believes that all these exhibits will help eager young people to gain inspiration for inventions that will be as important to the world of tomorrow as mass motor-car production has been to the world of today.

You are cordially invited to visit the two Ford buildings on opposite sides of the continent this summer. In both you'll find displays full of life and color, designed to catch your interest and kindle your imagination.

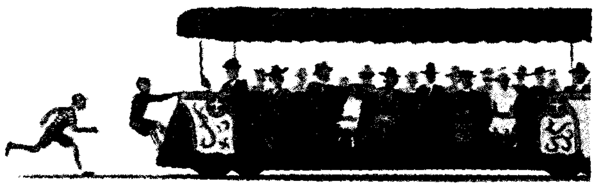
At New York, for example, a ride on the Road of Tomorrow will give you a grand view of the entire Fair, and show you how smoothly, safely future highways will carry your car above cross traffic and pedestrians. You'll watch the complete cycle of Ford production on a tremendous turntable, with striking lighting and moving figures to give it action. You'll see the world's first animated mural and a spectacular foundry operation among the many other exhibits.

On Treasure Island, in San Francisco Bay, is an entirely different display of the scope of Ford industry, featuring a Fountain of Western Products, surrounded by dioramas showing their sources. Here also is an operating model of part of the Ford Rouge Plant—a demonstration of rubber making, of motor assembly, of today's most scientific test equipment side by side with curious "perpetual motion" machines.

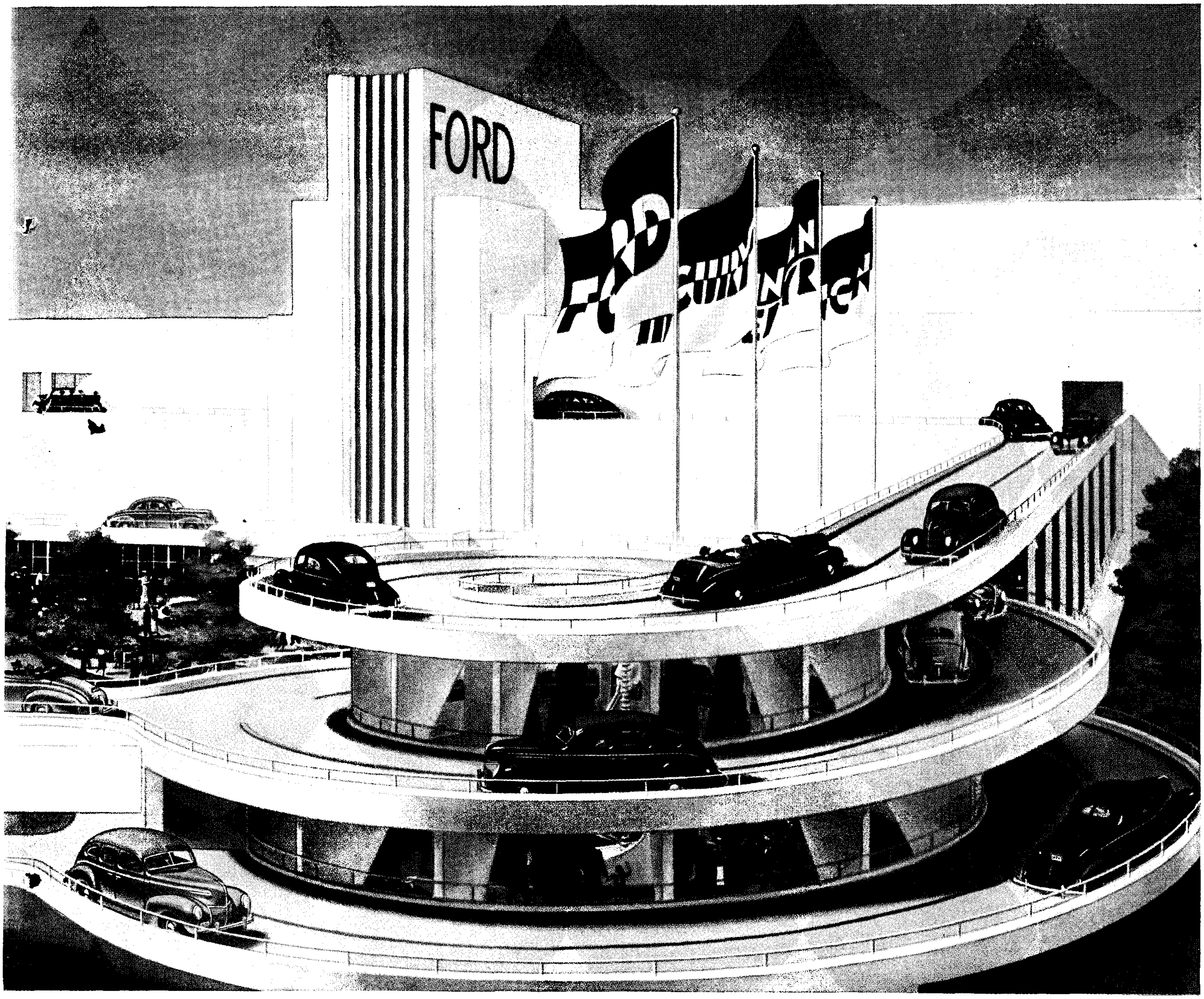
Two views of one business

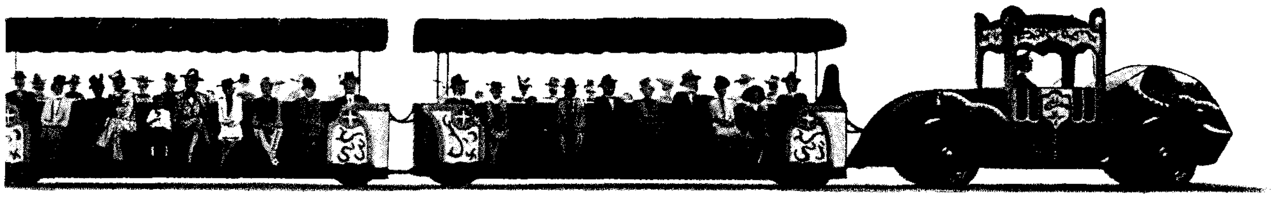
Each exposition, in its own way, brings you some of the character of the world's largest industrial plant at Dearborn. Each gives you a better idea of the patience and precision with which cars are built there—the fine materials that go into them—and the extra quality that carries *extra value* all the way from the lowest priced Ford to the highest priced Lincoln.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



went to the Fair





Twenty of these colorful "elephant trains," powered by Ford V-8 engines, will carry visitors around the Golden Gate Exposition on man-made Treasure Island.

Free 50 THRILLING TRIPS TO THE WORLD'S FAIR!

JUST FOR NAMING A NEW STREAMLINED PULLMAN CAR!

NOTHING TO BUY!
THIS IS ONE CONTEST
THAT IS COMPLETELY AND
ABSOLUTELY FREE!

550 PRIZES IN ALL!

50 FREE ROUND TRIPS

by rail and Pullman will be awarded *in pairs* to the originators of the 25 best names submitted. Your choice of *either* the New York or San Francisco Fair.

$200 CASH SPENDING MONEY

An extra chance to win $200 cash if you will *also* answer the two simple questions at bottom of the free entry blank printed below.

500 CRISP NEW $1.00 BILLS

Honorable mention prizes of $1.00 each for the 500 "runners-up"! Get busy right away!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO-

PURPOSE OF CONTEST—**To acquaint more people with the amazing rail-travel accommodations and service that are being offered the American public by Pullman today!**

Think of it! A chance to visit either the New York or San Francisco Fair without a penny's travel expense. A chance to go by rail and Pullman—and take a friend or member of your family with you, ABSOLUTELY FREE.

And remember, this is one *contest that doesn't cost you a penny to enter*. Nothing to buy! No letters to write! Everything about it is free.

It's Easy! It's Fun! It's as simple as A, B, C. Just think up a name for the new "Roomette" Pullman car that's pictured on this page. (For added details, see "Hints on How to Win" given at the right.)

It will only take five minutes of your time—but may bring you and the person you take one of the most thrilling vacation trips you've ever had in your life!

$200 Cash Spending Money, Too! Each of the 25 winners of a pair of rail and Pullman tickets to the World's Fair, will receive an *extra prize* of $200 cash spending money just for filling in the two blanks at the *bottom* of the free entry blank shown in the lower corner of this page.

To fill in these blanks, simply visit or phone the railroad ticket agent or Pullman agent—at any railroad station. Ask him the cost of first-class rail fare and Standard Pullman fare (lower berth) to whichever Fair you want to visit—San Francisco *or* New York. Then write this down in the blank space provided for it at the bottom of the coupon.

Also important—get the *name* of the man who gives you this information—and write it on the coupon. He'll be glad to tell you, because if you win a free World's Fair trip, *he* also gets a prize!

Hurry! Enter Now! Don't miss this marvelous free-travel opportunity—get busy right away! And remember those prizes—550 of them in all! Fifty round-trip rail and Pullman tickets to either Fair—plus $200 cash prizes for trip winners—and honorable mention prizes of 500 crisp, one dollar bills!

This contest bears a strict time limit and closes sharp on the stroke of midnight, Thursday, June 15. So don't delay. Start reading the "Hints on How to Win" right now. Send your entry in today.

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Go RAIL AND Pullman

THE COMFORTABLE AND SURE WAY TO GET THERE
...WITH ALL THE SPEED THAT'S SAFE!

HINTS ON HOW TO WIN THIS SIMPLE CONTEST:—

Here are some tips that may guide you in coining a winning name that will take you (and one of your family) absolutely free to *either* of the great World's Fairs!

First, look at the drawing of the new Pullman car above. Observe how every line of this streamlined car expresses up-to-dateness, comfort and *speed!* This may suggest some such name as "Grey Goose"—"Quick Streak"—or a combination name like "Modernage."

Or you might choose a name suggesting something about either of the two Fairs where Roomette accommodations will be on exhibit. For example, names like "Brooklyn Bridge"—"Perisphere"—or "Treasure Island."

Or you might favor a name that would honor some famous statesman or leader such as "Lincoln"—"Pershing"—or "Washington."

In any event, limit your name suggestion to not more than two words.

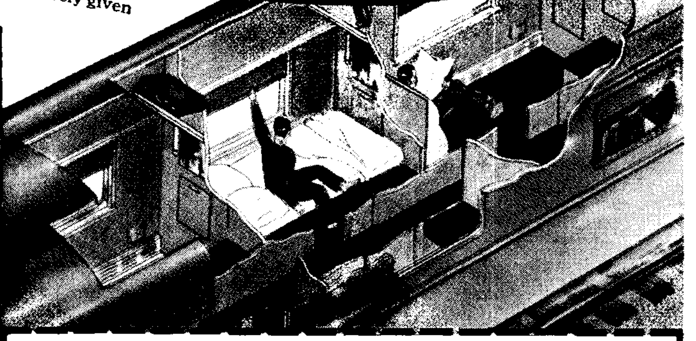
Of course the foregoing names are merely given as examples. Probably you have thought of half a dozen better ones already.

Remember the old saying:—"Nothing ventured, nothing gained." Send your entry in now! It costs you nothing—DO IT TODAY!

WHAT THE NEW ROOMETTE CAR IS

A compact, comfortable, private little world of your own on wheels! Within its walls, at your finger's command, are a *disappearing* washbasin—enclosed wardrobe—a full length bed, 6 feet 5 inches long. Generous size, illuminated mirror. Concealed toilet facilities.

See Pullman Exhibits at Both Fairs



FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. Write plainly or print the name you enter. Print your name and address. Send no money or drawings with your entry.

2. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, Thursday, June 15, 1939.

3. Only one name should be submitted on this entry blank. To submit other names, secure additional free entry blanks from nearest railroad ticket office or from The Pullman Company, Chicago.

4. Winning names will be selected on the basis of originality, uniqueness and suitability. Limit name suggestion to not more than two words. The decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. All entries become the property of The Pullman Company.

5. Entrants whose names are among the 25 chosen as best by the judges will receive two first-class round-trip railroad tickets and two round-trip Standard Pullman lower berth tickets to the 1939 World's Fair of their choice, as described on this page. Tickets are non-transferable. *To win the additional $200, entry blanks must accurately show railroad and Pullman fare from where your railroad (or Pullman) journey will begin, to whichever Fair you prefer to visit—New York or San Francisco.* (See bottom of entry blank.)

This information may be secured by visiting or telephoning your nearest railroad ticket agent.

6. All prize winners will be notified by mail posted not later than July 1st, 1939. When winners have been announced, the details of date of trip, route of railroad (using Pullman service) and dating of tickets will be completed.

7. Prizes will be furnished in the form of railroad tickets and Pullman tickets or orders exchangeable for Standard first-class rail tickets together with Pullman transportation for Standard lower berths, from winner's starting point to *either* San Francisco or New York and return. Trip may be made at any time you select before Sunday, October 1st, 1939.

8. Anyone may enter this contest excepting employees of The Pullman Company and its advertising agency, and the families of these employees. This contest applies only to continental United States and Canada. And is subject to all Federal, State, and local laws and regulations.

FREE ENTRY BLANK This Is One Contest That Costs Absolutely Nothing to Enter

The Pullman Company, 208 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
C

(*Write plainly or print the name which you want to enter here*)

Above is my entry in your Car-naming Contest.

MY NAME IS ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY .... **STATE** ....

NOTE:—$200 in cash spending money if your trip-winning entry has this part of the entry blank filled in correctly. This is not necessary to win a free trip—but it is the only way to get the trips AND the *$200 extra in cash*.... You may secure this information by visiting or phoning your nearest railroad ticket agent.

I am especially interested in the .... World's Fair.
(*Name of Fair here*)

My local ticket agent tells me that the first-class rail and Standard Pullman fare (lower berth) from my home to this World's Fair is $..............................

The name of the agent who gave me this information is ....

now running smoothly in a bunch, kicking up the soft topsoil of the track in clouds. Seven or eight others, most of them hopelessly out of the running, were chasing the first group. Looking at them as they came up to pass him, Sam saw Charlu at the head of the stragglers. The colt's massive hindquarters worked powerfully as he charged, six and seven lengths behind the leaders. Sam took heart and remembered there was still a mile to go.

The horses were flying around the bend, Charlu still pumping furiously to make up the distance. Sam and Harry ran down from the rail and crossed deep into the infield for a better view of the racing down the backstretch. The roar of the crowd never stopped but Sam did not hear it, struggling as he ran to keep his eyes on the horses.

Pounding in full force, the horses went tearing down the back straightaway. As they leveled out, Sam could see Charlu again. The colt's chest puddled with the fury of his speed. The six horses in front of him were still bunched together and winged down in one moving lump. Now Charlu was coming closer to them and was fighting to break through their close formation. Sam could see the clouds of dirt flung up by the hoofs at Charlu but the black colt never flinched in his charge.

NOW Charlu had stopped making headway, blocked by the mass in front of him. As the horses rounded the far turn, two of the leaders went wide with weariness and Charlu sneaked up fast, gaining fifth position but still blocked. The apprentice was afraid to lose ground by taking him to the outside of the track and hoped instead to find an opening alongside the rail through which he might work him. But with the four horses closed up as they were, Sam knew it was impossible and the only chance was the overland route.

"Take him outside!" he bellowed, and Harry took up the cry with him until they were both yelling themselves hoarse. Young and new, Hinch saw he wasn't gaining ground but he kept on hoping for a hole. And the longer he hoped and waited, the less time the colt had to make up the distance, Sam grew tight with the gnawing pain.

The racers were now straightened out on the homestretch before the stands again, and Hinch, futilely realizing his mistake, finally carried Charlu to the outside. As the colt found clear room before him, he bounded forward in great strides, coming up swiftly to the withers of the horse in fourth position, but it was too late. Before Charlu could make up further distance, the racers swept under the finish wire and the race was over. Hinch had waked up a furlong too late. A smarter, older boy would have made the move coming off the last turn; a smarter, older boy would have surely had Charlu in first. Bellish closed his eyes and groaned, trying hard to keep from crying.

"That's that," Harry wept aloud. "That's the dirty finish! We're through."

IN DEAD silence at the stable Sam Bellish helped his brother bathe Charlu with the alcohol mixture, although Harry had always been able to do the job himself. But Sam knew it would be the last time for him and, besides, it helped the hours pass more easily if he kept himself busy. Tired, the colt stood calm and steady and let them work over him.

Suddenly Harry stopped. "He's here already," the boy said glumly. "He can't wait." Bellish turned away from the colt and saw Calloway. The old man had come himself this time. He wasn't afraid to get his own hands dirty now. Sam stared at him, finding it hard to keep in the wild anger that burned in him. He wanted to fight, to talk out, but he knew it would do no good. He was beaten, flat broke, and he knew he had to take it and like it.

"Bellish, I came to tell you you did a first-rate job on Charlu," Calloway said. "His race today certainly gave me a lot of respect for you. You know horses."

"Thanks," Sam said, hating him and his slick, false manner. "Thanks very much."

"Even with that unfortunate mess at the barrier," the owner went on, "Charlu would have won if you had used an older boy in the saddle. What made you switch from Molla anyway?"

Rubbing it in, Sam thought bitterly, having a good time, gloating. "You know why I didn't use Molla," he said. "You had him fixed. You had that 'unfortunate mess at the barrier' fixed too."

"Just a minute," Calloway broke in, "I know it was my horse that piled up at the start and I admit it seemed suspicious. I can't understand it myself. But—"

"You can't understand it!" Sam repeated, flaring up.

"You don't think I deliberately threw away my own chance to win the race?" Calloway demanded. "I wanted to win as much as you did. Why the devil would I knock my own horse out of the running?"

Sam was too furious to listen. "Aw, can it! Can it!" he cried out, uncontrolled. "Don't bother putting up a lousy act! You wanted Charlu back and you didn't care what you did so long as you got him. You wanted him to lose. You wanted to see me flat and busted, up against the wall, so then you could do me a great favor and take the horse off my hands. Well, all right! I'm licked. Break your heart and take Charlu back! Why the hell can't you talk out straight like Henkle?"

As Calloway listened his face filled with astonishment. He didn't know what Bellish was talking about.

"Henkle?" he asked. "Henkle told you I wanted the horse back?"

"Yes, Henkle!" Sam said. "Don't make believe you don't know anything about it."

"There he is," Harry cried, breaking in. "Go ahead, ask him!" The two men looked down the path and saw Henkle already turning around to get out of sight. The trainer had been walking up toward the stable until he saw Calloway standing there. Then he wanted to get away but Harry had spotted him. Calloway called out sharply and the trainer stopped for a moment. Then he came slowly up to them.

Watching the two, Bellish grew puzzled. His anger slowly left as it began to break through on him that Henkle had been working by himself.

"I understand about that start now," Calloway said quietly. "I understand a lot of things that have happened around my barns." He turned on Henkle. "I knew you were incompetent," he said, "but I still had to learn you were crooked."

The trainer looked at Calloway in guilty silence before he could get his voice up. "So what?" he muttered, trying to brazen it out. "You told me you were letting me go after the summer. You gave me notice. What did you expect me to do? I saw a good thing in the black horse and I wanted to run him for myself. I have to look out for myself, don't I?"

"Not by crooked work!" Calloway rapped out. "You'll never use my name as a club against a small owner again, Henkle. You'll never fix another race. I'll see to it that you're ruled off every track in the country. You're through. Understand that."

Henkle took a step away, unable to meet the old man's eyes. "All right, all right," he mumbled. Then abruptly he broke, turned on them and walked away.

THE three men watched him go in silence. "A moral victory," Harry said unhappily. "At least we got satisfaction. That's good."

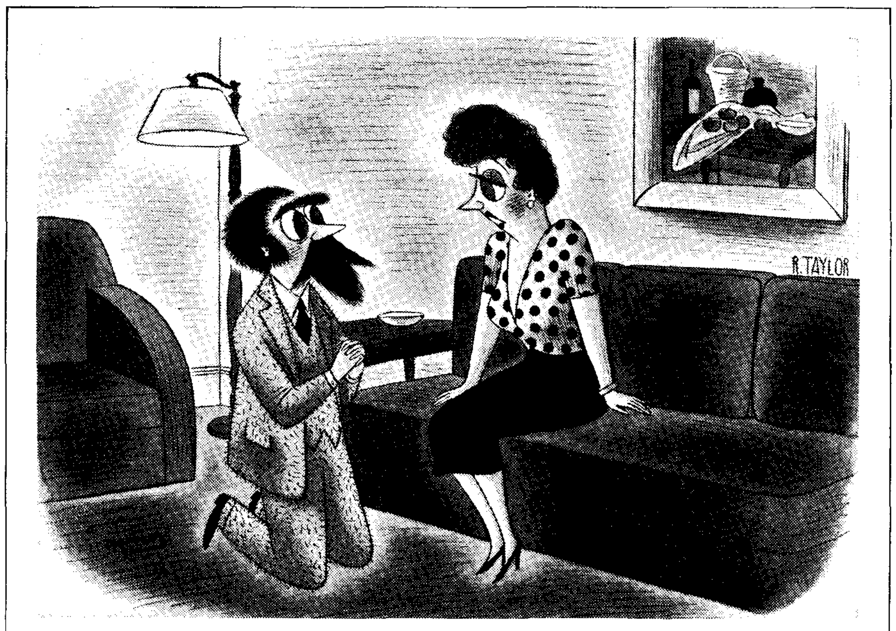
"Ah, shut up, kid," Sam said. He faced Calloway. "I'm sorry," he said. "I thought you were behind Henkle all the time."

The sternness had gone from the old man's expression. He smiled at Sam. "Well," he said, "I've been looking around for a new trainer and now I need a good man right away." He paused. "Charlu won't be taking up all your time, will he?" he asked.

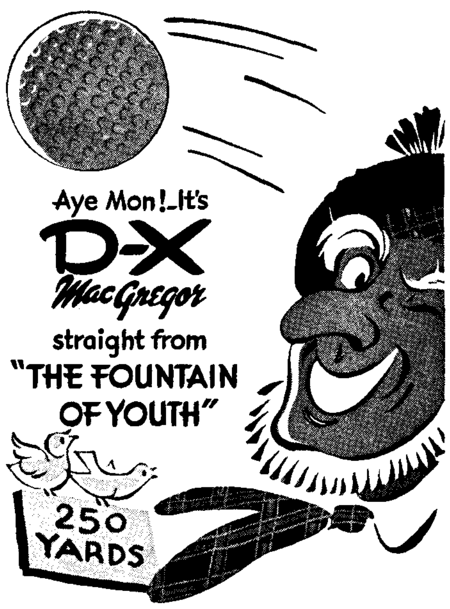
It took a few moments for Sam to understand. His face slowly lit up. "Okay!" he finally cried, bobbing his head rapidly. "Okay!"

"You see me in the morning, Bellish," Calloway said. "You'll handle my horses and you can run Charlu under your own colors."

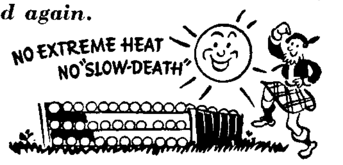
After he left, Harry came out of his happy daze and broke out in a crazy jig. He couldn't keep still, chortling with glee and waving the rubdown rags in the air as he danced. Sam watched him and smiled. He went back to Charlu and grew busy, finishing his work on the colt. Sam didn't have to crow or jig. His mind was already on Pimlico and Belmont, on Saratoga and Santa Anita. Sam let the kid have his fun and went on bathing the colt, warm in the knowledge that he was set in racing and set for good.



"It wouldn't work out, Gustav. I'm too ticklish" R. TAYLOR

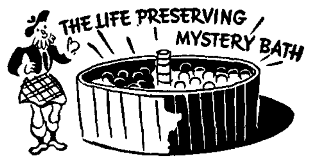


D-X means distance in radio and you'll see wi your own bonnie eyes that D-X *MacGregor* means distance off the tee as this radically different ball sails straight and true for yon distance marker—*again and again.*



D-X *MacGregor* is *entirely* different from ordinary golf balls! They are "aged" under terrific heat—as a result oxidation eventually causes them to become dry, brittle and easy to cut.

No extreme heat-no sulphur is used in the D-X MacGregor's "Fountain of Youth" cure. There's nothing to cause "slow death" by oxidation. In this revolutionary curing process the complete ball is immersed in a *life-preserving Mystery Bath*—and then exposed to *normal fairway temperatures.*


THE LIFE PRESERVING MYSTERY BATH

D-X *Macgregor's Dyna-Dermic* cover becomes an integral part of the high-compression winding to seal in—keep fresh—*and preserve* all the life and power of the super-resilient winding.

Be scotch and demand D-X—the ball that merges distance and durability as never before *because* it's fresh power-sealed with the life-preserving Mystery Bath.

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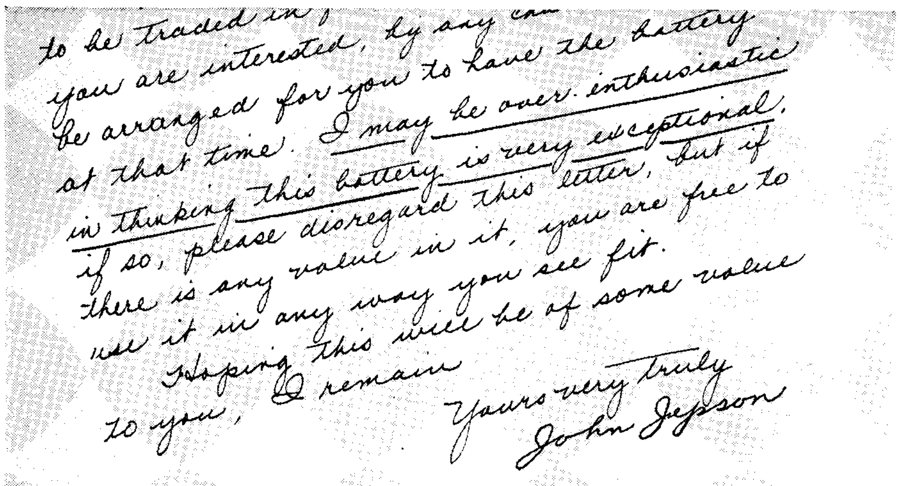
D-X MacGregor 75¢

THE FRESH POWER-SEALED GOLF BALL

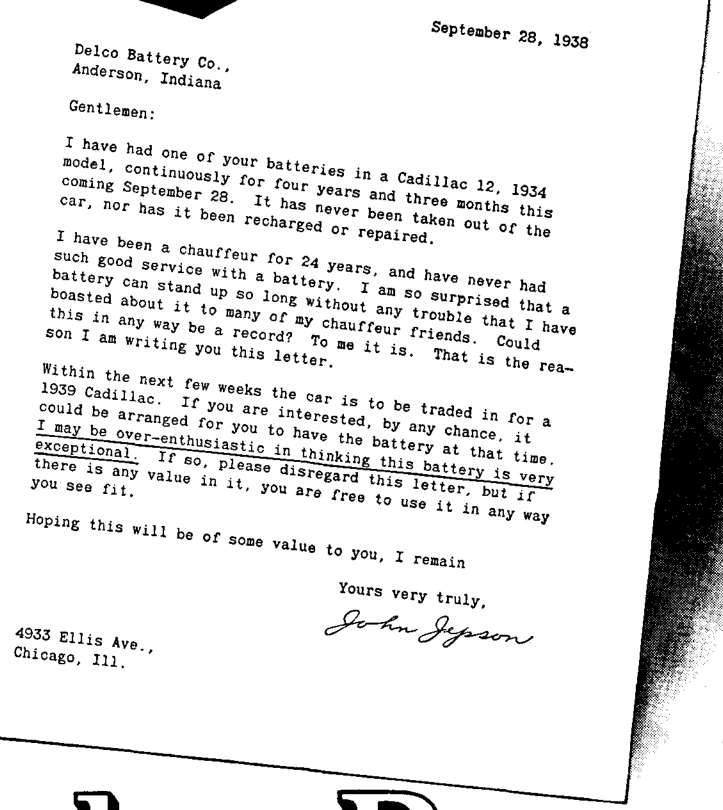
MacGregor
THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF



to be traded in
you are interested, by any cha
be arranged for you to have the battery
at that time. I may be over-enthusiastic
in thinking this battery is very exceptional.
if so, please disregard this letter, but if
there is any value in it, you are free to
use it in any way you see fit.
Hoping this will be of some value
to you, I remain
Yours very truly
John Jepson

You aren't over-enthusiastic, Mr. Jepson, millions of other Delco battery owners feel the same way!

The exceptional service of Delco batteries is reflected in the rapidly increasing number of car owners who *insist* on Delco batteries for replacement. General Motors car owners who *know* the dependability of Delco batteries and car owners who *want* to know it are choosing Delco.



September 28, 1938

Delco Battery Co.,
Anderson, Indiana

Gentlemen:

I have had one of your batteries in a Cadillac 12, 1934 model, continuously for four years and three months this coming September 28. It has never been taken out of the car, nor has it been recharged or repaired.

I have been a chauffeur for 24 years, and have never had such good service with a battery. I am so surprised that a battery can stand up so long without any trouble that I have boasted about it to many of my chauffeur friends. Could this in any way be a record? To me it is. That is the reason I am writing you this letter.

Within the next few weeks the car is to be traded in for a 1939 Cadillac. If you are interested, by any chance, it could be arranged for you to have the battery at that time. I may be over-enthusiastic in thinking this battery is very exceptional. If so, please disregard this letter, but if there is any value in it, you are free to use it in any way you see fit.

Hoping this will be of some value to you, I remain

Yours very truly,
John Jepson

4933 Ellis Ave.,
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World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment

Meshes of Fashion

Continued from page 15

a cast web net from its fishing job, fits the small end on your head to frame your face, and drapes it in the flattering folds of an evening sari, to show you. She turns four such nets into a graceful hostess gown. She is pleased that the top milliners of the country have taken her minnow netting for exotic creations of their own. On a Broadway stage a snood of fishnet, studded with gold sequins, is elegance itself. Bare shoulders gleam through her colorful mackerel mesh evening capes. She makes handsome full-sleeved blouses to top an evening skirt or wear with a suit.

The Duchess of Kent twists her mackerel net about her lovely head. A Fifth Avenue specialty shop whose very name means high fashion has made of Worthington fishnet a dramatic, romantic dinner gown, handsomely belted and jeweled. With it is worn a gilded snood, exotic and beautiful, straight from the plump and capable hands of Aldina Silva, sister of fishermen.

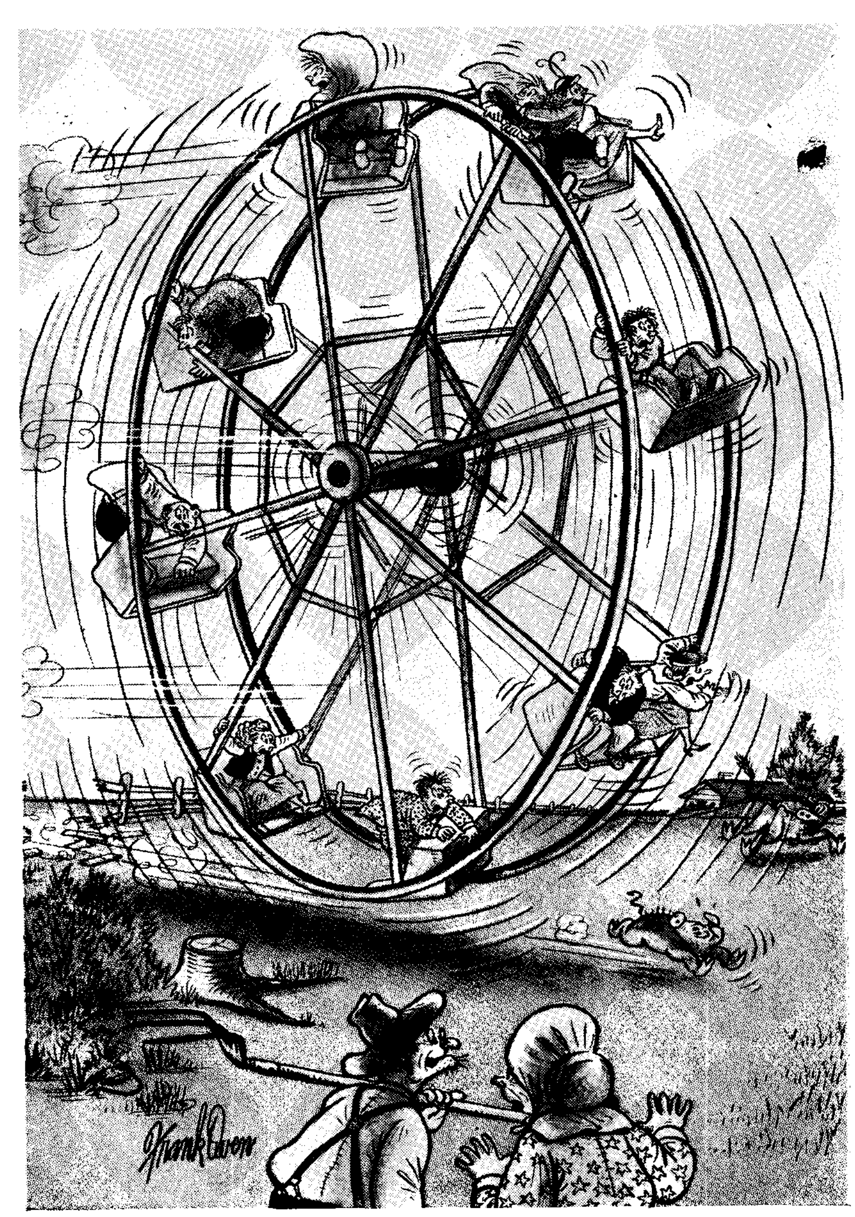
It isn't true, says Mrs. Worthington, the story that's gotten round that the fishermen sit around one stove, tatting netting for her; and the women sit around another stove, tatting netting. *Most of what she uses is machine-made.*

But a few pieces, like the snoods, are handmade, and Aldina it is who specializes in knotting stiff, heavily gilded cord into webs of gold, pleased with her job and proud of it. Her brother Joe sits beside her, his work anchored to a chair back. Maybe spinning you a yarn of the days when he was boss captain of the fishing fleet.

Mrs. Worthington has fourteen of the Cape people working for her, eight full time.

She's plotting more work for herself, at that. There are all manner of things that could be made of sailcloth, she thinks. And J. A. McGuire is the man to do them. McGuire is a sailmaker proud of his fine old workbench worn down and polished from a century of work. He's already fashioned natty sailcloth belts for Mrs. Worthington, eyeleted with grommets meant for sails. He can make Argentine saddlebags if he's a mind to, and capacious denim picnic bags, and in fact anything of sailcloth or rope Mrs. Worthington might devise.

Those fishnet curtains of hers were just a beginning, too. Fishnet for decorating. . . . A future shop in the heart of New York's sailmaking, seagoing area. . . . A gown to be made for the movies. . . . Her two sons home from school for the week end. . . . No wonder Tiny Worthington doesn't have five peaceful minutes. But she thrives on *activity, and she can take it.* She's strong, and big enough—not tiny in the least. It's just that when she was driving an ambulance during the war she wore men's boots, size ten—so they called her Tiny. She's given up the boots, but the name sticks.



"It must have broke loose at the fair in town!" FRANK OWEN

Royal Party

Continued from page 10

unrolled on the depot platform wherever the royal pair alight for a few minutes.

There are very strict rules about these stops, to prevent the local politicians from using the king for advertising purposes. The procedure is that the king and queen will be met by the mayor and his wife. The mayor will then introduce a few selected bigwigs and their wives. Then the mayor will read a formal address of welcome—no extemporaneous remarks are allowed—and his wife will present one bouquet to the queen, no more. And this bouquet must be the gift of the community, with nothing personal about it. . . . It's all very solemn and no one is expected to break down and weep with enthusiasm.

Fun for the Kiddies, Too

Most of the enthusiasm, in fact, is expected to be supplied by Canadian children. Arrangements are being made to let about 2,250,000 of them see the royal progress and each child will get a medallion commemorating the event. This emphasis on child participation is seen by some Canadian cynics as an attempt to offset the growing Americanization of Dominion youngsters through radio, movies, magazines and comic strips. In reality, however, it's merely a continuation of a tradition set by Queen Victoria, who always insisted on plenty of the younger generation along the routes of her processions. At several spots in Canada "unrehearsed incidents" are being carefully rehearsed to bring one or two children into close contact with the royal pair. If anything on the trip happens spontaneously, it'll be a black mark against the managers of the show.

One thing the managers are fighting is the desire of a few thousand people to shower down gifts on the king and queen. They have already been offered about a million dollars' worth of presents, ranging from grand pianos and gold-plated radio sets to bulletproof limousines and other trifles. Many of the would-be gifters are from this side and there is a sneaking suspicion in Canada that some of our bright boys may be trying to wangle a little free publicity.

Outstanding features of the royal show is what the radio people call "audience participation." A royal progress in England is a cut-and-dried affair; it's all routine and works by machinery developed during a thousand years of such spectacles. But in Canada it's all new and about eighty per cent of the population insists on having a hand in it—including, sadly enough, the local snobs and stuffed shirts. So almost everyone who is anyone is on a committee. No city can buy a couple of yards of red bunting without a committee going into executive session about it, "obtaining tenders"—calling for bids, as we say—and setting up a finance subcommittee to do the actual buying.

Well, it doesn't do any harm and enables a lot of people to say they helped make the show a success.

Whether the show will be a success or not no one knows, because no one knows why it's being put on in the first place.

Up and down Canada you can hear a dozen reasons—ranging from the hunch that the king and queen were bored to death and wanted a trip, to the psst-psst-this-is-the-inside-dope story that Their Majesties are going to locate the new capital of the British Empire in Canada and are looking around for a likely location.

Truth is that the show is simply a good-will trip, to help hold Canada in the Empire and stir up some interest in England's problems. The idea seems to have been invented by Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King and Canada's governor general, Lord Tweedsmuir, better known to Americans as John Buchan, the novelist. King is a distant cousin of the queen, both being members of the Scottish Lyon family.

All sorts of curious things have happened in Canada since the visit was first announced. In every city where a stop will be made, what might be called a Humble Home party has been organized, with the object of getting the king and queen to "drop in on a humble home"—quite informally and spontaneously, of course. Practically a million humble homeowners have offered to do the honors and many of them have slicked up their houses in anticipation.

Quite the opposite angle was taken by the Toronto Saturday Night, a powerful Canadian weekly, which said in so many words that "Their Majesties should be detoured around the atrocious slum areas in our cities, or should pass through these blighted areas at night." Then, gloomily anticipating the erection of whole flocks of new statues after the visit, the Saturday Night frankly suggested using the money to clean up some slums instead. The Humble Home party promptly came back with a demand that the queen be taken through a slum or two, in the hope that some frank comment from her might start a cleanup.

Both the king and queen are bringing their crowns along and some of the more unsophisticated Canadians expect the crowns to be worn during the processions. But the only place they'll be on display will be in the parliament house in Ottawa, when royalty takes part in the closing ceremonies of the session. The crowns, by the way, are heavily insured, the king's for $7,500,000. It travels around in a steel safe, to which the king and his lord chamberlain alone have the keys.

Sorry, but you Americans won't get to see the crowns. Too many gangsters down on your side—and besides, probably you'd only scoff. And it would be bad taste in your democratic country, too, old chap.

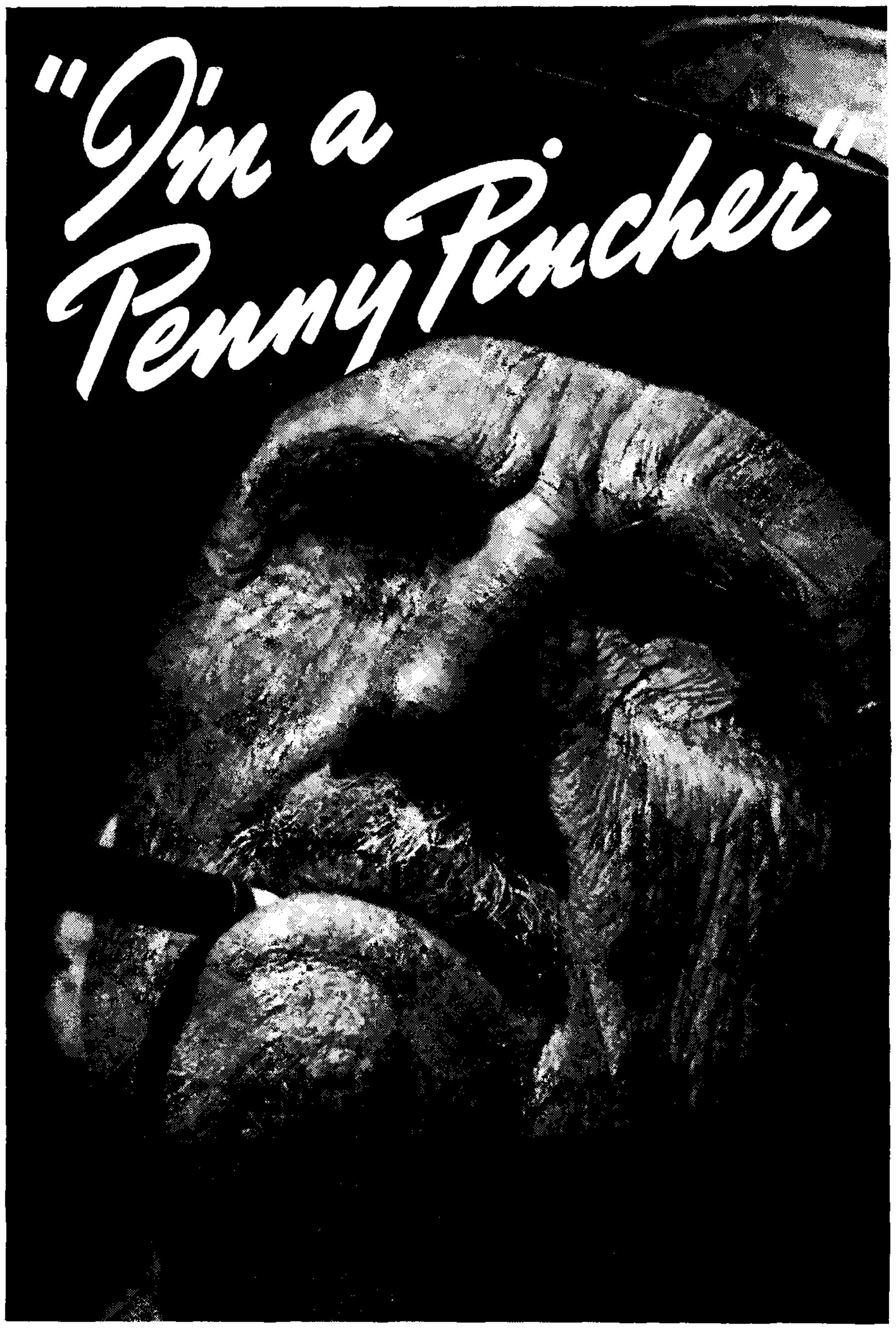
From the time the royal party lands at Quebec until it leaves Toronto for the West a week later, everything will be highly formal and pretty stiff. But out on the prairies the boys and girls have more or less taken the show into their own hands and hearts and anything may happen. If there are any silk hats or spats between the Ontario line and Vancouver, diligent search has failed to disclose them.

There was, it is true, a letter in a Winnipeg paper, offering for sale an authentic silk hat, slightly green but still serviceable. It was bought, according to report, by a politician who thought he knew where he could dig up a pair of spats to go with it. But the rest of the boys figure they will just get their Sunday suits pressed and let it go at that.

Indians Get Their Day

When the Canadian West looked around for some Indians to use as scenery, it was found that the benisons of civilization had caused quite a shortage of redskins. Winnipeg sent out a call for help, dispatching envoys to Saskatchewan and Alberta to beg, borrow or steal a few coveys of painted braves.

Indians are going to be part of the show all through the West. In Vancouver the coast tribes will form a guard of honor in their war canoes on the sea trip



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Each custom built model was personally designed by Walter Hagen who is internationally famous for his ability to design clean cut, perfectly proportioned, playing models.

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between Vancouver and Victoria. From our side, many tribes are sending up delegations to help out the Canadian tribesmen.

A score of American cities, too, will have official delegations in Canadian prairie cities. American Legion posts from our northern border states are going over with drum and bugle corps and Minneapolis is even sending up a ladies champion drum corps. A few dozen troops of American Boy Scouts will be on hand, too.

Greatest game in Canada for the past three months has been trying to get someone else to pay for the celebration your town's putting on. All the hamlets have appealed to their nearest city; all the cities have appealed to their provincial governments; all the provincial governments have gone hat in hand to Ottawa for cash money. Just as in America, the average Canadian thinks that if you get money from the government no one has to pay for it.

Typical action was that of The Gap, a farming village in Saskatchewan. The Gappers got their committees together and passed two resolutions. One asked the provincial government for $75 to buy gasoline to trundle school children down to Regina to see the train go by. The other asked the provincial police not to arrest Gap truck owners and car drivers for still having 1938 license plates. Times had been hard, the resolution said, and some of the lads hadn't gotten around to buying 1939 plates yet.

Attempts of the army crowd in Canada to give the whole affair a military tinge caused some resentment, especially in the West, where the mayors and legislators are pretty radical. In Vancouver, Lyle Telford, the Socialist doctor who is mayor of that bustling port, announced flatly that he wasn't going to wear the mayoral robes and chain and that any stuck-up cities that wanted them were welcome.

Why the Formality?

Vancouver's mayor, too, didn't think much of the military guard idea for royalty. He suggested a guard of miners, fishermen, fruitgrowers and loggers. The same idea cropped up in half a dozen cities west of Winnipeg. In Alberta the farmers came out strongly against the military lads, holding out for escorts of Indians "and our fine local athletes." The Albertans, indeed, came out strongly against any undue formality, pointing out that when, in 1901, the present king's father visited Calgary, he had simply a swell time seeing a run by the volunteer fire department and inspecting the local brewery. . . . How times have changed was demonstrated by the Alberta W.C.T.U., which tried to get all the liquor stores closed during the present visit.

This suggestion was received with horror, many patriots asking how, with the stores shut, they could drink the king's health.

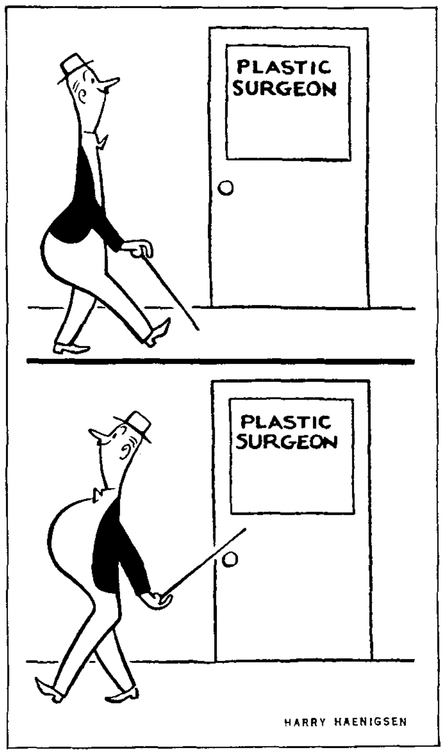
What the well-dressed welcomer should wear reached some sort of a peak in Calgary, with one of the newspapers jeering openly at the gaudy trappings of Lieutenant Governor J. C. Bowen. This uniform, the paper said, was "fantastic," and so was the armed bodyguard the lieutenant governor toted about with him. The uniform, the paper went on, was one invented by King Charles the Second and later used by one of the French Louises to garb his lackeys—as a gesture of derision.

While half the town was arguing pro and con about this gaudy getup, jobless war veterans of Alberta were asking the legislature for $15 apiece to buy new clothes for the royalty-looking-at ceremonies.

All the real-estate boards in western cities have been having headaches about the route of the procession and the king and queen will follow some curious zigzags "so as to avoid vacant and unsightly property." In some cases, where the procession just has to roll past a few tumbledown shacks, the owners were asked either to tear the darn' things down or cover them with red bunting.

Then there is Monsieur Charles Scarabelli, chef of the Château Laurier in Ottawa, who was charged with figuring out menus for the official luncheons and dinners. Monsieur Scarabelli took four months off, bought a mile of tickets and visited London, Paris, Rome, Naples and Zurich, finding out what new ideas the boys in the kitchens were having. Monsieur Scarabelli now asserts he is confident that the guests won't kick about the food.

Out in Victoria, though, when Deputy Provincial Secretary Pete Walker figured out a menu, Vox Pop, Patriot, Home Products Booster and Pro Bono Publico took their pens in hand and wrote vigorously to the newspapers. Many of the patriots wanted to know what this foreign bird, the guinea fowl, was doing on the menu for the formal lunch at the Empress Hotel, and why "our fine native birds, the grouse, the pheasant, the wild duck aren't good enough for our king and queen." Other local boosters came out strongly against "these French wines," and asked bluntly: "What is the matter with our good loganberry wine, made right here in British Columbia?"



This uprising by the proletariat was quite a headache to the retired majors from the Indian army, the retired commanders from the British navy and the retired businessmen from all over Canada and the empire, who make up the social set of Victoria, which, besides being the provincial capital, is the richest city in Canada, per capita. There will be more stiff formality in Victoria than anywhere else on the trip—despite the crude ideas of the lower classes.

Victoria is pretty proud because there the king and queen will make their longest stop in the West, nearly forty hours. They will stay in Carey Castle, the lieutenant governor's home, a rambling stone and frame building looking out over Juan de Fuca Strait to the Olympic Mountains of Washington State. A special suite with a new bathtub has been prepared for the queen, but the castle is so small that only about four or five of what Victorians now call "the royal entourage" will be accommodated there.

There was some talk of having fireworks going for a couple of hours outside the royal suites at night, in case the king and queen suffered from insomnia and wanted something to look at—but the army and navy boys stopped that one in a hurry. There was also a plan to take Their Majesties around to a fish cannery or a lumber mill—much to the horror of society, which felt this would be commercializing the affair.

Altogether, the king and queen will travel more than six thousand miles by train through the Dominion, going west over the Canadian Pacific and east over the government road, the Canadian National. Westbound there will be a stop for a day or so at Banff Hot Springs; eastbound there'll be a similar stop at Jasper National Park. It'll be the longest train trip any royal pair ever made.

To look after them there'll be a minimum of five personal attendants on the train, outside of the regular crew. The king gets along with a lord in waiting, two equerries and two private secretaries. The queen manages with two ladies in waiting and a lord chamberlain. They share a medical officer—the king is not in very robust health and has to watch his diet.

When they're not in the train, Their Majesties will roll around in a seventeen-foot limousine, with special gearing to hold it down to eight miles an hour. Two of these cars are being provided by the government. In Ottawa, for one trip, royalty will ride in Canada's state coach, a colorful affair drawn by four horses and used, once in a while, by the governor general.

Something for Everyone

The train, incidentally, will have its own post office, its own stamps and a special cachet for use on train mail. Canada is putting out new stamps to mark the trip—one with a picture of the king and queen, the other with portraits of Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, the royal couple's young daughters. These stamps will be another source of revenue to the Dominion.

Private business is cashing in on souvenirs, which American visitors are expected to buy by the ton, ranging from china mugs to medals, silver teaspoons to charm bracelets from which dangle crowns, scepters and other royal baubles. And there's expected to be a perfect deluge of new fashions in women's clothes—the modistes whispering around that Queen Elizabeth is going to wear some pretty nifty new models.

Despite all the talk and, the committees, the Dominion has really done a fine, efficient job of getting ready for its first visit by its reigning monarch. If anything goes wrong, it won't be Canada's fault—and the king and queen will have the time of their lives, if the stuffed shirts will let them. Today, the stuffed shirts are Canada's greatest pain in the neck.

Most Canadians today have only one worry: Just how is the royal visit to the United States going to turn out? Canadians are a sensitive people and many of them, especially in society and officialdom, are afraid we're not going to "show the proper respect" to their monarchs.

So in the interests of neighborliness, lift your toppers 'igh, blokes, and cheer like everything when the king goes by. The Canadians will appreciate it.

They still mistrust us a little. And maybe with reason. . . . A good many travel agents in Canada have been getting inquiries from tour conductors on our side. A good many of these inquiries offer to route whole parties to various points in Canada.

"Of course," wrote the American agents, "we are hoping you can guarantee that our clients will be able to meet the king and queen socially."

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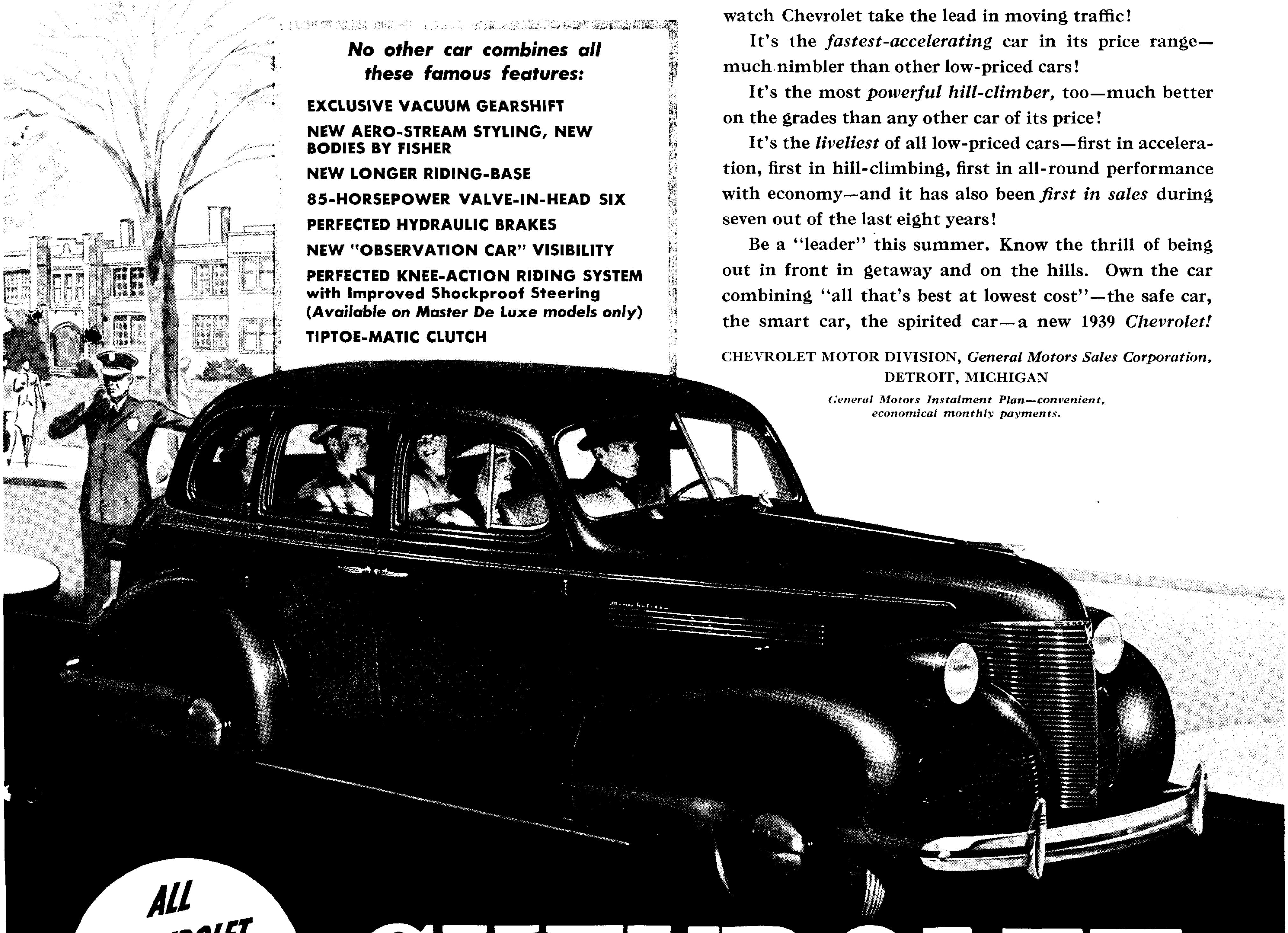

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The Border Trumpet

Continued from page 14

through the black tangle of ridge and ravine and rising mountain shoulders. Near midnight they struck water and paused for a long rest, all the troopers settling against the stony soil. Lying full length, one arm propped against his head, Benteen listened to the wild chant of a coyote on a near-by ridge. The taciturn murmuring of the men reached him, and the shift of the horses on the gravel and the crunch of their teeth on the iron bits. A small wind drifted from the upper country; the smell of damp horsehide and sweated leather was quite strong. High in the blackest heavens he had ever seen, a falling star made a brief, dissolving scratch against infinity. Howell Ford sat by, saying nothing. Al Hazel settled near Benteen.

"We turn out of this canyon in a mile. This is the main Injun trail. You headin' for the Gila?"

"Al," said Benteen, "I'm hunting small game tonight. Nachee told me this afternoon that some of Antone's people usually come back to a little rancheria on top of a peak this side of Saddle Mountain. We'll have a look."

AL HAZEL relieved himself of his tobacco chew with a sharp "pfwutt." He ground his boots in the gravel. "It ain't a bad guess. Fer a young man you ain't been long learnin' Injun ways. Whut kills white men in this country is getting reckless. An Injun's got all the time in the world. His belly's his clock and any mescal bush or mesquite clump gives him food. Home's where he lights his fire and he'll travel farther in one day, with nothin' to tote, than this detail could march in a week."

"McSween," said Benteen quietly, and rose to his horse.

The detail turned north from Aravaipa Creek and suddenly was lost in velvet sweeps of land that joined each other at crooked, tricky angles. Al Hazel, who knew this country better than he knew his own mind, disappeared ahead. Now and then the shod hoofs of his horse, striking rock, set up a faint flash. Eastward stood the vague peak of Mount Turnbull. Due north, in the direction they traveled, was the ragged silhouette of stony peaks against a metal sky. At two o'clock Al Hazel dropped back. "Up there," he said. "The crooked hump on the left."

"How far?"

"Hour's ride."

Benteen turned and murmured to the following column. "No talking." They rose from one hogback to another, through the pit-black world. This was the coolest hour of the night, a faint wind fanning Benteen's cheek and bringing down with it the pungency of desert growth. A horse shied violently out of the line, evoking McSween's exasperated grumble: "Sullivan, whut the hell?"

"Snake smell."

The mountain mass in front of them grew higher and blacker as they approached; the land began to buckle up again. Benteen stopped. "Hour and a half until daylight. Howell, take charge. I'm going ahead with Hazel for a look. Sit tight. We'll be back in thirty minutes."

"Would ye be takin' another man or so, Lieutenant?" suggested McSween.

"Too much noise," said Benteen, leaving his horse. Thus on foot he went forward with Hazel, skirting catclaw and nopal clusters and mesquite bushes. They reached the shoulder-high barrier of huge rocks fallen from the crumbling ramparts of the peak, and began to climb over them, monkey fashion, rock to rock, point to point, up a forty-five-degree tilt. Benteen ran his gauntleted hand against a pincushion cactus and hauled his jaws together, suppressing a groan. Higher up he snagged his shoulder into the drooped branch of a catclaw bush. Turned still, he worried the sharp fishhook barbs loose. At this elevation the air was definitely thinner. Hazel touched his shoulder for signal and in thorough silence they climbed the last hard pitch of the ridge. Standing almost straight, his boots on a lower boulder and his elbows hooked over the rim of the hilltop, Benteen stared forward and saw, for this first moment, only a kind of small meadow recessed in the rocks and surrounding mesquite. All this was against the paler light of the sky and though he swept the cleared area very carefully he could not identify the marks of a camp. But Al Hazel touched his shoulder again, and both of them backed down the slope a good hundred feet before stopping. Hazel whispered close to Benteen's ear:

"A camp. Maybe four-five-six. I ain't sure."

Benteen murmured: "Go back and tell Ford to bring up half the detail. Take off belts. Too much noise. Put extra cartridges in pockets. I'll wait here."

Al Hazel faded below, making no sound at all. Benteen climbed back to the rim, hooked his arms over it and searched the area, trying to see what Al Hazel had seen.

The shadows were beginning to pale as Al Hazel crawled through the rocks and came beside him. Afterward Ford and McSween reached the rim. The other troopers were halted and silent below, waiting word.

Benteen murmured to McSween: "One at a time—come up and spread."

McSween bent back, his whisper carrying down. Harry Jackson heaved forward, stopping beside Benteen. Van Rhyn, bent over and badly winded, caught Harry Jackson's sleeve. For a moment both of them teetered on precarious balance, until Benteen's arm steadied them. The sheet of light eastward turned into a broad violet band and at once, so sudden was dawn on the desert, all the world lay gray and misty and semivisible. Turned back to the clearing, Benteen saw the definite shape of an Apache rancheria before him. A brush-covered jacal held the middle of the clearing, and half a dozen horses stood on picket at the far end, one hundred yards away; near the jacal a few lumpy shapes along the ground indicated Indians sleeping. Hazel bent against Benteen: "Four-five bucks."

BENTEEN looked to either side, seeing the troopers crouched against the rocks. He put his hands on the rim for a sudden jump, motioned forward with his head, and sprang up. The deep silence of the breathless hour was broken by the grunt and rush of the troopers coming over the rim. Benteen said in a full voice: "No firing unless they start," and fell into a run, carrying the skirmish line with him.

Suddenly the lumpy shapes on the ground were whirling up and a woman rushed out of the jacal, carrying a papoose in her arms. One wiry buck lunged straight at Benteen, his sharp-pointed lance thrust forward, his eyes live as coals against the copper skin. Benteen had drawn his gun. Before he got it lifted he saw the Indian set himself for a throw, and ducked aside as the lance drove by him. That same moment the Indian reached for his knife and swept it half overhead, still rushing in. Benteen's bullet knocked him down.

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The scout detail raced on, full-throated. Two more women flung themselves out of the jacal and a small boy stood in its doorway, motionless. One of the Apaches, fleeing away, stopped and took a snap shot with his carbine; and suddenly McSween's gun roared. The Indian dropped. Troopers clawed the brush away from the jacal. Harry Jackson was on the dead run, trying to catch the woman with the papoose. Four other Indian men, the two women, and this small boy stood silent and sullen in the ring of troopers. This was all of the fight.

Al Hazel said, curtly approving: "Not a bad job, Lieutenant."

The clearing, all visible now in the first sunless period of morning, was a little below the rocky rim, marked with a few mesquite bushes and two or three stunted pines. Benteen walked down to the north side, meeting Harry Jackson, who said: "That woman just sank into those rocks with the baby."

"Never mind. You couldn't catch her now."

A rough trail wound down this north side of the hill, breaking into canyon country. Beyond this canyon the hills rolled on in black, broken crests toward higher summits. Benteen walked back to the jacal. "Jackson, go tell Corporal Levi to bring the rest of the detail around the north side. There's a trail for horses."

The Indians crouched on the ground, impassive as stone except for one woman who spread out her arms and began to speak swiftly to Al Hazel. When she had finished, Hazel interpreted for Benteen:

"She says don't kill her because that was her baby the other woman ran off with."

Benteen said: "Ask her how many warriors Antone's got now."

Al Hazel asked it and waited out the woman's slow answer. "She says maybe enough to fill this clearing with their horses."

"Tell her we are not fools."

Al Hazel repeated it in Apache, and later said, "She says it is true. Some Chiricahuas have come up to join Antone, and some of the Tontos are with him."

"Where is Antone now?"

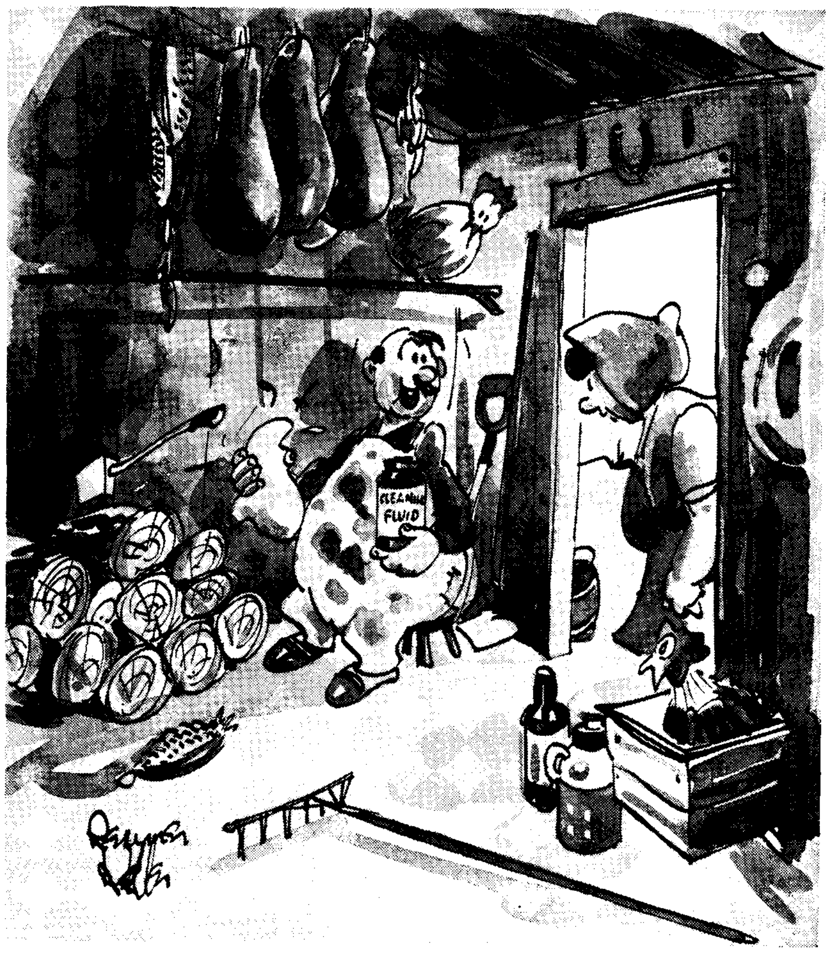
When Hazel repeated the question the woman looked at Benteen through the loose straggle of her hair and was silent. Benteen said: "Tell her we are taking her to Camp Grant and will keep her there, but that if she leads us to Antone she is free to go back to her baby and her people."

There was a long parley, Al Hazel talking, and listening, and answering. The other Indians never stirred. Finally Al Hazel grunted, "Enju," and turned to Benteen. "She says Antone's over in the Mescals. May be a lie but Antone's been riding pretty fast lately and he'll have to stop to rest up pretty soon. He always did like the Mescals for a hide-out."

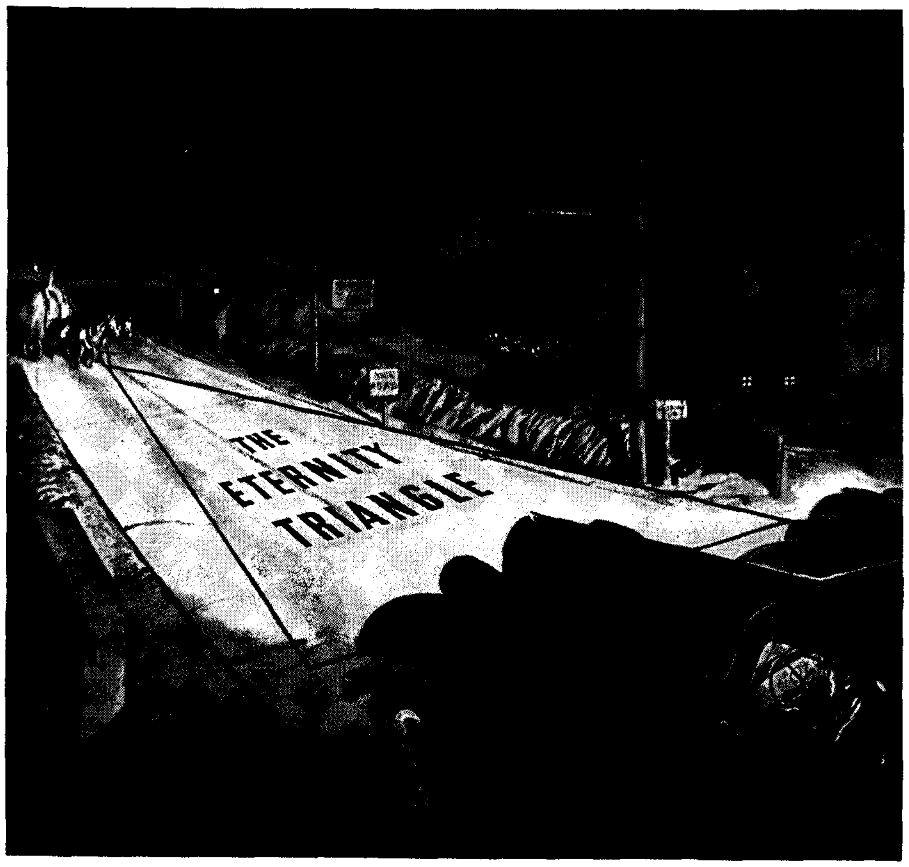
"We'll find out. Put a guard on these people. We'll lay over here until nine o'clock."

REVEILLE, stables, mess call, fatigue, and drill call. This was the ancient routine. Standing at the doorway of the commanding officer's quarters, Eleanor watched the parade-ground shadows creep back from the increasing blast of sunlight. Ray Lankerwell came up with a small, copper-faced boy from Nachee's camp. He put a catchup bottle on the parade ground, thirty feet away. He said to Eleanor, "Watch this," and motioned to the boy, who calmly bent his bow and sent an arrow dead into the open mouth of the bottle. "Well," grinned Lankerwell, "that gives you some notion." He went away, leading the Apache lad.

Out on the parade Phil Castleton ran K Troop through dismounted drill, his voice hard and precise and biting in the dead-hot air. Dust rose around the wheeling column; the occasional bright patches on metal equipment flashed against the pouring sunlight. Sweat began to stain the backs of the men's shirts, and black as they were she saw the growing heat flush on their faces.



"I got the paint off, Bessie, but not the soup spots" REAMER KELLER



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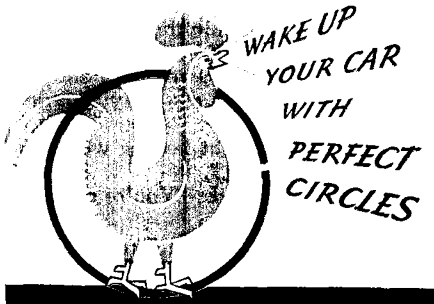

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Phil Castleton stood motionless in the parade's middle, heavy and wide-shouldered. "Canreen—pick up that gun. Hep, hep, hep! On right into line—march! Pull up your shoulders, Flynn! Watch the pivot—come up, come up!"

Three years, Eleanor thought, made a difference in the things she saw. At seventeen she had taken this man at surface value, not quite knowing what qualities in him appealed to her so. She began to see those qualities now, the strength and the weakness of them. He was terribly ambitious, he was a man who could not excuse weakness. She saw how relentlessly exact he was at drill, how he kept repeating certain close-order commands over and over again until it was done as he wanted it done. He had no patience with imperfection—not even on the frontier, not even in this destroying sunlight and suffocating heat.

Her father came up from post headquarters and paused at the door of the house, watching the drill. He pulled at the ends of his mustache and she thought he meant to speak to Castleton; but afterward he walked into the living room. She turned with him, watching him sink into a chair and sighingly relax.

"Daughter," he said, "it's a damned hot land," and wiped his half-bald head free of sweat. His skin was full pink.

"Dad," she said, "tell me—"

The girl from the ambushed Summerton wagon train, Lily Marr, came in. The heat seemed not to touch her. Against the doorway's bright yellow light she was strong-shouldered and motionless, with her quite dark hair drawn severely back from a central part. Her eyes had a quick and direct watchfulness common to most people living on the frontier; her face had the frontier's rather set and inexpressive calm. Her skin was smooth, though tanned from the sun, and her features were quite regular, save for a generous mouth. She was better-looking than her knockabout life seemed to indicate. Her speech, Eleanor had already noticed, was carefully chosen. All of this put together puzzled Eleanor considerably. Behind the girl's gravity and very definite pride, was some kind of mystery.

The major said: "Miss Marr, I should like to know what I can do for you."

THE girl looked at him, weighing his words. Then she said: "Nothing."

Warren said: "You want me to send you on to the Summerton ranch with an escort?"

She had a quick answer, a very quick answer: "No—not now. Isn't any use."

Warren didn't understand. "How's that?"

But she lifted her shoulders and let them fall. The gesture had a Mexican fatality to it, and Eleanor got the clear impression then that this girl had had a good many illusions and girlhood dreams knocked out of her. She said: "If I am not too much in the way, Major, I'd like to stay here for a little while."

"Why, bless your heart," announced Major Warren, "you can stay here as long as the flag flies."

"Perhaps you might let me work for my keep. I can cook."

Warren said at once: "You're a guest, Miss Marr."

The girl turned her glance to the floor. "Thank you," she said in a softer voice, and went to her room.

Phil Castleton's driving voice crossed the parade: "McGuire, dress on the right file. Flynn, pull up your gun! Column left, march! One, two, three, four! Sergeant, your cadence is too slow."

Major Warren pulled out his watch and scowled at it. He rose and walked to the door, looking on at the drill. Eleanor noticed the sudden shadowing expression on his face and knew, because she was a thorough army girl, exactly what he thought about. Castleton was marching the feet off these men; there had been no rest for half an hour—and the outside temperature was beyond a hundred.

Major Warren tugged at the ends of his mustache. He was, Eleanor understood, thoroughly displeased, but caught in the delicate problem of protecting his men without criticizing an officer in front of them. Presently he called out:

"Mr. Castleton, that will be enough drill for the morning."

Castleton said, "Very well, sir," and turned the troop over to Sergeant Hanna. He came across the parade and stopped under the brush ramada, before Warren and Eleanor. When he removed his hat a trapped sweat streamed down the violent sun-flush on his cheeks.

Warren said, "Come in, Mr. Castleton," and stepped back. Castleton walked into the room's half-shade. He held his stiff posture before the major, shoulders drawn square. His eyes, Eleanor observed, were a strict noncommittal black.

Her father, always careful with his words, spoke nevertheless with a suppressed impatience: "Mr. Castleton, you should remember to give your men long rests. You'll run the vitality out of them."

"They're very slack in drill, sir, and the discipline is far too relaxed. I wanted to pull them up so they'd remember."

"You must not expect perfect close-order drill from men campaigning in the field, Mr. Castleton. Barrack duty and field duty are two different things. There is always a letdown in military niceties when you troop out on daily scout. You do not create discipline, even among Irishmen as tough as those are, by undue severity."

"Yes, sir," said Castleton. But Eleanor knew how much dissent lay behind those obedient words. She knew and was afraid. Her father's more suave talk followed in:

"As soon as Mr. Benteen returns it will be your turn on scout. Those are the men you will be taking. You want them fresh, not worn out. That's all, sir."

Eleanor said at once: "I'll make up some lemonade."

Castleton turned to her, rubbed pride visible at the corners of his lips. "I'd better change clothes and inspect barracks." He made his short bow and went out. She listened to the heavy tramp of his feet on the boardwalk, and turned to catch her father's speculative glance.

"You're a smart girl, Eleanor. You know the army better than most young lieutenants. Castleton is an excellent officer. A little hard, perhaps. Maybe you can unbend him a little. . . . He should develop a little philosophy. Like me. Like—"

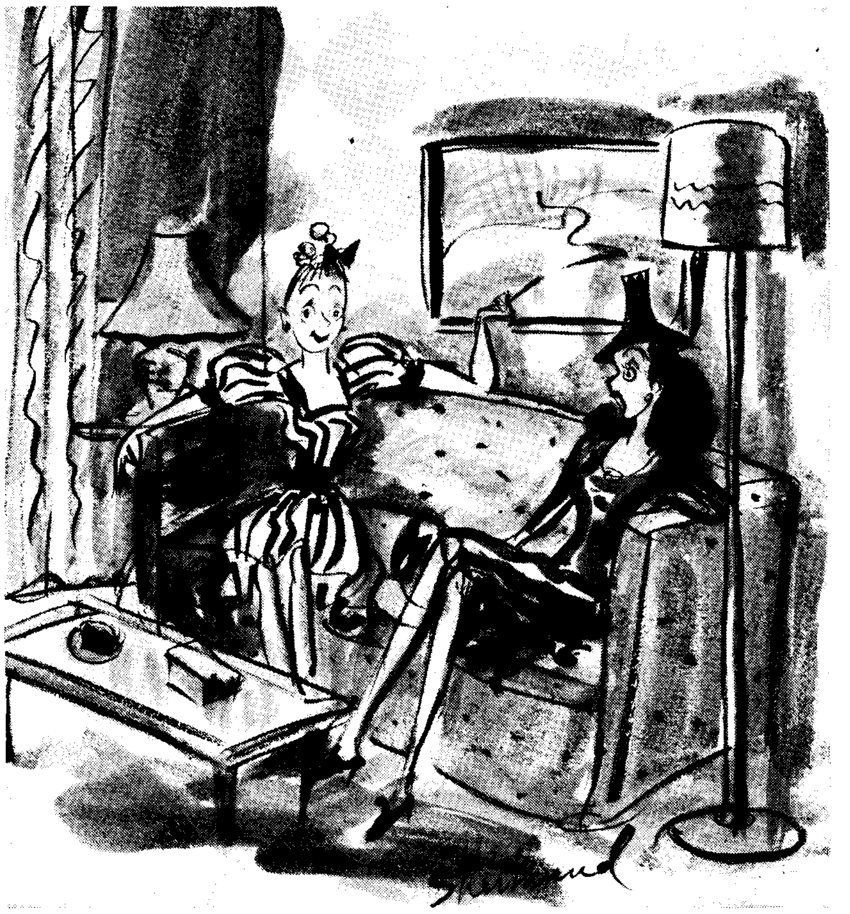
She immediately supplied the name: "Like Mr. Benteen."

But the major was too fair a man to be trapped into a comparison of junior officers. He waved his cigar and said blandly: "You're too damned clever, young woman. Go fix me a lemonade."

BUT after she had gone into the kitchen his voice came back to her, slow and wistful: "Your mother was the same. We had an awful lot of fun. If she had lived I bet I'd been a brigadier now. It wouldn't mean anything to me at this late date, but it would have been mighty nice to see her face when she pinned that star on my shoulder. That's the kind of a woman she was, Eleanor. Everything was a game, and the game was fun, clear to the end."

Afternoon's heat settled over the post. Nothing moved.

Harriet Mixler lay on the bed in their two-roomed dobe quarters, face upward and her hands lying full length, fists doubled. George Mixler sat by the bed, stirring the air around her head with a fan. He was a solid young man with a pink round young face crossed by a tawny dragoon's mustache; and on his face now was a faint, worried smile. "Pshaw, Harriet," he murmured, "noth-



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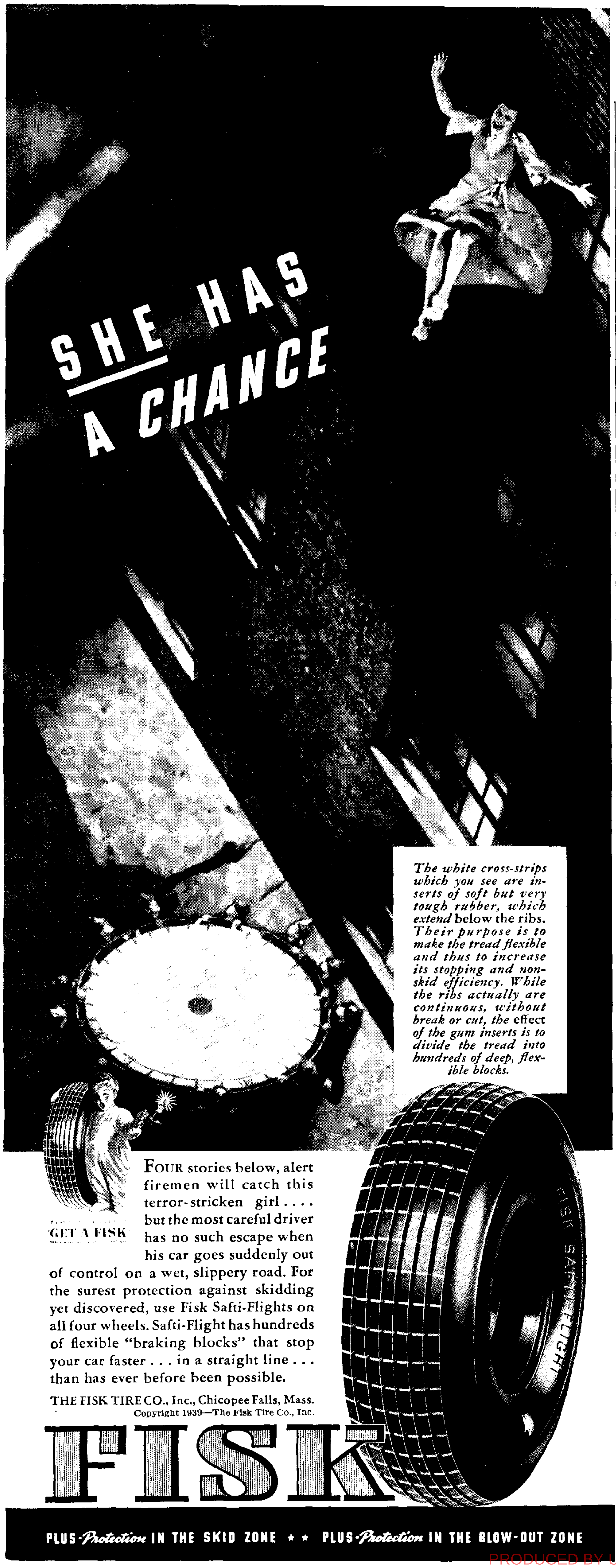

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ing bad will happen." Sweat rolled from his cheeks, down past his open collar. He wiped it away and kept on fanning.

Her eyes were wide-round and breathing was difficult for her. "George," she said, "I should have gone to Fort Whipple three months ago. I'm going to die."

"No," he said, "no, you won't. Why, it is a natural thing, Harriet. Major McClure's wife had three of 'em—all on the frontier. Once she had no doctor. It was behind the lines, during the siege of Vicksburg."

Afterward he could have bitten his tongue in two. She was an expressive girl, quick to feel and quick to change. Fear rushed across her face, stronger than it had been before. "George, Doctor Shiraz will be away when the time comes. You wait and see. He's always gone! You'd think they might remember me. But they don't care about a woman in the army—they don't care!"

"He'll be right here," promised Mixler. "Right here."

"You always stick up for the army," she said passionately. "You never see it my way! I hate the army!" She gave him a swift, hating look. It chilled him to see it, and to hear the dead conviction in her voice: "Listen, George. If I live, and if the baby lives, I'm going away as soon as I can. I'll never stay in another army post, I'll never follow you around in another army wagon like a washwoman, I'll never stand at the door of another miserable dobe shack and pretend it is home, waiting for you to come out of those terrible hills."

"I know," he murmured. "I wouldn't talk so much, Harriet. Just lie still."

"No," she told him, more and more quiet. "You think you're just humoring a foolish woman. I'm telling you the truth, George. I wanted you to resign. You could have had a nice position in Norfolk. My father offered it. We could have lived so pleasantly. You wouldn't do that, and I thought you were being gallant, wanting to follow your regiment. You have had your way. Now I shall have mine. I'm not cut out to be an army wife. I have been miserable every day. I'm going to leave you, George, just as soon as I can travel."

"All right, Harriet."

She looked at him, the terrible intensity still in her eyes. "I mean it, George." And then, looking at her, Mixler saw that she did. He kept on fanning, not speaking. Eleanor Warren came into the room and saw the drawn expression on his face, the set and half-wild look in Harriet's eyes. She took the fan immediately from Mixler. "You run on."

"Thanks," said Mixler and got up. He turned through the room, took a long pull from the warm water jar, and stood with his big legs wide apart. He tried to roll a cigarette, but his hands were shaking badly, so he threw the tobacco and paper away and left the dobe.

AT FIVE o'clock, in the densest heat of the day, a rider crossed the San Pedro and appeared before the commanding officer's house and slid from an exhausted horse. George Mixler happened to be coming on from the sutler's store at the moment. The traveler managed to gasp out, "Been a shooting at Summerton's ranch—they want the doctor," and then fell to the ground, his lips and face turned purple.

Mixler dragged him into Warren's house, rousing the major from a troubled siesta. A trooper ran down the walk and presently Shiraz came up, took his professional look at the man and said, "Damn' near sunstroke."

Major Warren said: "You'll have to go up to Summerton's ranch, Shiraz. Seems to be a shooting. Mr. Mixler, get an escort and go along. You'll be back by midnight." Twenty minutes later Shiraz and Mixler, with six troopers, crossed the San Pedro and headed in the direction of the gap in the Tortillas.

At six, Eleanor brought Harriet Mixler to the commanding officer's quarters for supper. Afterward, in the sundown hour, they stood beneath the brush ramada to watch the mounted troopers stand retreat and guard mount, the buglers of I and K sounding the music. It was suddenly dark, with yellow lights sparkling all around the quadrangle; the sprinkling cart came past, leaving behind the steamy pungence of water on hot dust. Phil Castleton walked up from the hard outer shadows, made his bow to the women and expressed his sentiments on the weather. But his talk was no screen to hide his desires and immediately Harriet Mixler turned away.

"I'll come along in a little while," Eleanor said to her.

The silent Lily Marr spoke up: "Let me walk with you, Mrs. Mixler."

For a moment all the others looked at this grave, secretive woman. Harriet Mixler's face turned from the shadows until the beam of the Warren houselight caught it and showed its strange, set pallor. "You needn't bother," she murmured. Lily Marr said, softly, "We all get a little lonesome at times," and took Harriet Mixler's arm, and moved on into the night.

PHIL CASTLETON stared after them, holding his remark until they were barely beyond hearing distance. "I don't like that Marr girl," he said.

Eleanor Warren, listening to the flat ring of his voice, realized that all his opinions were like that. Quick and arbitrary, one way or another. She didn't immediately speak, but took his arm and fell into step with him. They passed the corner of officers' row, turning along the north side of the quadrangle. The moon lay at a low angle in the sky, deep yellow from the dust in the air. When they reached the south side of the quadrangle Castleton drew her into the parade to avoid the broad talk of the troopers in the barrack. She said: "Why, Phil?"

"A stray woman in a tough country. She hasn't explained herself, has she? Just a woman out of nowhere."

"Most of us come out of nowhere, Phil."

"I don't mean that. And what impels you to be philosophical?"

"Why," she said, "I guess I've always been. I see people laughing or crying—and I wonder why. I never pass a man but what I wonder at his story, at all the fortune, good or bad, he's been through. Why should you draw me away from that barrack wall, Phil? I know the kind of things men like that might talk about. I know them by heart. I was raised with troopers."

He stopped and turned to her. She saw displeasure on his face clearly. "That's not becoming, Eleanor. If I ever heard one of them speak like that within earshot of you I'd put a pack on his back and march him under the sun until he dropped."

"You'd have most of them dropping then," she said, gently amused. "You shouldn't expect so much purity from a trooper, Phil. It isn't that they mean to be rough. They'd cut their arms off for a woman. It's just that they never knew any other way to talk. You shouldn't mind. These men really raised me. I think they spared me nothing in the way of practical knowledge—and I'm glad they did."

He said, faintly indulgent: "I imagine they left you in the dark in some things. I should hope so."

She said: "They are very real, Phil. How well do you know them? Their stories? Do you know about Harry Jackson—and the woman at Valley ranch?"

"Good Lord," he exclaimed, "who told you about her?"

She was laughing at him, softly, freely. "I told you I was raised by this regiment. Cowen keeps nothing from me."

"It is damned unpleasant. It isn't right."

"Why not, Phil? It is pretty tragic, isn't it—young Harry Jackson falling in love with a very common woman. And not knowing she's bad?"

"Are you sure he doesn't know?"

"Hanna says he doesn't."

They had walked on. Now he stopped again. "Do all these men talk to you like that, Eleanor? They never talk to me."

She took his arm and they walked on, steps striking together. The eight-o'clock hour call ran the posts; the sentry relief stamped by. They passed the post bakery, went back down officers' row, and began the second round of the quadrangle. "Phil," she murmured, "you must be more patient and a little more human with them. Some of them are illiterate, some quarrelsome, some their own worst enemies. But they're the best men on earth—and they'll stick to an officer until he dies if they're loyal to him. But you must be loyal to them."

He said, quite short and dry: "I begin to see. A sermon, Eleanor?"

He had that faint intolerance—that resistance that came from his pride and his own tremendous energies. She knew she had said all she could for one night and so, knowing it, she laughed again and stopped by the barrack's corner. "No—no sermon, Phil. Isn't this a lovely night?"

He put his arms behind her shoulders and she could see how stirred he was; it was a roughness on his face. "Eleanor," he murmured and pulled her in.

Afterward, when she stepped back, she was laughing again. "You see, Phil? I'm not a graduate of a female seminary. I'm an army officer's daughter. I'm a woman. Isn't—"

That was as far as she got; for the sound of a scream, wild and in the highest possible reach of a woman's voice, struck across the parade. A scream, a cry—and a guttering breath of agony. And silence.

LILY MARR walked along officers' row with Harriet, and turned into the Mixler quarters. She stood by, waiting while Harriet lighted a lamp—so still and grave that Harriet turned to her with a certain puzzlement. "It is nice of you to be pleasant to me. I think I shall go to bed. You needn't bother to stay. It is so terribly hot in here."

They were about the same age; in no other respect was there a similarity. For Harriet Mixler was a frightened girl who could not forget the shelter and the light and the softness of the home from which she had come; she had never known hardship, she had never known uncertainty until now. All this left her still childlike and dreaming, and frightened by the world she found herself in. Watching with her still eyes, Lily Marr saw this clearly. She took Harriet's arm again, leading her back to the bedroom, and her voice was slow and very calm:

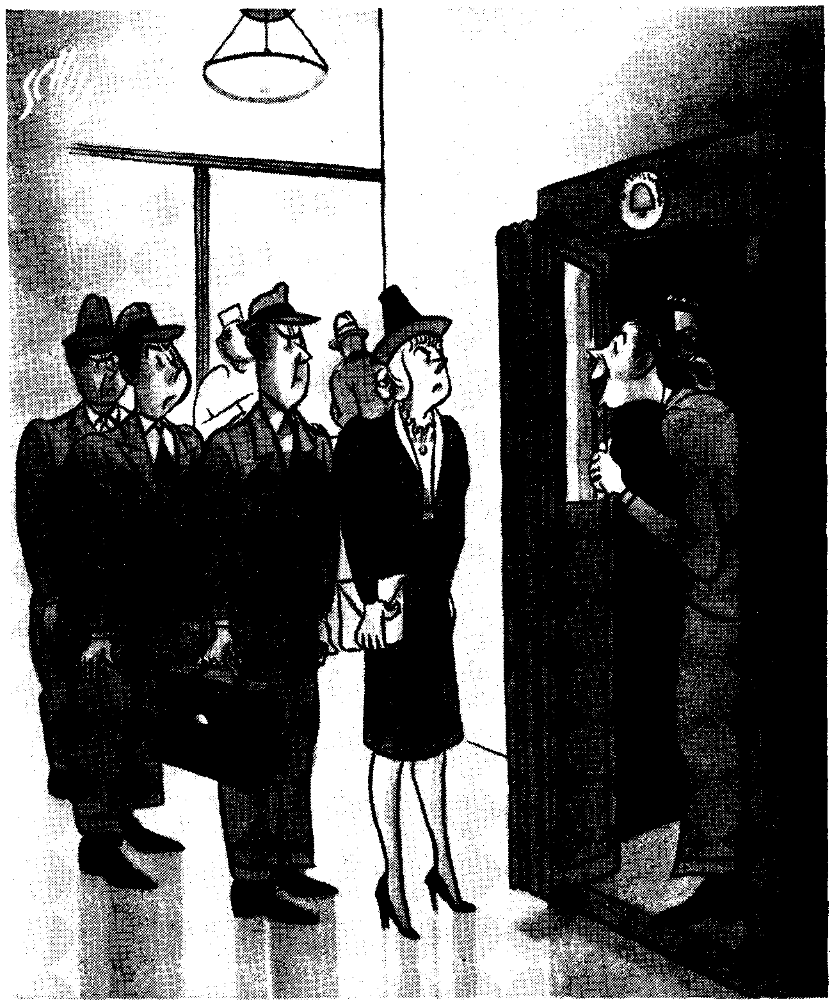
"The heat isn't bad. Nothing's as bad as a woman's mind makes out. I'll sit a while."

Harriet put herself on the bed, lying full length. The light was against her eyes. Lily Marr moved the lamp to the far corner of the room. She drew her chair near the bed and propped her chin against the palm of her hand. Her face, in its habitual repose, had an expression that stirred Harriet Mixler's curiosity until she found herself trying to find a proper name for it. It was something like sternness, like a gravity that came when someone had seen too much, like the shadow of hidden sadness.

Harriet said: "Have you been long in this country?"

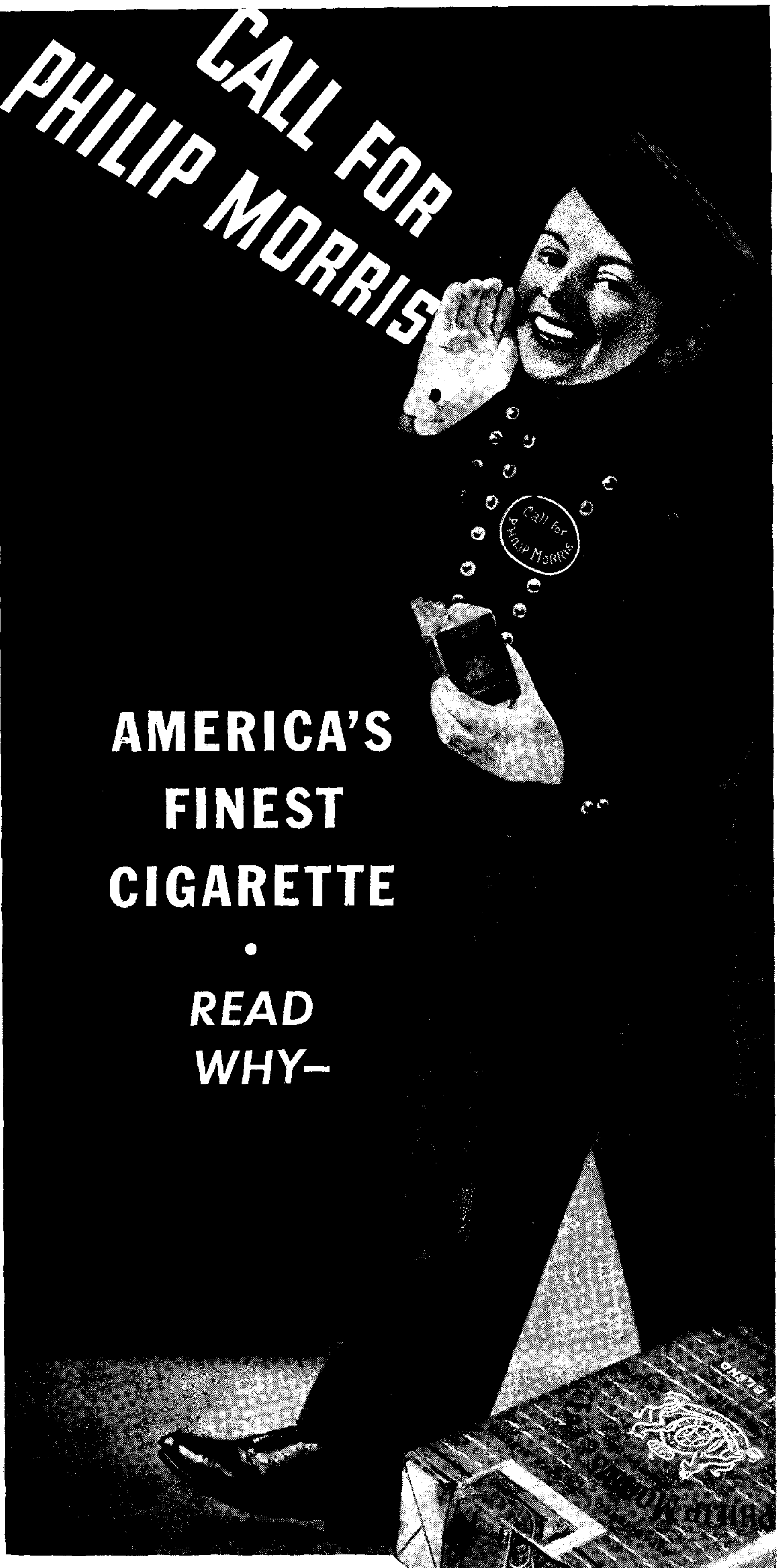
"Four years."

Harriet murmured in her little girl's wondering voice: "It is so odd to think of people. Four years ago I was in Nor-



"You wouldn't have five more nickels for another quarter, would you?"

ADOLPH SCHUS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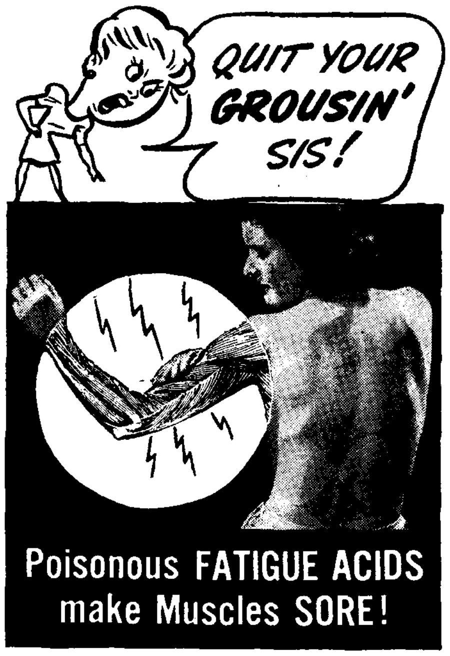
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folk, having so much fun. It was very gay. And you were on the desert, in this wild territory. It is very odd. Might I ask about your people?"

"They were killed by Indians."

"How sad," murmured Harriet Mixler. "Don't you hate Arizona?"

Lily Marr seemed to study the question, as if it aroused an unfamiliar thought. "Why," she said, "I don't believe I do. When you can't choose your way it doesn't seem much point to hate anything."

"I reckon I don't understand that."

"My people started from New Orleans to California. They were killed at Apache Pass. I have made my way on the frontier ever since. Nobody hates living. We are all glad to live. I am. But I guess I can understand being lonely. Don't be afraid—don't ever be afraid."

She put her hand on Harriet Mixler's arm and left it there a moment, her lips turning sweet. The darkness and doubt in Harriet Mixler's face were very real. She stirred uncertainly on the bed. Lily Marr's calm voice was a comfort, it was something real and solid: "Nothing is as bad as you think. Pain makes you cry, but when it is gone you forget it. Hunger hurts, but you can live a long while without food. That's what you have to learn. Don't ever be afraid."

Harriet Mixler rose slowly from the bed. "I declare," she said, "I think you're a help. I believe I'll undress and try to sleep."

Lily Marr left the chair, moving toward the door. She turned to watch the drawn, thin lines of Harriet Mixler's face; and saw the haunted uncertainty there. She said in her deliberate way: "You have very pretty hair. In the morning I will comb it out for you. Good night."

After she had gone Harriet Mixler stood quite still, her hands supported against the dobe wall. She felt the heaviness of her child, the pressure on her legs. It was hard to breathe this suffocating air and suddenly the silence was so deep that she heard the slugging rhythm of her heart. She moved through the house and out into the rear yard, going along the vague border of a low board fence, holding to the top of the fence. It was minutely cooler here and the stars were whitely glistening in the sky. She passed back of Captain Harrison's house, seeing him rocking in a chair; beyond that was Doctor Shiraz's dobe. For a moment she paused, wondering how soon he would return, and the low, deep fright came to her again and then she looked at the black overhead sky and began to shake, and to hate this country and this post and the people in it, and went down into a dark loneliness that had no light. She walked faster, as though moving away from something—something that kept following her, though she didn't know what it was.

HER hand was on the top rail of the fence and, sliding forward, it touched a rounded, rough surface that gave before her fingers and fell with a soft "tunk" to the ground. She reached down and touched it again and then her fingers moved across the nose and the mouth of the dismembered Apache head Doctor Shiraz had put out on the fence to dry. She flung herself upright, sickness flooding through her, turned cold, turned crazed; and at that moment she screamed at the top of her voice until her breath ran out and would not come back, and fell senseless to the ground.

Captain Harrison came out of his back door, cursing. The sentry rushed around from the parade, bawling, "Cawprl of the guard, post number five!" There was a swift yell all across the post and feet smashed along the loose-boarded walk and Ray Lankerwell ran up from post headquarters, swinging a lantern at each jump. He found Harrison crouched over Harriet Mixler. The lantern light touched the grisly shape of the Apache's head. Lankerwell kicked it away, hearing Harrison's terrible, passionate cursing. "I'll kill that damned doctor! Bear a hand, Mr. Lankerwell! Easy—she's damned near dead!"

The guard relief charged up. Major Warren rushed through the Mixler dobe and settled down by Harrison, his breath bubbling in his lungs. Eleanor hurried out of the night. Harrison caught Harriet under the arms, lifting her; and then he and Lankerwell took her back into the dobe and laid her on the bed. Major Warren had the lantern now, holding it over Harriet. The room grew crowded and all the breathing of these people was quite labored. Eleanor dropped beside the bed, her hands on Harriet's breasts. Harriet lay with her eyes half opened, the pupils rolled out of sight. Her fists were clenched over her chest and she was caught in sudden, shaking spasms.

Eleanor said: "When will Doctor Shiraz be back?"

"Not till midnight."

She lifted her head, staring at her father. "She can't wait that long."

Harrison ground out: "Is there nobody in this post who knows anything about babies?"

Lily Marr came past the men, gently pushing them. She stood a moment, looking down at Harriet Mixler; and suddenly turned. Her shoulders were square in the lamplight, her voice was cool and unstirred. It was a competence, a feeling of sureness they all felt. It was in the way she looked, in the way she spoke.

"I know." Lily looked at the men. "You had better leave. Eleanor and I will do this."

AROUND nine o'clock that morning Benteen started down the rocky hillside with the detail. At eleven, in a piece of flat country below, Al Hazel got out of his saddle and began walking a zigzag course ahead of the troopers. Presently he pointed to a faintly scuffed mark on the flinty soil and to the broken stems of a bunch-grass clump beyond it. "There's your squaw's trail," he said. "And you can figure Antone's at the end of it." He got back on the horse, his hat tilted forward on his head and his eyes following this dim clue.

The land heaved away in a kind of irregular monotony, roll on roll, with always the higher peaks standing black-cut under the strengthening sun. They crossed areas of strewn slab rock and threaded thickets of catclaw. Howell Ford rode beside Benteen; McSween followed behind. There was no talk in the double line of troopers. They rode with an energy-saving looseness, hats pulled low across their sun-blackened cheeks, shading the sweep of black mustaches, the blue surface of Irish eyes and long, raw-boned Irish jaws.

Benteen watched the land closely, studying the faint darkness at the base of mesquite and catclaw clumps, the rim of the scattered rocks, the sheltering pitahaya columns, the low-lying hummocks of mescal and Spanish bayonet. Behind these covert spots the solitary Apache loved to lie and watch and wait with a patience that had no end.

THEY nooned under the insufficient shade of a paloverde grove; and went on. At two o'clock, turning out of a shallow canyon, they came before the footslopes of a long, sweeping rise. A mile onward and upward stood the rim of another mountain. Benteen pulled in, at once considering the tactical situation. Al Hazel trotted back from a short exploration. "More tracks come together," he said, and pointed toward the summit. "They'll all go yonder, to the summit."

"If Antone's up there," said Benteen, "he's been watching us travel all day. And if he's there it means he thinks he can whip us. Or maybe he's waiting to see how far we'll come."

"Never know about an Injun," murmured Hazel, his glance sweeping back and forth across the far rim. After a long pause he added, "But he's still there, all right."

Over to the right a break showed in the mountain and Benteen asked about it. "That's a canyon," said Hazel. "It cuts through the mountains. Pretty deep."

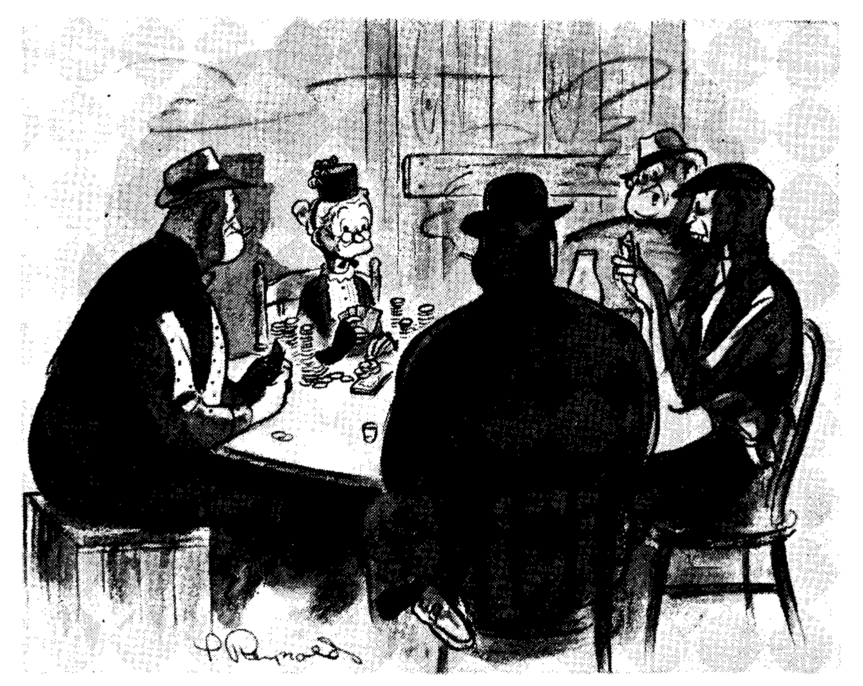
"Any other way of getting on that mountain?"

"You wouldn't catch Antone gettin' in a spot where there wasn't no back door. He's got a trail into the canyon, on the back side of that peak."

Ford said: "I think I see somebody moving on that rim."

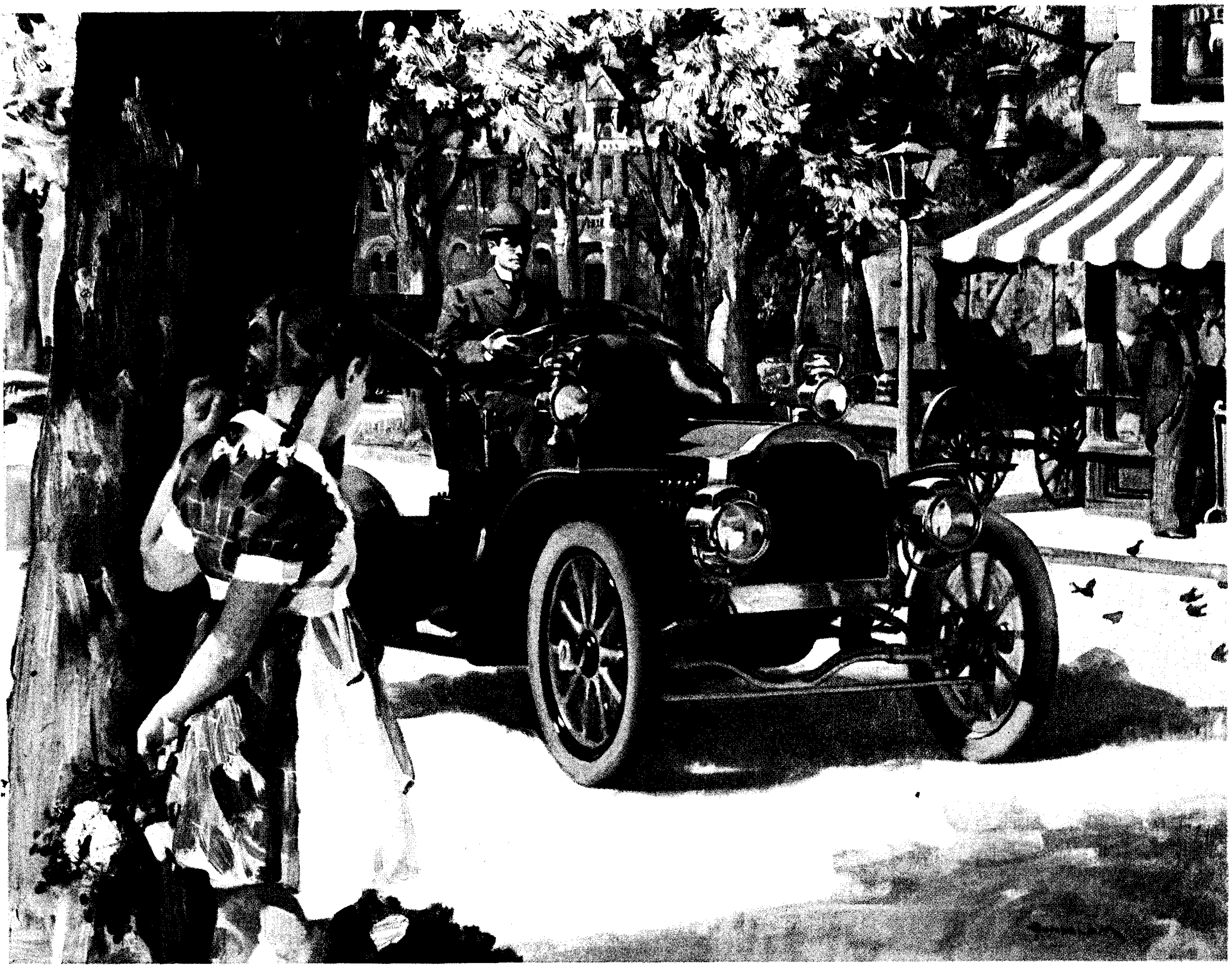
Benteen shaded his eyes and took a look. Rocks lay scattered on the slope, as far as the rim. Up there stood a scatter of pines; and presently he made out the stir of more than one figure.

(To be continued next week)



"You're all very sweet to allow me to earn my own ransom!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS



"I wanted to grow up and marry Mr. Washburn"

AT THE TENDER AGE OF EIGHT, I fell madly in love with a gentleman named Mr. Washburn.

He used to drive by in a beautiful Packard, magnificent with its proud lines and gleaming brass. And to the smitten little girl who watched him, it was as though imperial Caesar passed by in his conquering chariot, Roman eagles and all. I used to dream of riding in that gorgeous car beside my hero, to the envy of my playmates.

Looking back across the bridge of years, I'm not sure whether I lost my childish heart to Mr. Washburn, or to Mr. Washburn's Packard. Not to be too unromantic, I suspect it was to the Packard.

At any rate, ever since then a Packard has always been my beau ideal of a car. But because the man I married isn't exactly rolling in wealth, I despaired of ever owning one.

Then, one day last month, Jim and I happened to pass a Packard showroom. And just for the fun of looking at those stunning Packards, we went inside.

Well, just out of curiosity, we asked how much it cost to own a Packard. The figures simply bowled us over! We could get one for only a very few dollars a month more than our payments were on our last car!

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Then and there, we snapped up a stunning blue Packard Six—a perfect dream of a car that has our friends' eyes simply popping. Our old car fully covered the down payment, so there wasn't a penny of cash to pay. And it costs no more to run and keep up, than the ordinary cars we've owned.

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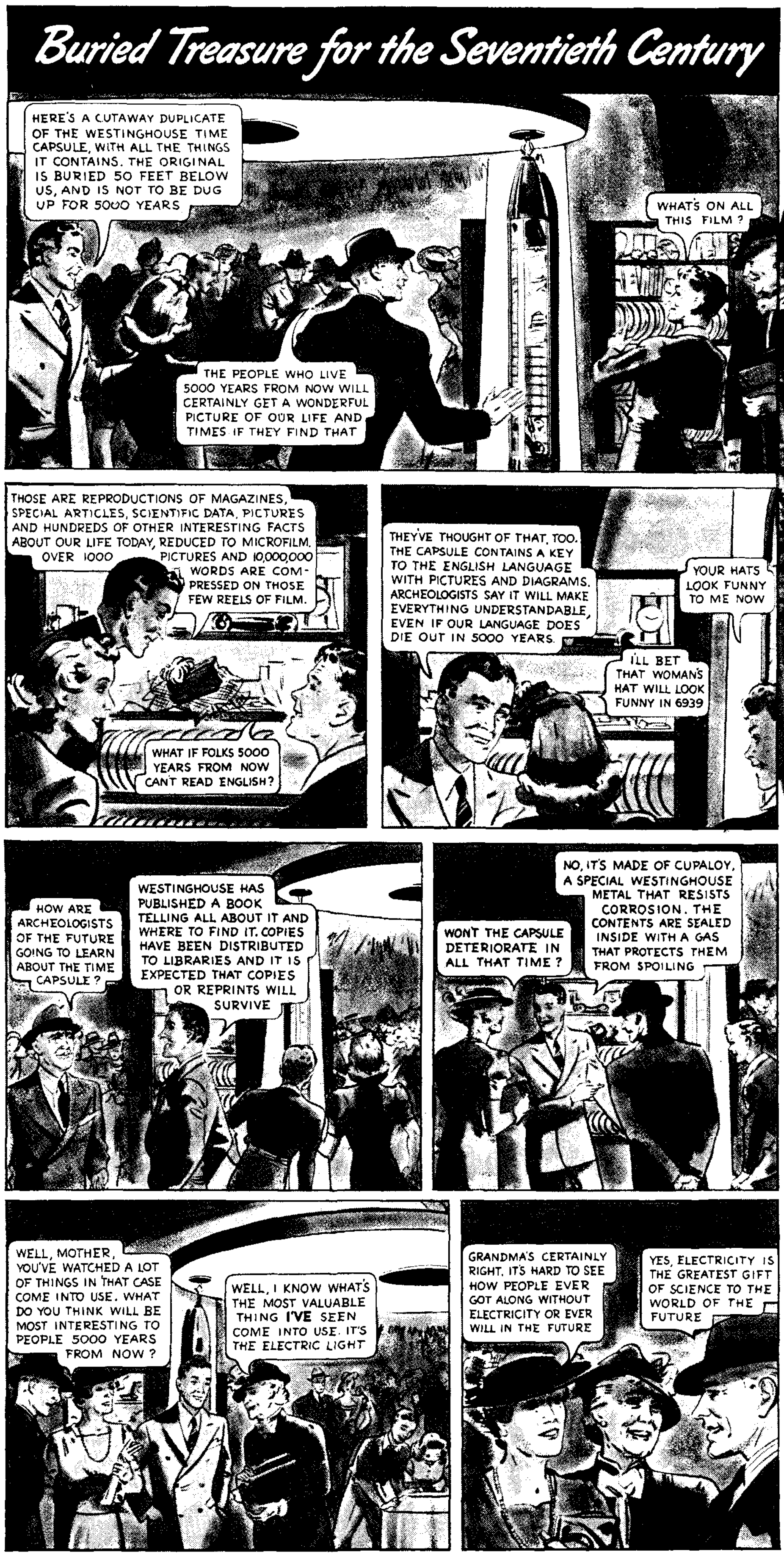
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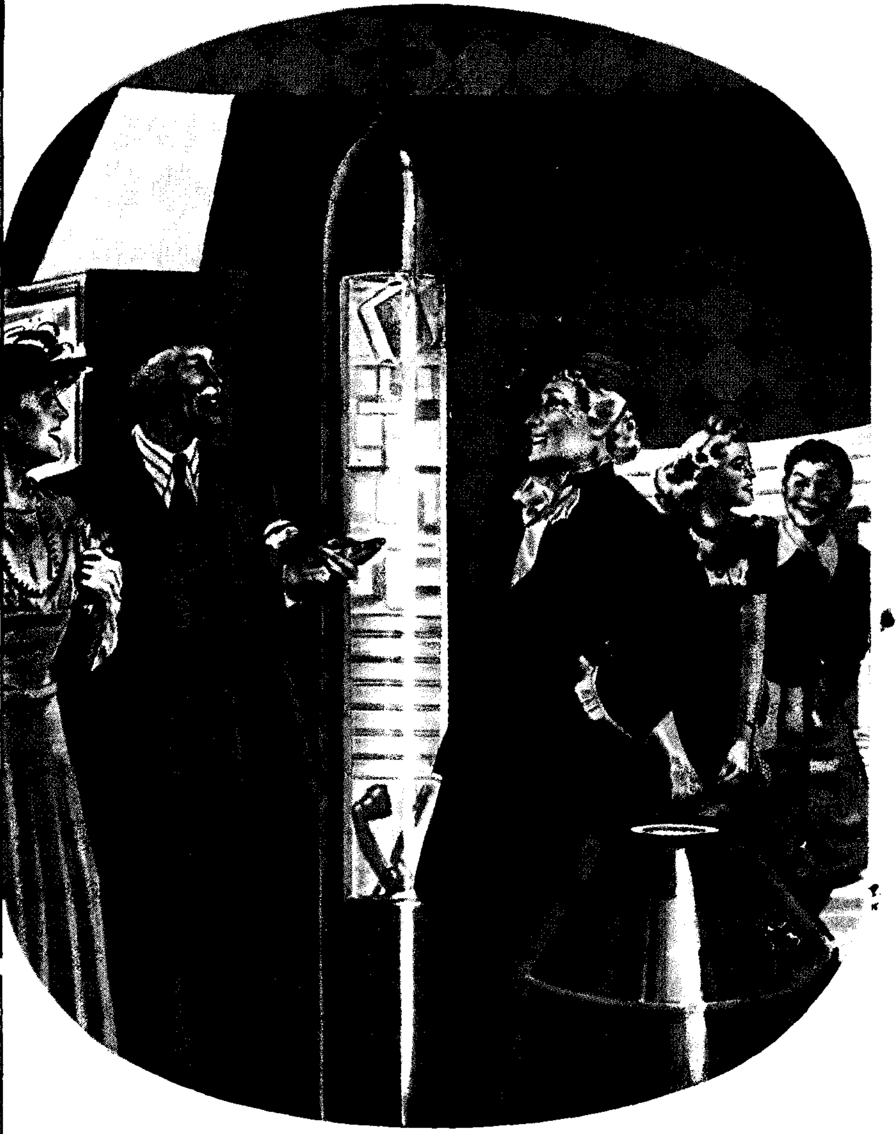
GRANDMA'S CERTAINLY RIGHT. IT'S HARD TO SEE HOW PEOPLE EVER GOT ALONG WITHOUT ELECTRICITY OR EVER WILL IN THE FUTURE
YES, ELECTRICITY IS THE GREATEST GIFT OF SCIENCE TO THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE



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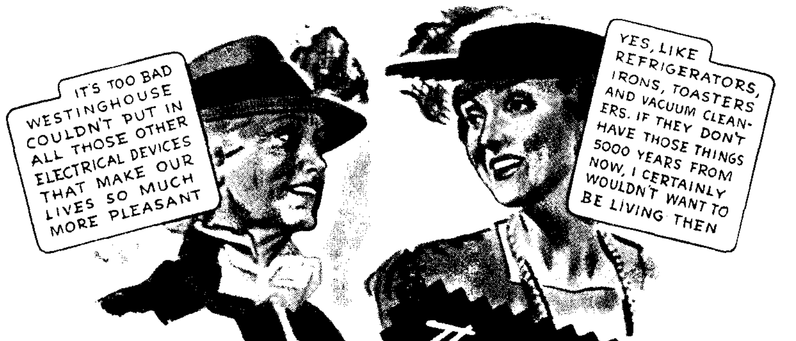
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YES, LIKE REFRIGERATORS, IRONS, TOASTERS AND VACUUM CLEANERS. IF THEY DON'T HAVE THOSE THINGS 5000 YEARS FROM NOW, I CERTAINLY WOULDN'T WANT TO BE LIVING THEN

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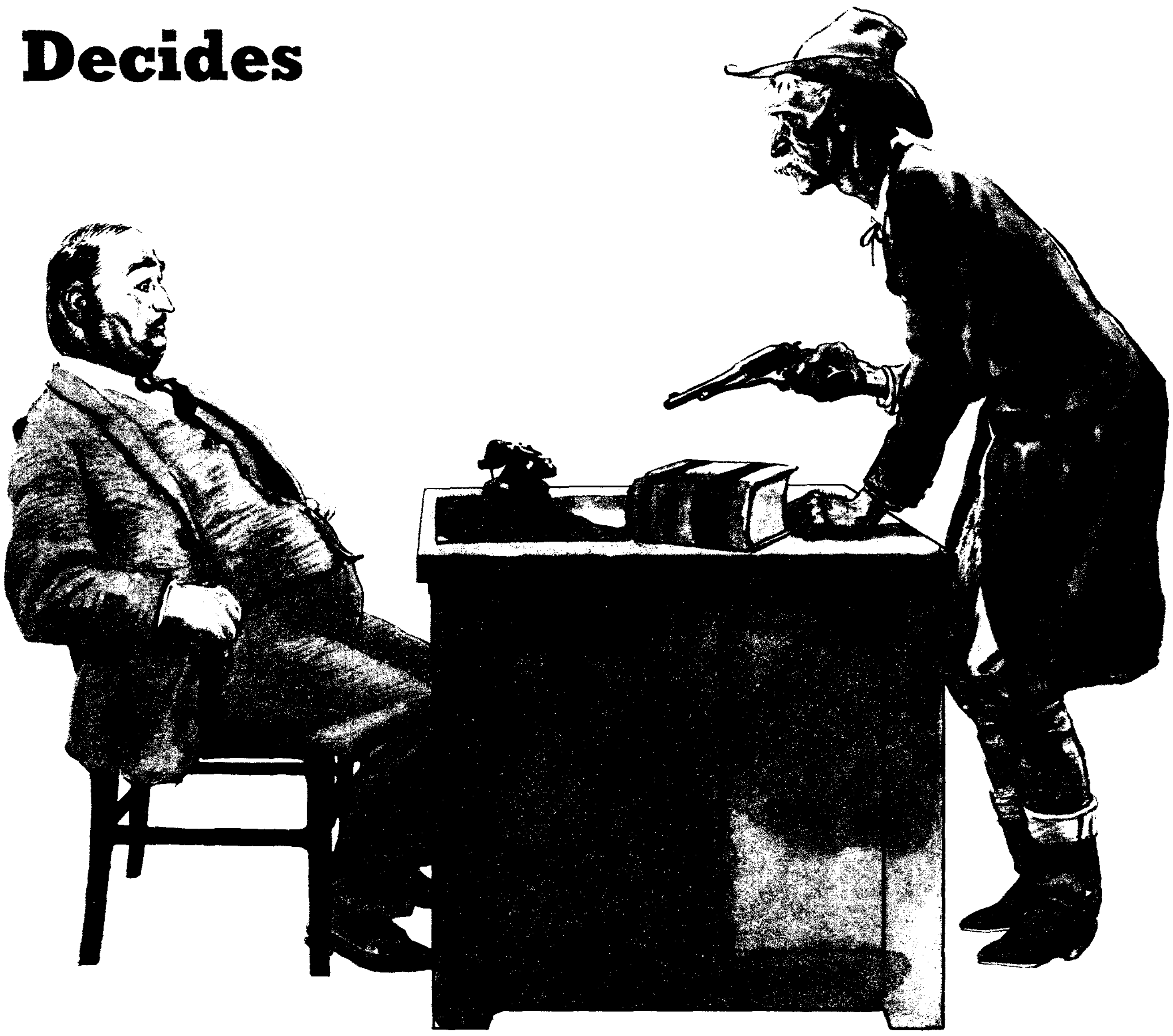
The name that means EVERYTHING IN ELECTRICITY

The Sheriff Decides

By Roark Bradford



"You rooked me out of my ranch, all legal," said Uncle Billy, "so I've got to kill you"

THE secretary impersonally told Uncle Billy to be seated while she took his name into the inner office. But Uncle Billy preferred to stand by the window. It was the first time he had seen El Paso from a fourteen-story height and he was impressed.

"She's all spraddled out," he commented.

Then he smiled grimly. When the people of El Paso County elected him sheriff, back in the 'eighties, the prediction was that he would have to kill the whole MacNash gang in order to bring the law back to the community.

"Only had to kill one of 'em, by grabs," he said to himself. "Odie. The rest o' the herd come to jail peaceable as lambs."

He looked out and saw the jail a few blocks away. But it was not the old adobe jail into which he had locked five outlaw MacNash brothers. It was a brand-new one built of concrete and steel on top of the new six-story courthouse on the Isleta Road. They called it Texas Street, now. They called the sheriff Jim Fox, too. But Uncle Billy called him Sonny just as he had ever since Uncle Billy had ridden the youngster on the front of his saddle.

Yes, sir, El Paso had changed considerably in the past fifty years.

"Mr. Bellinger will see you, now," the secretary announced.

Uncle Billy went in and stood before the lawyer's desk. He fumbled in his coat pocket and presently drew forth an official-looking document.

"Now, Bub," said Uncle Billy pleasantly, "I come to see you about this here paper."

The lawyer did not look at the paper. "That," he said, "is a formal notice of foreclosure."

"Well," Uncle Billy said hesitantly, "it wasn't so much about the paper itself. What I really come to ask you, mostly, was, is this here foreclosure and all strictly legal?"

"Absolutely." The lawyer was crisp and positive.

UNCLE BILLY looked out of the window for a moment. "I'm right sorry about that," he stated.

The lawyer stared cold-eyed at the old man and said nothing.

"Not, understand," continued Uncle Billy, "but ary one of my four darters wouldn't be glad to take us in. But I been makin' my own livin' so long, I sort of hate to break a new trail, at my age. I'm eighty-four, now."

The lawyer yawned.

"I jest figgered," Uncle Billy chuckled, "if I could strike oil and get rich, I might be able to help Ed out some. He's Abbie's husband, you know. He's back east in Fort Worth, in the cattle business, Ed is, and things ain't goin' so good, I understand. Not that Ed ain't makin' a good livin'. He is. But I jest thought it would be nice—"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said the lawyer. "All I know is, you put up your ranch as security for the expense of promoting an oil boom in the lower valley and the promotion corporation accepted a thirty-thousand valuation on your holdings, when the place was not worth more than half that much."

"Yep," said Uncle Billy, "I mind all of that. And the holding corporation and the operating corporation and one or two other off-brand outfits that you organized used up the capital in legal fees to yourself. In other words, Bub, you jest rooked me out of my ranch."

"Put it any way you like," snapped the lawyer. "That notice is legal and unless you can have my receipt before the expiration of fifteen days, your ranch will be sold. Legally."

"That's bad," said Uncle Billy. "I hoped it 'twant legal, least not all the way through."

He fumbled again through his pockets. This time he drew out a pistol, an old Frontier Model weapon. He began feeding .45 caliber cartridges into it. "Because," he was saying quietly, "I've got to kill you, now."

The lawyer did not move.

"I ain't killed a man since '88," Uncle Billy said casually, "and I'll tell you, it ain't any pleasure to take human life. But you rooked me out of my ranch, all legal, so I've got to kill you."

In one quick moment, the lawyer understood why Sheriff Billy Williams had had to kill only one of the outlaw MacNash gang, back in the 'eighties. The calm, almost gentle voice, the frank steel-gray eyes and the round muzzle of that pistol were enough to sap the courage of any living man.

"I'll give you a receipt for the whole thing," the lawyer said. He was not hysterical, nor even particularly afraid. He had come to a decision.

"I'm right sorry, Bub." Uncle Billy's voice was as quiet as ever except that now there seemed to be a note of genuine sorrow in it. "I reckon it's too late for that kind of a deal, now. If I let you give me a receipt, it would sort of be under duress, like, and it wouldn't hold water when I went to have it recorded to cancel off the mortgage. All you'd have to do is jest telephone Sonny Fox and tell him I was up here threatening you with a gun, which I shorely am. Then the receipt wouldn't be worth shucks, and Sonny would have to put me under peace bond. Nope, Bub, I reckon it's too late for a play like that. And I'm right sorry. But a citizen owes it to the community and to his self-respect to keep the atmosphere pure."

"Cold-blooded, premeditated murder," said the lawyer. "And you'll swing at the end of a rope."

"Guessed wrong," said Uncle Billy. "There's two ca'tridges in this gun. One for you and then one for me."

"THERE is no use killing me," the lawyer said. "I'll give you a receipt and I promise not to protest it."

"Your promise," said Uncle Billy, "ain't worth no more'n a receipt taken at the point of a gun, Bub. Come again."

The lawyer pleaded for five minutes. He tried every trick he had ever used before a jury and in return got only that cold impersonal look from the old man.

Presently, in the midst of his plea, he heard Uncle Billy's voice. "All right," Uncle Billy said. "Give me the receipt. Just write it out in your own hand and no monkey business, or I'll blast the top of your head off."

The lawyer wrote. Uncle Billy took the receipt with his left hand, still holding the gun on the lawyer.

"This paper ain't foolin' me none, Bub," said Uncle Billy. "I know jest as well as I know my name that quick as I get out of this office you'll grab the telephone and tell the sheriff all about it."

The lawyer said nothing.

"But it won't do you a speck of good," continued Uncle Billy, backing toward the door. "For jest as sure as you do, I'm goin' to kill you."

He backed out of the door hurriedly.

Two short blocks brought him to the marble steps of the courthouse. He was not surprised to see Sheriff Jimmy Fox standing on the top step.

"Howdy, Uncle Billy," the sheriff greeted.

"Howdy, Mr. Sheriff," said Uncle Billy.

"Uncle Billy," the sheriff said, "Lawyer Bellinger called up about you, a minute ago."

"I figgered he would," said Uncle Billy.

"He claimed," the sheriff told him, "that you extracted a receipt from him at the point of a hawg-laig. He said you promised to kill him if he protested the cancellation of that mortgage."

"That's right," said Uncle Billy.

"Come in and sit," the sheriff invited. "Miss Nettie is hunting up the book that the mortgage is recorded in. She'll copy the receipt alongside it, and charge you a dollar."

Uncle Billy climbed the steps. "What'd you tell him?" he asked.

The sheriff smiled. "I told him I figgered you'd do it."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

"Inacceptable?" Rudolf Adlon bent forward threateningly. "You fool! I have had more than enough of this nonsense"

The Drums of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM RITTER

The Story Thus Far:

DR. FU MANCHU, the world's most dangerous criminal, goes to England. There, with the support of Si-Fan, a powerful secret society, he brings about the deaths of two noted militarists—General Quinto and Mr. Osaki.

Investigating the murders, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, a brilliant undercover man, learns that Fu Manchu is plotting a series of murders, in the hope (so he insists) of bringing about world peace. Smith makes his plans for protecting those marked for death. Accompanied by two beautiful women—a "Mrs. Milton" and a beautiful creature known as "Ardatha"—Fu Manchu goes to Venice, where two dictators, Rudolf Adlon (next on the list of those to die) and Monaghani, are to hold a secret conference. Smith follows him.

With the great detective is a young friend: Bart Kerrigan. Due to a curious concatenation of adventures, Kerrigan has fallen in love with Ardatha.

Colonel Correnti, chief of police of Venice, and Smith discuss the situation. A few hours later Smith disappears. The police fail to find him. Whereupon, Kerrigan takes up the search. While in a gondola he sees Mrs. Milton (on the balcony of an ancient palace) throw a rose to a man. The man is—Rudolf Adlon!

On Smith's trail, Kerrigan presently finds himself in a subterranean passage (a catacomb under the Palazzo Mori). He hears voices. He hides. To his amazement, he sees Mrs. Milton and Adlon pass, in the darkness. He follows them. After a time, Adlon disappears. Kerrigan overtakes Mrs. Milton. Then, as he covers her with his revolver, a trap door opens and he plunges downward, becomes unconscious. When he finally comes to, he is chained to a heavy chair. Nayland Smith, also chained, is a few feet away!

The two men converse. After a time, a door opens, and a man comes in. Dr. Fu Manchu! He points to some instruments of torture, describes them. He says that Smith will harass him no more. Then he slips out and the two *hear his catlike tread receding in the distance.*

VII

THE silence that followed Dr. Fu Manchu's departure was broken by that awful moaning, as of some lost soul who had died horribly in one of the dungeons. It rose and fell, rose and fell . . . and faded away.

"Kerrigan!" Smith snapped, and I admired the vigor of his manner. "Was the wind rising out there?"

"Yes, in gusts. . . . What do you think he meant about—"

"The wind was from the sea?"

"Yes. *Is she alive?*"

Again that awful moaning arose—and now to it was added a ghostly metallic clanking.

"Whatever is it, Smith?"

"I have been wondering for some time. . . . Yes, she's alive, Kerrigan, but we can't count on her! . . . Now that you tell me a breeze has risen, I know what it is. There's a window or a ventilator outside in the passage. What we hear is wind howling through a narrow opening."

"But that awful clanking!"

"Irritatingly significant. It means that *the doctor has left the key in the lock, with other keys attached to it.* The draft of air—I can feel it blowing on the top of my head now, through these bars—is swinging the attached keys to and fro."

Across the darkened cell he watched me.

"Amongst those keys, Kerrigan, in all probability, are the keys to our manacles!"

I thought for some time. A tumult had arisen in my brain.

"Surely, *he* was never guilty of carelessness? Why should he have left the key?"

"According to my experience"—Smith stared down at his wrist watch—"the yellow-faced horror who attends to my requirements is due in about five minutes. The key was left in the lock for his convenience, no doubt."

He stepped down and stood staring at

me. His eyes were feverishly bright.

"I was wondering," he mused. "Could you toss me another cigarette?"

He lighted it; and apparently unconscious of the length of chain attached to his ankles, began to pace up and down the narrow compass of floor allowed to him, drawing on the cigarette with the vigor of a pipe smoker, so that clouds issued from his lips.

Hope began to dawn in my hitherto hopeless mind.

"Oh, for the brain of a Houdini!" he murmured. "The problem is this, Kerrigan: the keys are hanging less than a foot below this grating behind me, but two feet wide of it. If you will glance at the position of the door, you will see that I am right. It is clearly impossible for me to reach them; by no possible contortion could I get within a foot of the keyhole from which they are hanging. You follow me?"

"Perfectly."

"Very well. What is urgently required—for my jailer will almost certainly take the keys away—is an idea; namely, how to reach those keys and detach them from the lock. There must be a way!"

HE STOOD still—in fact, seemed almost to become rigid. I saw where his gaze was set.

The sinew-tearing pincers, to which Dr. Fu Manchu had drawn our attention, lay not at the spot from which he had taken them up, but beside the pillar. . . .

"Smith!" I whispered, "can you reach them?"

With never a word or glance, he walked forward to the extreme limit of the chain, went down upon his hands and crept forward with a ferretlike movement. Fully extended, his right hand outstretched to the utmost, he was six inches short of his objective!

Even as I heard him utter a sound like a groan:

"Come back, Smith!"

My voice shook ridiculously. He got back onto his feet, turned and looked at me.

Although robbed of my automatic, my clasp knife and anything else resembling a lethal weapon, a small piece of string no more than a foot long, which I had carefully untied from some package recently received, and, a habit, had neatly looped and placed in my pocket, proved still to be there. I held it up triumphantly.

Nayland Smith's expression changed.

"May I inquire what earthly use you can suggest for a piece of string?"

"Tie one end to the handle of that metal pitcher on the ledge beside you, then crawl forward again and toss the pitcher into the open arms of the tongs. You can draw them across the floor."

For a moment Smith's stare was disconcerting, and then:

"Good, Kerrigan," he said quietly. "Toss the string across. . . ."

Many attempts he made were unsuccessful, but at last he lodged the pitcher between the iron arms of the pincers. Breathlessly I watched him as he began to pull. . . .

The pitcher toppled forward: the pincers did not move.

"We are done," he panted; "it isn't going to work!"

And at that moment—as though they had been treading on my heart—I heard footsteps approaching.

THOSE soft footsteps halted outside the door. There followed a provocative rattle of keys, the sound of a lock being turned; then the door opened: light sprang up. . . .

Dr. Fu Manchu's daughter came in.

She was dressed as I remembered her in the room with the lotus floor. Her frock was a sheath, clinging to her lithe figure as perfectly as scales to a fish. She wore no jewelry save the Arab necklace. As she entered the cell and looked about her, I grasped the fact immediately that she was looking, not for me, but for Nayland Smith.

She stood there watching him. There was something yearning in her expression, yet something almost hopeless. I remembered Dr. Fu Manchu's words; I believed that this woman was struggling to revive a buried memory.

"So you are going to join us," she said.

Fu Manchu had used a similar expression. There was some mystery here, which, no doubt, Smith would explain; for the devil doctor had said, also, "Fah lo Suee is dead: I have reincarnated her as Korêani. . . ."

The spoken English of Korêani was less perfect than that of Ardatha, but she had a medium note in her voice, a soft, caressing note, which to my ears sounded menacing as the purr of one of the great cats—a puma or a tigress.

There was no reply.

"I am glad—but please tell me something."

"What do you want me to tell you?" Nayland Smith's tones were coldly indifferent. "Of what interest can my life or death be to you?"

She moved closer to his side, always watching him.

"There is something I must know. Do you remember me?"

"Perfectly."

"Where did we meet?"

Smith and I had stood up with that automatic courtesy that prompts a man when a woman enters a room. And now she was so near to him that easily he could have grasped her.

"It was a long time ago," he replied quietly.

"But how could it be so long ago? If I remember you, how can I have forgotten our meeting?"

"Perhaps you have forgotten your name?"

"That is stupid! My name is Korêani."

"No, no." He smiled, and shook his head. "Your real name I never knew, but the name given to you in childhood, the name by which I did know you, was Fah lo Suee."

SHE drew down her brows in an effort of recollection.

"Fah lo Suee," she murmured. "But that is a silly name. It means a perfume, a sweet scent. It is childish!"

"You were a child when it was given to you."

"Ah!" She smiled—and her smile was so alluring that I knew how this woman must have played upon the emotions of those she had lured into the net of Dr. Fu Manchu. "You have known me a long time? I thought so, but I cannot remember your name."

"My name has always been Nayland Smith. How long it will remain so I don't know."

"What does a name matter when one belongs to the Si-Fan?"

"I don't want to forget, as you have forgotten—Korêani."

He extended his hands; she was standing directly before him. And as I watched, unable to believe what I saw, he unfastened the gold necklace, held it for a moment, and then dropped it into his pocket!

"Why do you do that?" She was very close to him now. "Do you think it will help you to remember?"

"Perhaps. May I keep it?"

"It is nothing—I give it to you." Her voice, every line of her swaying body, was an invitation. "It is the Takbîr, the Moslem prayer. It means there is no god but God."

She turned, flashed a glance to me, and stepped to the open door. There

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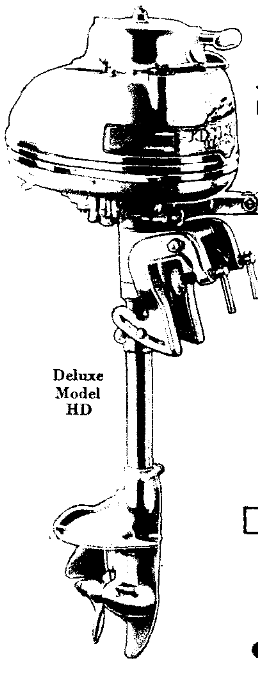

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she paused and glanced back over her shoulder.

"Soon we shall meet again."

She went out, closed the door and extinguished the light. I heard a jingle of keys, then the sound of her footsteps as she went along the passage.

"For God's sake, Smith," I said in a low voice, "what has come over you?"

He raised a warning finger.

AS I watched uncomprehendingly, Nayland Smith held up the gold necklace. It was primitive bazaar work, tiny coins hanging from gold chains, each stamped with an Arab letter. I saw that it was secured by means of a ring and a clumsy gold hook. Quickly but coolly he removed the string from the handle of the pitcher and tied it to the ring.

Now, I grasped the purpose of that strange episode which in its enactment had staggered me. Once more he dropped onto the stone floor and crept forward until he could throw the hook of the necklace into the angle of the pincers. Twice he failed to anchor the hook; the third time he succeeded.

Gently he drew the heavy iron implement toward him—until he could grasp it in his hand.

"Kerrigan, if I never worked fast in my life before I must work fast now!"

His eyes shone feverishly. He rattled out the words in a series of staccato syllables. In a trice he was onto the chair and straining through the iron bars, the heavy instrument designed to tear human tendons held in his right hand.

I clenched my hands, held my breath. Smith now extended his left arm through the bars. Stooping down, he began slowly to withdraw his right. I was afraid to speak, until with more confidence he pulled the iron pincers back into the cell—and I saw that they gripped a bunch of keys!

He stepped down, dropped keys and forceps on the floor, and closing his eyes, sat still for a moment. Then: "The key slipped out quite easily!"

Picking up the bunch, he examined each key closely; presently selected one and tried it on the lock of the band encircling his left ankle.

"Wrong!"

He tried another. I heard a dull grating sound:

"Right!"

His legs were free.

"Quick, Kerrigan!"

In a moment I had the bunch in my hand. Fifteen seconds later, I, too, was free.

"Now the keys! Be quick!"

I handed them back. He stood upon the chair, looked out through the iron grating . . . and threw the keys onto the floor of the passage!

"Smith! Smith!" I whispered.

He jumped down and faced me.

"What?"

"We were free! Why have you thrown the keys back?"

Silently he pointed to the door.

I stared. There was no keyhole!

"Even if we had the key it would be useless to us. There is no means of opening this door from the inside! We must wait. Tuck your feet and the manacles well under your chair. I shall do the same. Soon, the yellow jailer will be here. If he crosses first to you, I will spring on his back. If he comes to me, you attack him."

"He may cry out."

Smith smiled grimly. He picked up the iron forceps.

"Will you have them, or shall I? It's a fifty-fifty chance."

"Keep them, Smith; you will get an opportunity in any event."

And scarcely had we disposed ourselves in a manner to suggest that the leg irons were still in place, when I heard quick footsteps approaching along the passage.

"Good! He's here. Remember the routine, Kerrigan."

THERE was a pause outside the door and I heard muttering. Then came a jangle, as the man stooped to pick up the keys. Their having fallen from the lock clearly had made him suspicious. When presently he opened the door and stepped in, he glanced from side to side, doubt written upon one of the most villainous faces I had ever beheld.

He wore a shirt with open collar, gray flannel trousers, and corded sandals of a sort that is rarely seen in Europe. By reason of his build, his glossy black hair, and the cast of his features, I knew him for one of Dr. Fu Manchu's Thugs. Indeed, as I looked, I saw the brand of Kali on his forehead.

His doubts were not easily allayed, for he stood staring about him for some time, his poise giving me the impression of a boxer on tiptoes. He had replaced the key in the door with the pendant bunch and now, going out again, he returned with a tray upon which was something under a cover, a bowl of fruit and a pitcher. For yet another long moment before he crossed toward Nayland Smith, he hesitated and glanced aside at me.

Then, walking over to the alcove, he was about to set the tray upon the ledge when I sprang.

I caught him at a disadvantage, collared his legs and threw him forward, headfirst. The tray and its contents crashed to the floor. But even as he fell I recognized the type of character with whom I had to deal.

He twisted sideways, took the fall on his left shoulder and, lashing out with his feet, kicked my legs from under me! It was a marvelous trick, perfectly executed. I fell half on top of him—but reached for a hold as I did so.

It was unnecessary. . . .

As the Thug forced his trunk upward on powerful arms, Smith brought the forceps down upon the glossy skull!

"WE ARE safe for an hour," snapped Smith. "Come on!"

As we stepped out into the passage, again we heard that ghastly moaning. We hurried along. A flight of stone steps confronted us. We mounted them, I close behind Smith. I saw ahead a continuation of the passage that we had just left, but one wall was wood-paneled. Creeping to the end, we found similar corridors opening right and left.

Speaking very close to my ear:

"Let's try right," Smith whispered.

We stole softly along, and came to a second door, which proved to be unlocked. Very cautiously Nayland Smith pushed it open.

We were in a maze . . . beyond stretched yet another passage! But peering ahead I observed a difference.

The floor was thickly carpeted with felt. Points of light shone upon the ancient stonework of one wall, apparently coming from apertures in the panels that formed the other. Only by a grasp of his hand did Smith enjoin special caution as we pushed forward to a point where two of these openings appeared close together.

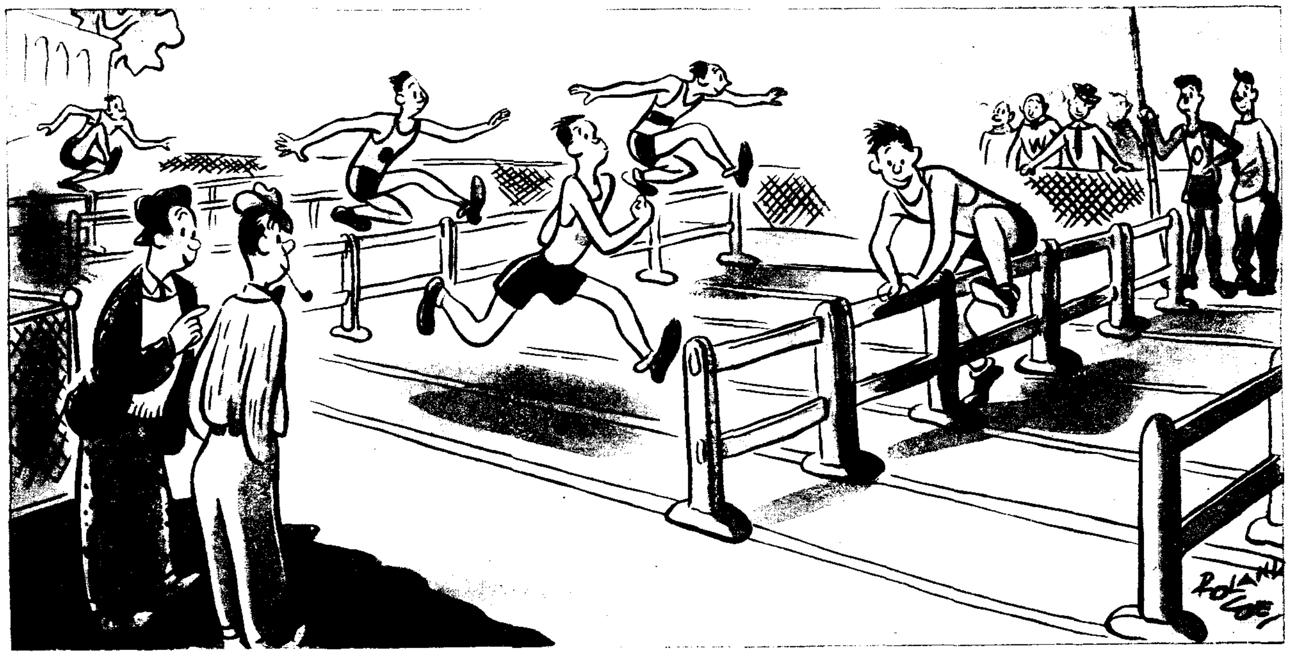
We looked through.

I recognized a remarkable fact. That rough and ancient woodwork, which extended along the whole of the right-hand wall, was no more than a framework or stretcher upon which tapestry was supported.

We were in a passage behind the arras of a large apartment.

Something seemed to obscure my vision. Presently I realized what it was: At certain points the tapestry had been cut away and replaced by gauze, painted on the outside, so that to those in the room the opening would be invisible.

I saw a chamber furnished with all the splendor of old Venice; but it was de-



"He depends on his speed between the hurdles!"

ROLAND COE

"THANKS A MILLION" SAID THE MILLIONAIRE
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

There sat Jones —my husband's richest customer—bored stiff. "Have some Beeman's?" said I, after the coffee — and the miracle happened! "My favorite flavor!" said Jones, suddenly very cheerful.

"No meal's complete without Beeman's!" he declared. "That refreshing tang adds the touch of perfection! It's tonic to your taste! Delicious is the word! Thanks a million, dear hostess—for a perfect dinner—and a perfect after-dinner treat!"

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

caying splendor. The carved chairs, richly upholstered in royal purple, were damaged and faded; a mosaic-topped table was cracked; the patterned floor was filmed with ancient dust. Tapestry (through one section of which I peered) covered all the walls; upon it were depicted scenes from the maritime history of the Queen of the Adriatic. But it was moldy with age.

Four magnificent wrought-iron candelabra, each supporting six red candles, gave light; and a fine Persian carpet was spread before a sort of dais upon which was set a carved ebony chair resembling a throne. Dr. Fu Manchu, yellow-robed, the mandarin's cap upon his head, sat there—his long ivory hands gripping the arms of the chair, his face immobile, his eyes like polished jade.

Standing before him, one foot resting on the dais, was a defiant figure—a man wearing evening dress, a man whose straight black hair and black mustache, his pose, must have revealed his identity to almost anyone in the civilized world.

It was Rudolf Adlon!

THERE had been silence as we had crept along the felt-padded floor behind the tapestry; a false step would have betrayed us. This silence remained unbroken.

Then Adlon spoke. He spoke in German; but although my Italian is negligible, I have a fair knowledge of German. Therefore, I could follow the conversation.

"I have been tricked, trapped, drugged!" The suppressed violence in the orator's voice startled me. "I find myself here—I realize now that I am not dreaming—and I have listened (patiently, I think) to perhaps the most preposterous statements that any man has ever made. I have one thing to say, and one only: Instantly"—he beat a clenched fist into his palm—"I demand to be set free! Instantly! And I warn you—I will not temporize—that for this outrage you shall suffer!"

Dr. Fu Manchu did not move. He might have been, not a man, but a graven image. Then he spoke, in German. I had not heard that language spoken so perfectly otherwise than by a native of Germany.

"Excellency is naturally annoyed. I have sought a personal interview for one reason only. I could have removed you from office, and from life, without so much formality. I wished to see you, to talk to you: I believed that as you are used to giving but not to receiving orders, the instructions of the Council of Seven of the Si-Fan might have seemed to be inacceptable."

"Inacceptable?" Rudolf Adlon bent forward threateningly. "Inacceptable! You fool! The Si-Fan! I have had more than enough of this nonsense! My time is too valuable to be wasted upon Chinese conjurers. Let this farce end or I shall be reduced to the extremity of a personal attack."

Fists clenched, nostrils dilated, he seemed about to spring upon that impassive figure enthroned in the ebony chair.

But Dr. Fu Manchu never stirred.

"Dictators"—the guttural voice compassed that Germanic word perfectly—"hitherto have served their appointed purpose. Their schemes of expansion I have been called upon to check. The Si-Fan has intervened in Abyssinia. We are now turning our attention to Morocco and Syria. China, my China, can take care of herself. She will always absorb the fools who intrude upon her surface as the pitcher plant absorbs flies. To some small extent I have forwarded this process."

And Rudolf Adlon remained silent.

"I opened the floodgates of the Yellow River—" that note of exultation, of fanaticism, came now into the strange voice. "I called upon those elemental spirits in whom you do not believe to aid me. The children of China do not desire war. The people of *your* country do not desire war—"

And Adlon still remained silent, enthralled against his will. . . .

"My agents inform me that a great majority desires peace. There are no more than twelve men living today who can cause war. You are one of them. Your ideals cross mine. You would dispense with Christ, with Mohammed, with Buddha, with Moses. But no one of these ancient trees shall be destroyed. They have a purpose: they are of use—to me. You have been ordered by the Council of Seven not to meet Pietro Monaghani—yet you are here!"

It was a spiritual battle the dictator was fighting—a battle which I had fought and lost, against the power in those wonderful, evil eyes. . . .

"I forbid this meeting. I speak for the Council of which I am the president. A European conflict would be inimical to my plans. If any radical change takes place in the world's map, my own draftsmen will make it."

Adlon had won that inner conflict. In one bound he was upon the dais, looking down, quiveringly, upon the seated figure.

"I give you the time in which I can count ten! We are man to man. You are mad and I am sane. But I warn you—I am the stronger."

I was so tensed up, so fired to action, that I suppose some movement on my part warned Nayland Smith, for he set a sudden grip upon my wrist that made me wince: it brought me to my senses. I think I had contemplated tearing a way through the tapestry to take my place beside Rudolf Adlon.

"From several loopholes" Dr. Fu Manchu continued, his voice now soft and sibilant, "you are covered by my servants. You have received the final notice of the council; you have one hour in which to choose. Leave Venice tonight within that hour and I guarantee your safety. Refuse, and the world will know you no more. . . ."

NAYLAND SMITH was urging me back in the direction we had come. Having passed the door, which we softly opened and closed:

"Why this way?" I whispered.

"You heard Fu Manchu's words: he was covered by his servants from several loopholes."

We groped back along those dimly lighted passages until we came to the point at which of two ways we had selected that to the right. We now tried the left. And dimly, in the darkness, for there was no light here, I saw a flight of wooden steps. Smith leading, we mounted to the top. Another door was there on the landing and it was ajar; light shone through the opening.

"I suspect this is the way my jailer came," whispered Smith.

Beyond, as we gently pushed the door open, was a narrow lobby. Complete silence reigned. . . . But, at the very moment of our entrance this silence was interrupted:

Unmistakable sounds of approaching footsteps came from beyond a curtained opening. The footsteps ceased. There came a faint shuffling, and then—unmistakably again—the sound of someone retreating.

"Run for it!" snapped Smith, "or we are trapped!"

Dashing blindly across, I pulled up sharply on the threshold of a room. It was, I think, a horribly familiar perfume that checked me—that of hawthorn blossom! I clutched at Nayland Smith, staring, staring at what I saw. . . .

It was the room with the lotus floor! We had entered it from the other side: and at that door through which I had

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stepped into oblivion, Ardatha stood, her eyes widely open, her face pale!

"Mercy of God!" she said; "but how did you get here? Don't move. Stay where you are."

No word came from Nayland Smith. For a moment I could hear his hard breathing, then:

"Go around it, Kerrigan," he said. "Stick to the black border. Don't be afraid, Ardatha—you had nothing to do with this."

As I reached the other side of the room and stood beside her:

"Ardatha!" I threw my arm about her shoulders. "Come with me! I can't bear it!"

"No!" She freed herself; her face remained very pale. "Not yet!"

"Go ahead, Kerrigan." Smith was making his way around the room. "Leave Ardatha to me; she's in safe hands."

With one last look into the amethyst eyes, I hurried on—but at the top of the steps that led to the wine cellar, paused, stepped back and:

"It's unnecessary to go the whole way," I said; "the door of the Palazzo Mori is not locked. For God's sake, don't linger, Smith."

He was standing looking down at her; she made no attempt to retreat. . . .

My flashlight had gone the way of my automatic, but a box of matches, for some obscure reason had been left in my pocket. With the aid of these I groped my way through to that noisome passage that led to the old palace. My plan was to learn if the exit by way of the water gate still would be practicable. . . .

THE door remained unfastened, as the police had left it. Outside, the wind howled through a dark night. The surface of the Grand Canal was like a miniature ocean. I could see no sign of any craft.

I confess that that second tunnel which led under the canal presented terrors from which I shrank.

Propping the great door open so that some dim light penetrated to the tomblike hall, I began to retrace my steps. Approaching me, I saw Nayland Smith, a ghostly figure, groping his way by the aid of a tiny torch—none other than his lighter!

He was alone. . . .

As we stood together on the steps, buffeted by that keen breeze, and still at the mercy of the enemy should we be attacked from the rear:

"Smith," I said, for the thought was uppermost in my mind, "what became of her?"

"She had a second set of keys—God knows where she had found them—and was on her way to release us. . . . I hadn't the heart to arrest her."

We stood there in the stormy night for three, four, five minutes, but no sort of craft was abroad.

"Nothing else for it," snapped Smith; "we must go through the tunnel. To delay longer would be madness."

"But the door at this end may be locked!"

"It is—but I have the key."

"You got it from Ardatha?"

"Yes."

"What of the padlock at the other end?"

"That is unfastened."

"Which means—someone is expected to go out tonight?"

"Exactly. I leave the identity of that someone to your imagination."

We groped across the clammy, echoing hall. With the key Ardatha had given him, Smith opened the door to that last gruesome tunnel. He locked it behind him.

"That was stipulated," he explained dryly. "It also protects us from the rear."

We hurried as fast as we could through the fetid passage and up the steps at the end. The trap was open.

As we came out into that black and narrow lane which led to freedom:

"Rudolf Adlon," I said, "had an hour—"

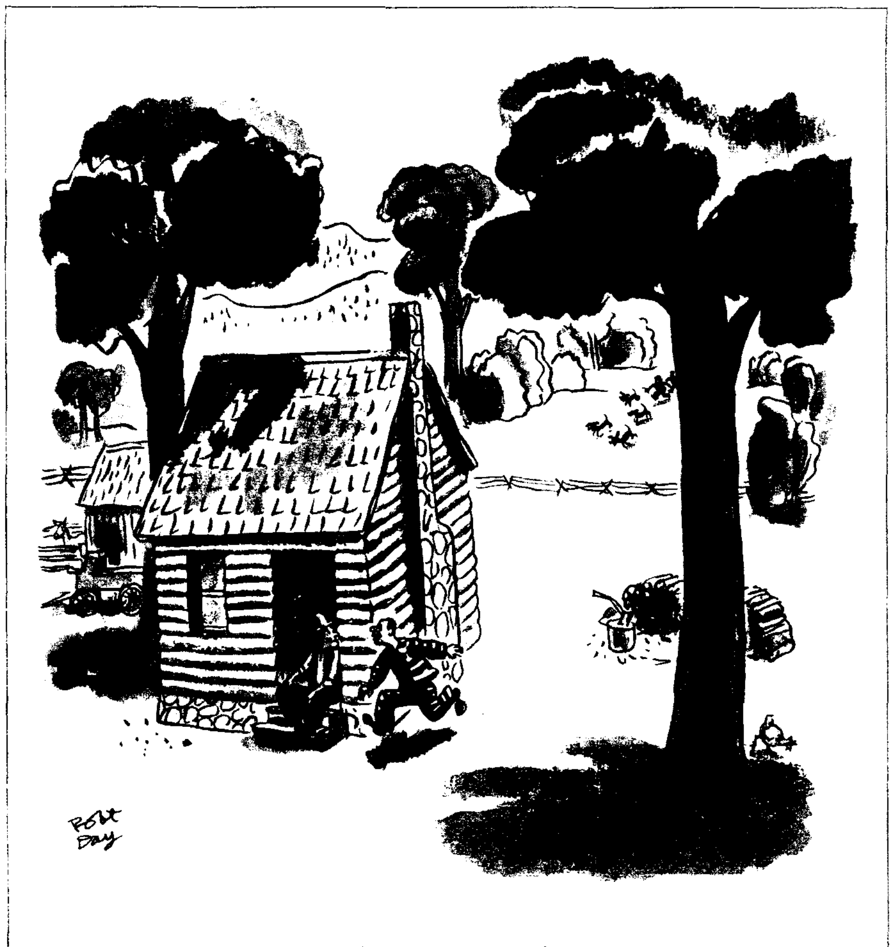
"We have less . . . if we are to save him."

COLONEL CORRENTI sprang up like a man who sees a ghost. Even the diplomatic poise of Sir George Herbert had deserted him. These were the small hours of the morning, but police headquarters hummed with the feverish activity of a hive disturbed.

"The good God be praised!" Correnti cried, and the points of his gray mustache seemed to quiver. "It is Sir Denis Nayland Smith and Mr. Kerrigan!"

"Glad to see you, Smith," said Sir George dryly.

"Quick!" Smith looked from face to face. "Give me the latest news of Adlon."



"Hello, Pop! I can only stay for a minute"

ROBERT DAY

The chief of police dropped back into his chair and extended his palms eloquently.

"Tragedy!"

"What? Tell me quickly!"

"He disappeared from the suite allotted to him at the palace—it has a private exit—sometime during the night. No one can say when. It was certainly a love tryst—for Mr. Kerrigan saw the appointment made. But—he has not returned!"

"He will never return," said Nayland Smith grimly, "if we waste a moment. I want a party—at least twenty men."

"You know where he is?" Sir George Herbert was the speaker.

The chief of police sprang up, his eyes mad with excitement.

"I know where he *was!*"

"But where? Tell me!"

"In a room in the Palazzo Brioni—"

"But the Palazzo Brioni belongs to Mr. Brownlow Wilton, the American!"

"No matter. Rudolf Adlon was there less than half an hour ago."

As the necessary men were assembled, Smith began to issue rapid orders. One party under a carabinieri captain hurried off to the old stone boathouse. A second party proceeded to the water gate of the Palazzo Mori; a third covered both palaces from the land side. Ourselves, with the main party and the chief of police, set out for the Palazzo Brioni.

It was not clear to me how Smith had determined that this was the scene of our recent horrible adventure, but:

"I counted my paces as I went—and returned—along the passage," he explained. "There is no shadow of doubt. The room in which we saw Dr. Fu Manchu and Rudolf Adlon is in the Palazzo Brioni. . . ."

Against that keen breeze that shrieked eerily along the Grand Canal, the black police launch headed for the palace. As we slowed up against the water steps no light showed anywhere; the great door was closed. Persistent ringing and knocking, however, presently resulted in a light springing up in the hallway.

When at last, preceded by the shooting of several bolts, the door opened, I saw a half-clad and very frightened manservant staring out.

"I represent the police," said Nayland Smith rapidly. "I must speak immediately to Mr. James Brownlow Wilton. Be good enough to inform him."

WE ALL crowded into the hallway, a beautiful old place in which I had glimpses of fine pictures, statuary, and furniture, every item of which I recognized to be a museum piece. The man, pulling his dressing gown about him, stared pathetically from face to face.

"But, please, I don't understand," he said; he was Italian, but spoke fair English. "What is this? What has happened?"

In that dimly lighted hall, as we stood about him, wind howling at the open door, I could well believe that his bewilderment was not assumed.

"First, who are you?" Smith demanded.

"I am the butler, here, sir; my name is Paulo."

"Mr. Wilton is your employer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he?"

"He left tonight, sir."

"What! Left for where?"

"For his yacht Silver Heels in the lagoon."

"But what of his guests?"

"They have all gone, too."

"You mean that the house is empty?"

"Except for myself and the staff, sir, yes."

One of the party said urgently to the chief of police:

"Silver Heels has sailed."

"Silver Heels must be overtaken!" snapped Smith. "Send someone to make the necessary arrangements. I leave it up to you. But I must be one of the party."

A man, following rapid instructions from Colonel Correnti, went doubling off.

Turning again to the frightened butler:

"How long have you worked here?"

"Only for two weeks, sir. I was engaged by Mr. Wilton's secretary. But I have worked here before for others who have leased the palace."

"Lead the way to the tapestry room lighted by four iron candelabra."

The man stared in almost a horrified manner.

"That room, sir, is part of what is called the old palace. It has long been locked up. I have no key."

"Nor to the room with the lotus floor?"

Nayland Smith was watching him keenly, his unshaven face very grim.

"The room with the lotus floor!" Paulo's expression grew even more wild. "I have heard of it, sir, but it is also part of the old palace. The doors have not been unlocked for twenty years."

"Then one must be broken down. Do you know where they are?"

"I know of two."

"Go ahead."

As Paulo turned to obey, I heard a sound of distant voices.

"What is that?" snapped Smith.

"Some of the other servants, sir, who have been aroused."

Smith glanced at Colonel Correnti.

"Have this looked into, Colonel," he said. "You, Paulo, lead on."

OUR party was broken up again; Smith, myself, the chief of police, Detective Stocco and two carabinieri following the butler. He led us to a doorway set in an arched recess. A magnificent cabinet—a rare piece of violet lacquer—stood in front of the arch.

"Behind here, sir, is one of the doors, but I have no key to open it."

"Get this thing out of the way."

In a few minutes the men had set the cabinet aside. Smith stepped forward and examined an ancient iron lock. He was soon satisfied. He turned and shook his head.

"This is not the door in use. You say you know of another?"

"Yes, sir, if you will come this way."

Aside to me:

"The fellow is honest," Smith muttered. "This is a very deep plot." He glanced at his wrist watch as we crossed a deserted dining room. "Our chance of saving Adlon grows less and less, but there is someone else in danger."

"Who is that?"

"James Brownlow Wilton! He is notorious throughout the United States for his Nazi sympathies. The full extent of this scheme is only just beginning to dawn upon me, Kerrigan."

In a room overluxuriously furnished as a study, Paulo opened a satinwood door inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl to reveal an empty cupboard.

"At the back of this cupboard, sir," he said, "you see there are very ancient panels. I have always understood it is an entrance to the old palace. . . ."

"This door has been used recently. . . . It has a new lock!"

Smith's eyes glittered feverishly.

"I don't think so, sir. Mr. Wilton used the room, and I am sure he did not know of the door. I have always avoided mentioning to tenants who came anything about those locked rooms!"

"Carbines!" Smith cried on a high note of excitement. "Those two men forward. Blow the lock out. The fate of a nation hangs on it!"

The sound of muffled shots reverberated insanely in that lavishly furnished study. I heard cries—racing footsteps. The other police party dashed to join us. . . . The lock was shattered, the door flung open.

"Follow me, Kerrigan!"

Nayland Smith, shining a ray of light ahead, stepped into the dark cavity. I went next, Colonel Correnti close at my heels.

"You see, Kerrigan! You see!"

DESCENDING four stone steps, we found ourselves in one of those narrow passages that surrounded the rooms of the old palace. I took a rapid bearing.

"This way, Smith, I think!"

"You're right!" he cried. "Ah, what's this?"

A door was thrown open, we crowded in . . . and flashlights flooded the tapestry room in which I had seen Rudolf Adlon confronting Dr. Fu Manchu!

The red candles in the candelabra were extinguished, and in the light of our lamps I saw that the tapestry was so decayed as to be, in places, dropping from the walls. The ebony chair on the dais was there, but save for the extinguished candles, one of which Smith examined, there was nothing to show that this sinister apartment had been occupied for a generation. . . .

During the next hour, we explored some of the strangest rooms I had ever entered: we even penetrated to the cellar below the lotus floor. The place still reeked of hawthorn; but that unknown gas was no longer present in anesthetic quantity. A net was hung below the trap. . . .

We had a glimpse in those evil catacombs of the Venice in which men had disappeared never to be heard of again.

But not a soul did we find anywhere! Yet again, like an evil cloud out of which lightning strikes destruction, Dr. Fu Manchu had gone with the breeze, to leave no trace behind!

And Ardatha?

"Are you ready, Kerrigan?"

Nayland Smith burst into my room at the hotel. A bath and a badly needed shave had renewed the man. He lived on his nerves: to me he was a constant source of amazement.

"Yes, Smith, I'm ready. Is there any more news?"

He dropped down on the side of my bed and began to fill his pipe. Wind howled through the shutters, and this was the darkest hour of the night.

"Silver Heels has answered the radio and is waiting for us."

"What do you think it all means, Smith? To me it still seems like a dream that you and I were confined there, in that vile place. Granting Paulo's statement to be true, that Brownlow Wilton and his guests had left before my arrival, it's still incredible. That scene between Fu Manchu and Rudolf Adlon. . . . Now, at this moment I cannot believe it ever happened!"

"Think," snapped Smith. "The Palazzo Brioni was leased on behalf of Brownlow Wilton by his secretary, and a staff assembled. Neither the secretary, one assumes, nor Brownlow Wilton, had the remotest idea of the history of the place. It contained a series of rooms belonging to what is known apparently as the old palace which, for good reasons, were shut off—never entered."

"So far, I agree."

His pipe satisfactorily filled. Nayland Smith struck a match. Whilst he lighted the tobacco, he continued:

"Only one member of the household, Paulo, the butler who has served there before, knows anything about those hidden rooms. Very well. A genius of evil, who *does* know about them, seizes this opportunity. Wilton, who has upheld to his peril the Nazi banner in the United States, is in a position to entertain Rudolf Adlon. Fu Manchu knows that Rudolf Adlon is coming incognito to Venice. An invitation to a luncheon party on the millionaire's yacht is arranged. There are servants of Fu Manchu on board."

He paused, pushed down the smoldering tobacco with his thumb and lighted a second match.

"At that party, Rudolf Adlon meets the woman known as Korêani. He is attracted. She makes it her business to see that he *shall* be attracted; and of this art, Kerrigan, she is a past mistress. She promises him an appointment, but stresses the danger and difficulty—in order to prepare Adlon for the journey through those filthy passages. . . . No doubt she posed as an unhappily married woman."

"It's logical enough."

"Adlon, now enslaved, slips away from the Palazzo da Rosa and goes to the spot at which she has promised to confirm their meeting. In the interval she has consulted Dr. Fu Manchu and the nature of Adlon's reception has been arranged. Luckily, you saw the message delivered. Adlon keeps the appointment. . . . We know what happened."

His pipe now well alight, he began to walk across and across the floor.

"But, Smith," I said, watching him fascinatedly, for his succinct summing up of the facts revealed again the clarity of his mind, "you mean that Brownlow Wilton has been ignorant of this from first to last?"

He paused for a moment, surrounding himself with clouds of smoke, and then:

"Hard to believe, I agree," he snapped, "but at the moment there is no other solution. Wilton, as you probably know, is an eccentric and a chronic invalid—in fact a dying man. Although he entertains lavishly, he often secludes himself from his guests. We have found out that his decision to leave for Villefranche was made suddenly; but the party was a small one: two, I think, we have identified?"

I nodded.

THERE was little doubt that Ardatha had been one of Brownlow Wilton's guests, according to the account of a police officer who had been on board. His description of the only other female member of the party made it clear that this was Korêani. Paulo's account of the women tallied.

"It has been most cunningly arranged," Smith went on, speaking rapidly and resuming his restless promenade. "No doubt Brownlow Wilton met them under circumstances that prompted the invitation. After all, they are both charming women!"

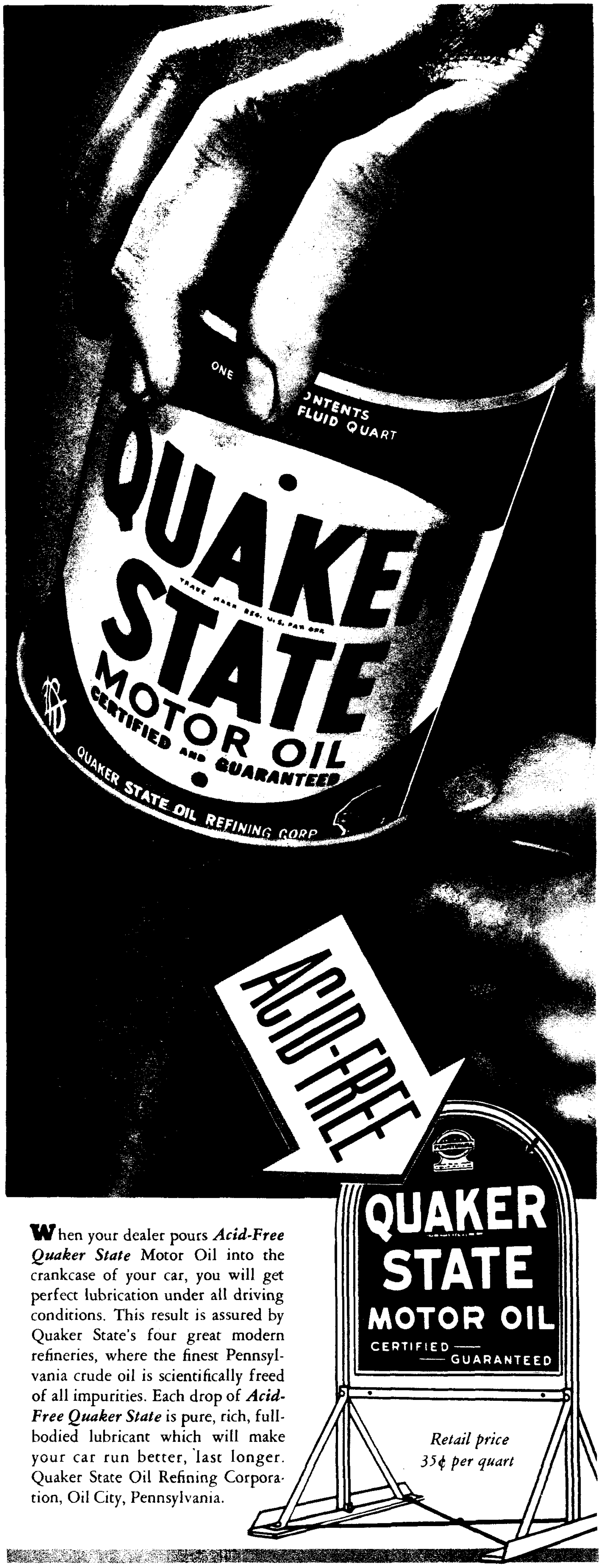
"You think they flew from Paris, and joined the yacht party?"

"Undoubtedly. They were under Si-Fan orders, but Brownlow Wilton did not know it. Where he met them no doubt we shall learn. But the facts are obvious, I think."

"They cannot possibly have sailed in Silver Heels?"

"No—evidently Dr. Fu Manchu had other plans for them, and for himself. But I know, in my very bones I know, that Wilton is in danger. He may even be running away from that danger, now. . . ."

(To be continued next week)



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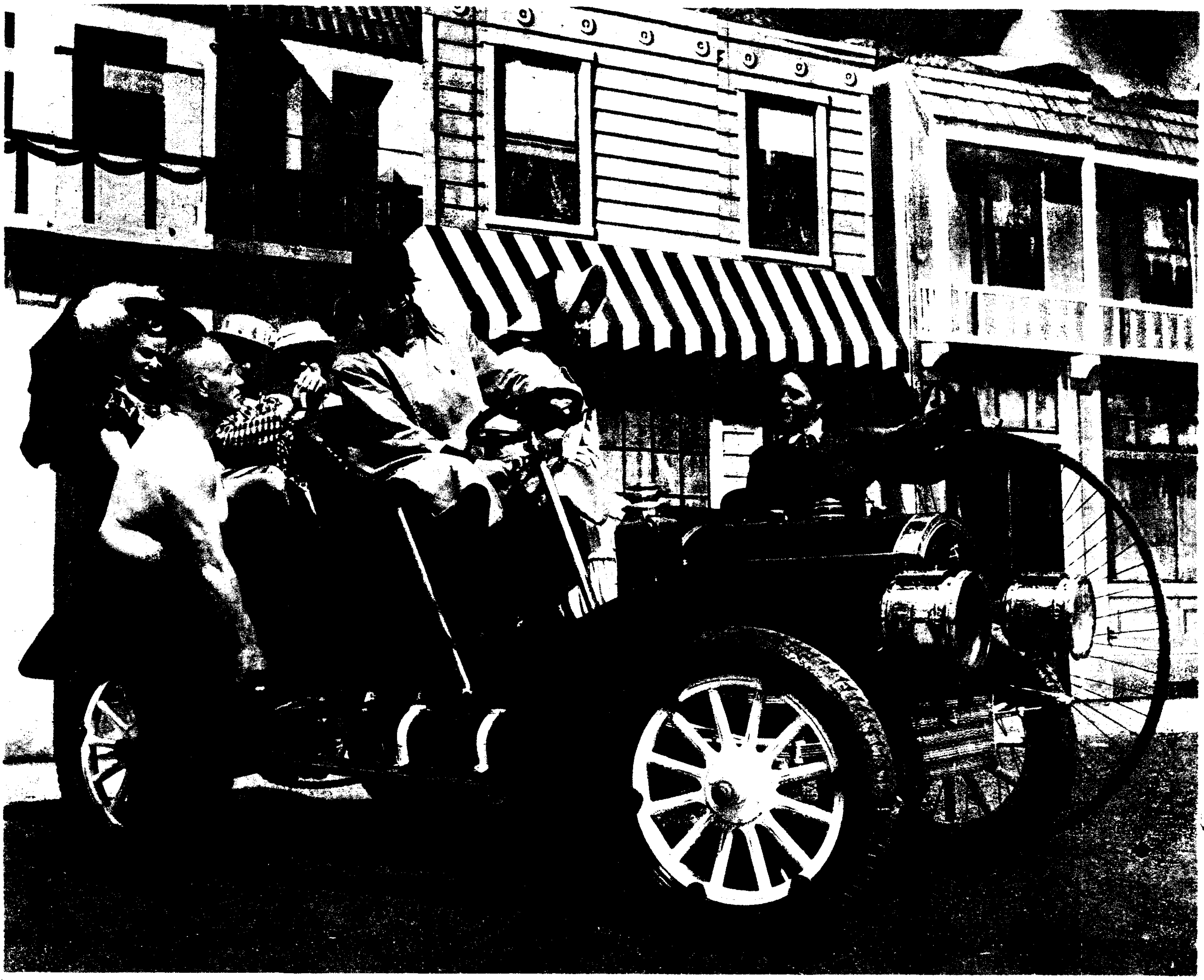

At sixty-five, Old Tom Sharkey does a strong-man act at the San Francisco World's Fair. And he can still throw a mean punch, too

GEORGE GRAU

Only Punks Get Punch-Drunk

By Kyle Crichton

"You never saw any of the old-timers punch-drunk or in the funny house. That's because they were trained right," says Old Tom Sharkey. Here he stacks the famed old fighters of his day up against the near-great of today

OUT in San Francisco they speak of Old Tom Sharkey as if there might conceivably have been another Tom Sharkey, which is the most utter nonsense ever imagined. Whatever Tom was in the old days only the old-timers know, but right at this very moment there are people who will wager that if they cut the size of the ring down to 3 x 3 and forbade clinching, Old Tom could knock the ears off most of the modern heavyweights. At the age of sixty-five he has legs and arms resembling the stanchions of the Golden Gate Bridge and a chest with the general contour of a tub of pickles. Lately he has been doing a strong-man act at the San Francisco Fair and all anybody has to do who doubts the ability of the old-time pugs is to say Old Thomas a sassy word and forget to run. An ordinary man could be killed by the sort of punch he is capable of throwing even at his advanced age. But Old Tom has passed the age of active fighting and now goes in for active thinking about prize fighting, prize fighters, stumble bums and assorted interrelated subjects. What he thinks about the modern game is simple, to wit: Joe Louis is great and the rest of them should be shoveled out with the old grapefruit rinds and the defeated lettuce. As a matter of fact, Jim Jeffries thinks Tom himself is the one old-timer who would have been certain to lick Louis. Old Tom backs Kid McCoy.

"Could tear your head off with either hand, that McCoy," says Tom, "and so cagey Louis could never have got a good shot at him."

But what was bothering Mr. Sharkey when we saw him recently was an article in the morning paper. "Just look at this," he was saying indignantly. "Jimmy Adamick in the hospital and probably crippled for life. Emilie Martinez in an asylum. That means they weren't trained right, those boys. You never saw any of the old-timers punch-drunk or in the funny house. Jim Corbett never had a mark on him and was as smart the day he died as when he started fighting. Jeffries is still as strong as a bull. Joe Choynski is a physical instructor in Pittsburgh, as smart as they come. I'm the worst-looking one of the bunch because I got this tin ear. It made me mad all my life. I got careless against Fitzsimmons and he hit me one punch and the ear swelled up big as a derby hat. Well, I fought a lot of fights after that and nobody ever hit me on that ear again. You don't have to get beaten up if you know anything about fighting."

Old Tom thinks the modern fighters know nothing whatever about training. Not only do they drink and smoke and hang out at night clubs, he says, but they train only when they're getting ready for a fight.

"I used to keep up a regular routine every day in the year," he says. "Up

Why a Reserve?

THE squirrel takes no chances. He knows there will come a day when the trees will be bare . . . and food scarce. So, wisely, he lays away an adequate reserve supply for the lean days ahead.

This same precaution is followed by capital stock* fire insurance companies in building up sufficient financial reserves for security to their policyholders in times of disaster. For, while it may be possible to predict approximately how many "ordinary" fires will occur each year and provide for them, no one knows when a conflagration or other major catastrophe will cause staggering losses.

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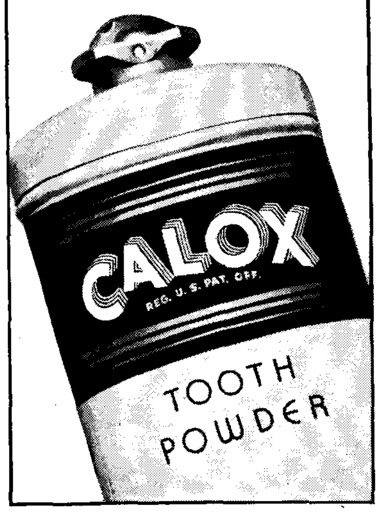


at six in the morning, take an egg in a bit of sherry and then run with the dogs for a mile or two. After that, breakfast—two chops, two eggs, rye toast and tea. Then rest for an hour, get on heavy sweaters and do six to ten miles of road work. For the first three miles I'd walk fast; then I'd do a little game with the telephone posts. Sprint as hard as I could from one post to the next post, then walk three, then sprint again. When I came back from that I'd take a swim, winter or summer, around the Seal Rocks. I was the first to make the swim and it was a great feat; a lot of people do it now. After lunch I'd rest again and then do six three-minute rounds of punching the bag and skipping rope (1,000 skips each time without stopping). Then I'd spar three rounds. Dinner would be at six, and at 7:30 I'd go out and walk two more miles and be in bed and asleep at nine."

The trouble with most modern fighters is that they don't keep in shape between fights and work too hard to get in condition when they start training, says Sharkey.

"Too much sparring," says Tom. "They leave their fight in the gym."

Sharkey's Greatest Fight

In his good days Old Tom had only one sparring partner—Bob Armstrong, the big Negro. He was probably fortunate in that, for Armstrong is still remembered as the best fighter in a gymnasium the world has ever known. In a ring he went to pieces but in training camp he not only could bump around the big shots with abandon but (and this was most important for Sharkey) he could copy the style of any living fighter. Tom was 5:10 and weighed around 175; Armstrong was 6:4 and weighed over 200 and was fast as lightning. Three rounds a day with him acting in the style of the opponent Sharkey was going to meet was enough for Old Tom.

The system seemed to work well, for Sharkey met the greatest heavyweights this country has ever known. He fought Jeffries twice; beat Corbett twice; lost on a foul and a decision to Bob Fitzsimmons; licked Kid McCoy twice; knocked out Gus Ruhlin in 27 seconds, the fastest on record; defeated Joe Choynski four times; fought Peter Maher twice; beat Joe Goddard, the famous Australian, three times; and took on dozens of other worthies of that great era.

"Never had a black eye or a busted hand," says Old Tom, "and never wore a bandage on the hands. The fighters now bandage their hands so tightly the bones are bound to get busted when they hit a solid punch."

Old Tom thinks Jack Dempsey was the best of the moderns. He saw the Dempsey-Willard fight at Toledo and got an eyeful of present-day training methods. Willard always hated road work but he was prevailed upon to do a bit of it during his training.

"When he went into the ring," says Tom, "his feet were so sore he could hardly walk. Technically speaking, Dempsey really lost that fight. He got so excited that he climbed out of the ring before the referee had stopped counting. If it had lasted another round, Dempsey would probably have fallen on his face from fatigue. He wore himself plumb out hitting Jess."

In Old Tom's opinion the fight game is never going to be as scientific again as it was in the past. The old trainers are dying off and the news ones, according to him, have lost the knack of teaching scientific boxing. The best of the moderns would have had their heads jarred off their shoulders by the thousand punches of a man like Jim Corbett, who fought many battles without his opponent laying a glove on him.

"I'd have been as bad as the others with him," says Sharkey, "but I studied him and found out something. I discovered that he had a habit of making two feints with his left and then hitting. He always made those two feints. When he made the second feint, I beat him to it, plastering him good. He never did get on to what was wrong until I told him about it later."

But the great fight of that time was the battle between Jeffries and Sharkey at Coney Island in 1899. The New York papers all gave it to Sharkey but the decision went to Jeffries in 25 rounds. In the first fight with Sharkey, Jeffries had used the old stand-up-straight stance and Tom had slammed him plenty. For the second fight, Jeff had changed. He now stood with his left hand held far out (the pose he is now remembered by) and it was almost impossible to reach him. Jeffries was 6:2, weighed 230 pounds and, according to Old Tom, was "fast as a lightweight." Fighting from that stance, Jeff almost destroyed Tom when the fight began. Whenever Sharkey led with a left, Jeffries would clout him over the heart with a right.

It was probably the most brutal fight in history. In the nineteenth round, Sharkey hit Jeff so hard with his left that he twisted his arm out of the socket and fought with one hand for the last six rounds. Jeff's terrific blows over the heart broke three of Sharkey's ribs, one of the busted springs popping out through the flesh before it was over. Tom's onslaught on Jeffries was so devastating that Jeff wanted to quit in the 23d, being saved by his trainer, Tommy Ryan, who talked him into continuing and thoughtfully loosened his glove between rounds, so that when the 24th started the glove came off, the referee called time out to fix it and Jeff had a chance to recover.

The First Time Off His Feet

"I don't like to be one of those old guys talking about the good old days," says Tom, "but I can't close my eyes to things, either. There are a lot of good boys coming up all the time but they never learn enough. I'm talking particularly of the heavyweights but it's the same in all classes. You don't have to be big to be a slugger. Joe Walcott licked heavyweights when he only weighed 135 pounds himself. He could kill them with a punch because he had learned *how* to punch. When I see these big hunks bulling around, I have to laugh. Joe Choynski never weighed over 165 pounds and he fought everybody. Kid McCoy was around that same weight and Fitzsimmons started at 158 and eventually got up to 165-170. I weighed in at 178 for the second Jeffries fight and after scrapping under those hot lights (that was the first time they ever made it soft for the cameraman), I was down to 162. But those men were scientific hitters. They worked for an opening and then it was all over. The blow would go only a few inches and the other man would be down for good."

Old Tom still remembers the first time he was off his feet. He had been going along knocking all his opponents kicking until he met Fitzsimmons and Fitz hit him that sock in the ear that ruined his looks.

"It demoralized me for a few minutes," says Tom. "I didn't think there was any man alive who could knock me off my feet and Fitz hit me so hard he not only knocked me off my feet but knocked me about ten feet in the bargain. He was a tall, skinny man, with pipestem legs and big shoulders, but he had a kick like a mule in those long arms. I'd be afraid to see him in a ring with this present crop; he'd kill them with punches like that."

But if Old Tom thinks Joe Louis is a great fighter and belongs with the immortals of the ring, he still feels that there were many of the past-greats who would have taken him.

"I saw him in the Braddock fight and if Jim, a washed-up fighter, could get him on the floor, a man like McCoy would have massacred him. Jeffries, in his prime, would have licked Joe in six rounds. Louis would never have been able to get beyond Jeff's crouch and Jeff would have murdered him with right hands. Jeff could get around like a cat, was strong as a bull and could hit like a sledge hammer. Here, feel this (he pounded his chest and stomach and we felt both and found them made of cement). . . . Well, I was in better shape in those days and yet Jeffries almost tore me apart with his rights. Louis hits as fast as any man I've ever seen, but if he can be hit he can be licked, and lots of fighters have hit him. If any of those old-timers I've mentioned ever hit him, he'd be ruined."

Sharkey was never knocked out in his career and quit when he knew his best days were behind him. He still fought after he started his famous bar on Fourteenth Street in New York but he knew he had enough one night in Philadelphia when he was fighting Jack Monroe. It was to be a six-round bout and Tom had never felt better in his life while he was training. In the first round he belted Monroe in the puss and down he went. However, he got up and continued fighting and Tom, to his consternation, found that he, himself, could only keep his hands up by sticking his elbows into his tummy and using it as an armrest. They had been fine a minute before and now they were almost useless. Tom stalled through the fight and got the decision, but it was the last for him.

There was no loss in it for him because in those days his saloon was making him between $60,000 and $75,000 a year. He had his own stable of trotters, lived well and seemed set for life. However, the Wall Street crowd that had used his place as a halfway house uptown found that when the new subway was finished it was just as easy to go on to Times Square—and the Sharkey establishment gradually faded out. He made total profits of $575,000 during these years, lost it all on the horses, and is still playing the ponies every day in San Francisco as if nothing had ever happened. The scale is lower but the ambition remains intact.

A Man-Killing Blow

Although he lives in San Francisco, Sharkey has never seen either Fred Apostoli or Lou Nova in action, which is not strange because he bothers very little with anything but the big boys (which eliminates Apostoli) and Nova has fought only preliminary boys around home.

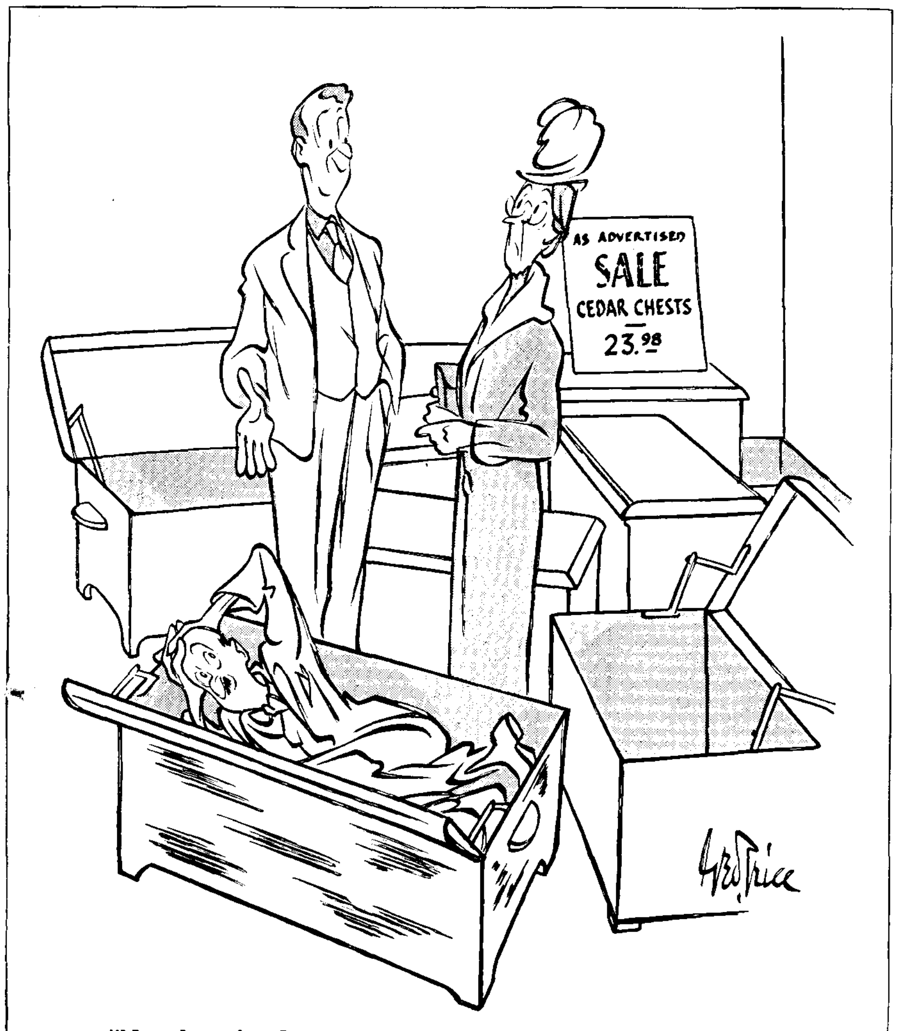
"I'll have a look at him soon," says Old Tom, referring to Nova, "but unless he's found something that the others don't know about, I doubt whether he'll be any better than the rest. He may be the man who's going to lick Louis, but it isn't going to be soon."

We asked Old Tom if he agreed with Jeffries' opinion that Sharkey would have defeated Louis in four rounds if they had ever met.

"I wouldn't have been running away from him," said Old Tom, pushing out his barrel chest and seeming to imagine himself back in his prime. "I'd try to give him this—and this—and this!"

His arms swished through the air like broadsides from a battle fleet and almost as fast.

"Yes, sir," we said and backed away with a blanch. As we said before, a blow like that could kill an ordinary man and we have never made claims to any form of genius. Even at this late day we shouldn't like to see a friend of ours subjected to the this—and this—and this! of Old Tom. We like to keep recognizing our friends when we see them.



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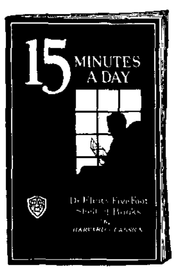

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Beware the Nightingale

Continued from page 12

says they are all up in the pasture and won't be down until the five-o'clock whistle blows. While I was thinking that one over, we turn a corner and come up to a kind of yard. There is a colossal ma pig lying there, and eleven young ones are running around squealing. It was very interesting, but the place had a bouquet like Fulton Fish Market, and while I have eaten bacon since I am ten years old, I wondered if maybe Moses wasn't right.

When we get back to the house, I sit down for a while in a deck chair under the trees on the front lawn. It is warm but not hot, and the air smells wonderful. There's a million birds singing all around, and they all sing better than canaries. So, while I'm sitting there, thinking this is really the existence, before I know it I'm asleep.

WHEN I woke up, I felt a song coming on. That is a hard feeling to describe. It's like you wanted to say something, and you knew you were going to say it sometime, but you didn't know yet how you were going to put it into words. You can wander around for days, sometimes, feeling like that, and then suddenly, boom, there will be your idea for a song, as clear as a photograph. All you got to do then is to sit down and write your song.

When you are feeling in that kind of a mood, it is not a bad idea to get a piano somewheres and fool around on it for a while. So that is what I did. But right in the middle of my workout, I hear these awful roars from outside. Right away I say to myself, "Bears!" But when I get to the window I can see that the racket is coming from a flock of cows coming down the mountain. I guess the five-o'clock whistle must have blown. Dearborn sticks his head in, and says come and see the milking. Sometime when we are not in a public place like this, Manny, I will tell you how they milk cows. I wouldn't want to do it here, you never can tell who would be listening in.

Nothing else happens that day. Dearborn stirs up some Martinis, and we have dinner. We had homemade baked beans, Manny, and if I was to try and tell you how good they were, you would call me a liar, so skip it. But I will turn down caviar any day for that kind of a baked bean. I stowed away so many of them that after dinner it is very hard to keep awake. We listen to the radio for a while, and play a little pinochle, but finally I have to give up. And I am telling you the truth, Manny, I went to bed at half past nine.

When I open my eyes again, the sunshine is streaming into the room, and the birds outside are all singing Mendelssohn's Spring Song. That is not strictly accurate, of course. Each bird is really singing a different number, but the total effect is kind of like Mendelssohn. I lay there in bed enjoying myself. This experience is all new stuff to me. Then all of a sudden, without warning, I get an idea for a tune.

I sit up quick and start whistling this two-bar phrase in A-flat. It is a cute phrase, and after I get it memorized I go ahead and try to finish out eight bars. Well, it writes itself. In five minutes I have got it. It is the beginning and end of a very commercial tune. There is a penny post card in my suit which is hanging over a chair. I whip out and get it and write down the eight bars, then I address the post card to myself in New York. I always do that, Manny, so if anybody comes along and claims I steal an idea from them, I have got the date on a postmark to prove when *I* got the idea. After that I climbed back into the kip.

But any idea I may have of getting in some more shut-eye is socially incorrect, because Dearborn walks in and tells me to get up and get dressed so we can have breakfast. We are going for a canoe ride on the lake.

The clothes Dearborn gives me to wear are very loose fitting, but warm. I am glad of that because the air is still kind of cold when we go out on the lake in this little canoe. And I wouldn't kid you, Manny, I am a little nervous out there in the middle of all that water. Those canoes are tippy articles, and they are built very close to the lake. But Dearborn says everything will be okay if I don't move around much. So I don't move a muscle.

We have not gone far when a man in a red wool shirt comes chugging along in a little old motorboat. Dearborn waves at him, and the fellow turns off his motor and skids to a stop alongside of us.

"Morning, John," says Dearborn. "Meet Mr. Bluestone, Mr. Carver. John is the best game warden in Vermont, Sparrow."

"Glad to make your acquaintance," says the guy, but he don't look it. He has a very sour face.

"How are the pickerel this year, John?" says Dearborn.

"Over in Nichol's Cove, man got a five-pounder yestiddy," says the game warden.

"A five-pounder! Whee!" says Dearborn.

"Ay-yuh," says the game warden. "Birch tree blew in the water. Full of minnows, now, and the big 'uns lay outside waitin' fer um."

"Thanks for the tip, John," says Dearborn. "I'll have to go over and wet a hook, as soon as I get my license."

"You'll ketch one," says John, and started up his motorboat. "So long."

By now I am getting used to being around with people who talk a foreign language. I have figured out that the best way is not to pay any attention. So I am lying in the bottom of the canoe, humming my new tune over to myself, as the game warden goes away. Then, as the noise of his motorboat dies out in the distance, I begin to feel a very peculiar feeling. There is definitely a coincidence happening. A little bird over on the shore is singing my tune!

FOR a minute I think I am losing my mind. But it is positively the same, identical tune. And in A-flat, too! He only sings the first two bars and then finishes off with a little trill, but those two bars are note for note. Then in a flash, I see what has happened. That bird must've been singing around the house all the time, only I didn't realize it, and unconsciously I have stole his tune. For a minute I am stunned. But then, so what, I think. A bird can't collect royalties, so why shouldn't I go ahead and fix up the tune commercial, and write a lyric for it and call it my own?

"What's the matter with you, Sparrow?" says Dearborn sharply. "You look as if you'd been stung by a bee."

"Wrong," says I, "I been bit by a bird."

"You've been bit by a bird!" he says.

"Yeh, he's singing right now, listen!" I hold up my hand for two bars. "Did you hear him?"

"Yes," says Dearborn, looking very mystified.

"Well, what kind of a canary is that?"

"It's a song sparrow," says Dearborn. "But what is all this biting—"

"Wait a minute!" I interrupts. "Did you say a song sparrow?"

"That's what I said, a song sparrow."

"No kid?"

"No kid."

"Well, how do you like that!" I says. "A song sparrow! That is how you would describe me, isn't it? I am Sparrow Bluestone, in the song business."

"That's right," says Dearborn, "just a couple of song sparrows getting together."

"You said it," I says. "And now get a load of this." And I tell him about the song.

He is very interested in the story, and when I finish he says he thinks it would be perfectly ethical for me to steal the tune and fix it up. He agrees with me that a bird wouldn't know what to do with a royalty check, so I might as well cash in on it.

"If the song is a hit," says Dearborn, "you can bring up some very special birdseed when you come back up here."

And not a bad idea, thinks I to myself. We sat there for about ten minutes and listened to the bird sing. Just that same two bars over and over, but it is a terrific phrase. Why that bird even had syncopation in it.

ON THE way back to Dearborn's beach, I batted a lot of title possibilities around in my head, but none of them seemed exactly right. Actually what the bird was saying was "Welcome to Vermont," but that would be no good for a title or a lyric. There would be no commercial appeal, and besides California would get sore.

When we got back up to the farmhouse, the bird is already there, singing the number. I suppose he has taken a short cut. I give him a big hand, and then go in and sit down to the piano, all excited.

The middle part comes very easy, and inside of fifteen minutes I have the whole chorus down on paper with the harmony sketched in. I plug it to Dearborn four or five times and get a nice reaction from him. To top off the morning, I reach out and pick up a very commercial title. The best way to handle this number is to point it for somebody's fall catalogue. So when I hear that melody begin to say, "Where's that summer moon?" I decide I have found the right title. People would hear a lyric like that, and think back on their summer romance, and they would feel like going right in somewheres and buy a copy. I am very handy with or without a rhyming dictionary, so by the time lunch is ready, I have a rough lyric all done.

As soon as lunch is over, it is time for Ethan to drive us over to Lyndonville where we will get on a train back to New York. As we go out and get into Ethan's 1915 phaeton, the song sparrow is up above us in a tree, giving out with those first two bars. He is still in A-flat. I have dropped it a half a tone to G, on account of a coupla high notes.

I am feeling very sentimental about going away. I have had a terrific week end up there in that lovely country, and besides, I have knocked off the best song I ever wrote. No wonder I hate to leave. But when you got a job, you gotta go and work at it. As it is, I am probably plenty doghouse with Feinstein. But I don't let it bother me too much on the way down on the train. In fact, before I go to sleep, I have written a very satisfactory verse to the new number, words and music.

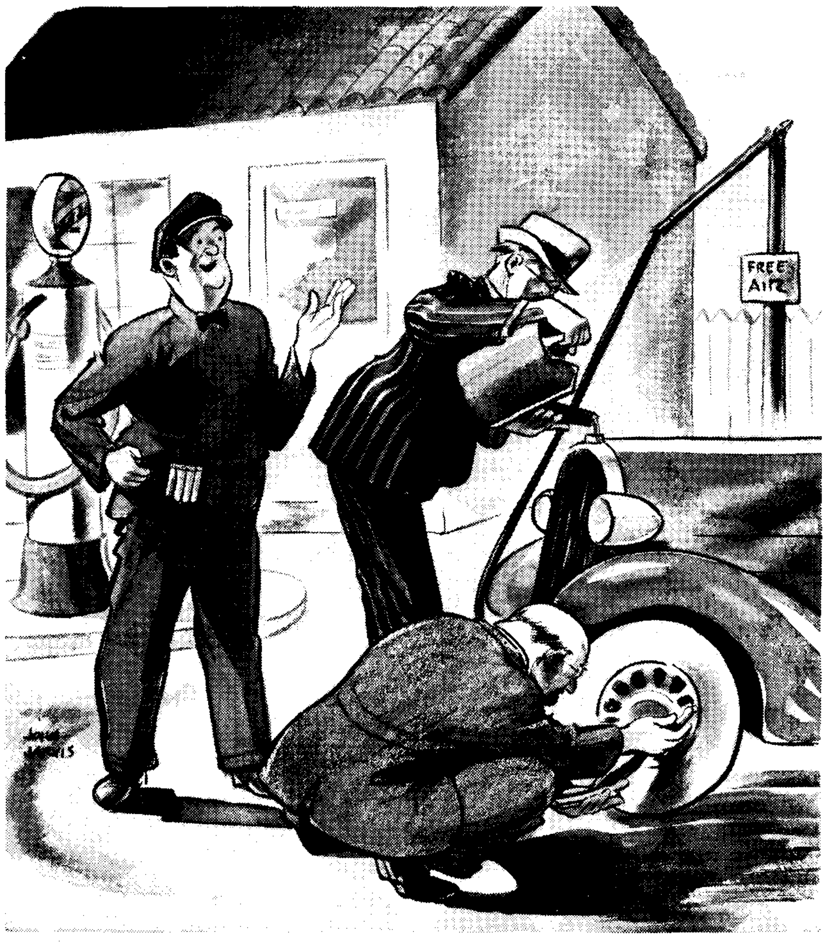
It is half past eleven the next morning before I show at Faust's, half an hour later than I usually get down there. But I have decided I am going to take an independent attitude. Miriam, the cute receptionist, gives me that Betty Boop expression.

"Oooo!" she says, "where were you? Jack is going on like crazy. He made a date for yesterday for you with Benny Goodman."

"Where is Jack now?" I says.

"On his way down here. He's telephoned eight times since eleven o'clock."

"So let him," I says. "I am not in the



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JOHN JARVIS

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❷ "I've had my share of close calls in the air, but my narrowest escape was on the highway!

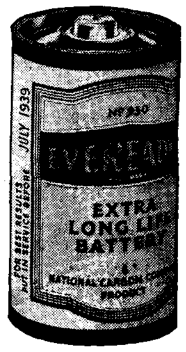
"I left Elmira in the rain after the National Glider Meet with 380 miles to drive before morning to get back to work in Mansfield. My nerves were already shaky and I had to drive faster than was safe or I'd never make it.

❸ "As darkness fell it rained harder and harder. Solid sheets of rain dimmed my mud-splashed headlights. The road was deserted. I was getting a swell case of jitters. But I gritted my teeth and drove on. I just *had* to get back.

"I swooshed down a hill, skidded the turn at the foot of it, and dimly made out a sign 'Bridge Ahead.' Then I saw the end of the bridge. In the diffused light of my head lamps the road looked all right.

"But just to make sure, I rolled down the window and poked my flashlight out . . . and my heart nearly choked me! Ten yards of wet planks between me and Kingdom Come! My flashlight showed me the jagged end of that broken bridge, and none too soon. The raging creek had washed away the whole center span! 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries had saved me from many a broken leg in night jumps, but this time they went the whole way. From now on I'm sticking to batteries that stick to me.

(*Signed*) Gretchen Reighard"



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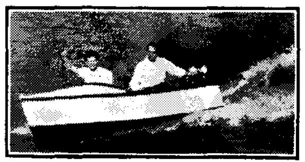

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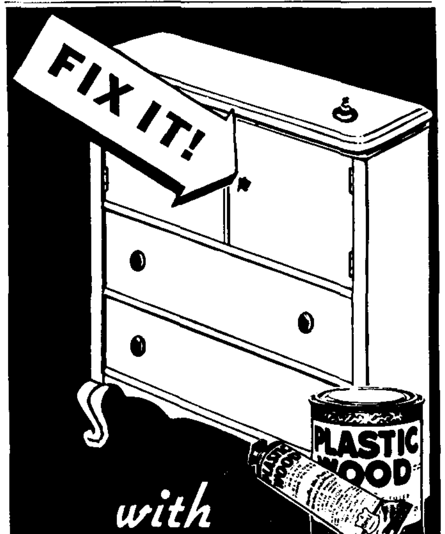

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PLASTIC WOOD

Army, and he is not General Pershing."

A door bangs behind me, and Jack Feinstein comes in like a Bronx express. He stops in the middle of the floor and points a finger at me.

"You are fired!" he screams. "Go into my office and I will be in there in a minute to fire you personally."

So, keeping my independent attitude, I just turn my back on him, and go into his office. When he comes in five minutes later, I am sitting at his piano, playing Where's That Summer Moon? But very softly, and quite slow, ballad style, with just a one-finger melody in the right hand, and a little accompaniment, but not much, in the left hand.

Jack comes and stands over me. I don't even have to look at him to know he is trying to make himself look tall. He is no bigger than I am, except fatter.

"For two cents," he says, breathing hard, "I would fire you."

I DON'T answer him, just keep on playing Where's That Summer Moon? soft and low.

"A hundred places I tried to get you," says Jack, "and you are nowhere. Have I got a rule here that no matter what, all the executives gotta leave word where they are gonna be?"

"So I was in Vermont," I says. "Can I jump a taxi and go quick to your house or someplace else, if I am in Vermont?"

"In Vermont you've been!" says Jack, screaming. "I tell Benny Goodman you are coming around to see him and show him how he can make a terrific swing number out of The Old Village Church, and where are you? In Vermont!"

"Don't get excited," I says, "I *am* out with a plug."

"Who's excited?" he yells. "Where will you find a plug in Vermont?"

"The director of the North Pole Ice-Cream Hour. I was with him the whole time."

"You call that lousy program a plug!" Jack sneers. "What is the name of it again?"

"The North Pole Ice-Cream Hour, and it is on eighty-seven stations."

"Coast to coast?"

"What else?" I says.

"So it's a good plug," Jack snaps. "But that is no reason you gotta run off to Vermont any time you feel like it. And what is that tune you are playing?"

"Do you like it?" I says, picking up the tempo a little.

"Do I like it?" says Jack. "Who cares? It's a hit, isn't it? What is the title? It sounds like Walter Donaldson."

"Well, Jack," I says, "that little number is going to sell a lot of copies, you wait and see."

"Who's got it?" he says, grabbing my shoulder.

"Nobody's got it, yet," I says.

"Get hold of the writers right away," he orders, "and I will give them a contract this afternoon."

"I am glad to hear that, Jack," I says, "because I wrote that tune myself."

"What did you say?" says Jack, astonished. "You wrote that tune? It's terrible!"

"You don't like it so much now, huh?" I says.

"It's awful! I should waste my time listening to that kind of a tune."

"I wouldn't waste my time playing it for you," I says, right back at him. "I am going over to see Solly Bergman at Mueller's. Solly is a *good* judge of a tune."

"You can't go over to Mueller's," says Jack, "you got work to do here. I positively forbid you should leave this office today."

Well, I haven't worked for Jack Feinstein for twelve years without learning how to handle a person like him. In a half-hour, I have a contract which states that I will get five cents a copy on all sheet-music sales of Where's That Summer Moon? That is a very high percentage, Manny, for a young writer. I also have a bonus check for one thousand bucks, for being a good boy and staying on as professional manager of Faust's. Jack never even bothered to call together the song committee. He figured the number was a hit, and he knew if another house brought it out, he would get a nasty memorandum from Morty Faust.

Well, the world knows now that Feinstein wasn't wrong. Even somebody in the wholesale millinery business like you, Manny, has a radio, and heard that number night after night. It was a hit right from the gun.

The number has its radio premeer on the Vallee program. We can't get any orchestrations from the printers until the following Monday, but that does not prevent my baby from getting forty-nine network plugs the first week it is out. The week after that, it goes on the Hit Parade and stays there all summer.

By the Fourth of July we are selling ten thousand copies of sheet music a day, and I begin to realize I have hit the jackpot. As the composer of this sensational hit, I go on the air myself as a guest artist on a dozen big radio programs. All they want me to do is sing Where's That Summer Moon? If I go to a night spot, before the headwaiter can show me to a ringside table, the band is playing Where's That Summer Moon? And sooner or later the M. C. of the joint will call on me to get up and sing it. If I tune on the radio at home, it is six, two, and even that I will tune in on Where's That Summer Moon? *And all the time the gold is pouring in* on me from all directions.

Now that is all very well, Manny, but did you ever get sick of a song? Well, let me tell you something. You will get a hundred times as sick of a song if you have personally written that song, and not somebody else. By the time I have heard Where's That Summer Moon? seventy-five times, which is two weeks after it is released, I decide I don't want to hear it again, ever.

But that is early July, and every week the number is getting more popular. By the end of August I am definitely a wreck. I give you my word, Manny, I am just a bundle of nerves. After a while I am afraid to go to work. I stay holed up in my apartment with all the windows closed tight and the radio disconnected.

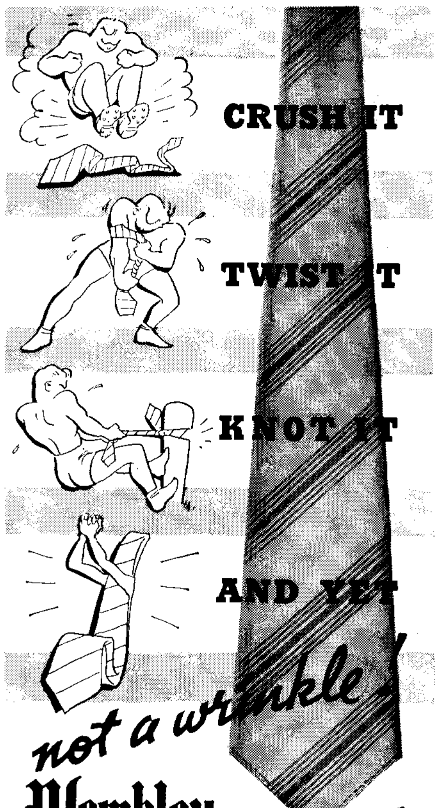
IF YOU are wondering, Manny, what has New England got to do with all this, and why it is a sore spot with me, I will tell you. You see, I was chump enough to go back to New England.

Dearborn calls me up one night, and says he is driving up to Vermont the next morning for over Labor Day. He asks me to go with him. In the state I am in, that sounds like a streamlined special to heaven. "Get on board," I says to myself. "But, yes!" I says to Dearborn, and I am nearly bawling from relief.

The next morning we go up. In my bag there is a package of extra-special, hand-selected birdseed. I have not forgotten that in spite of my woe, I am way up in the chips, and that it is a little bird that started it all. I don't know why I didn't foresee what was going to happen, Manny. I guess I was so loopy by now that all I could think of was getting away from New York and that song.

It is way after dark when we get up to the farm, and we are both very tired from the long drive, so we head right for the hay. But before I go upstairs, I go out on the lawn and dump out the package of birdseed on the little garden table. *Royalties for my feathered friend!*

The next morning I wake up slow.



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There is somebody with a tiny silver hammer beating out a familiar rhythm over and over again on my left temple. Quick I sit up and shake my head. But the rhythm goes right on, and there is a melody attached to it. You've got it. It is the song sparrow outside my window. He is singing the first two bars of Where's That Summer Moon?

Those two bars and the trill took about five seconds. Then there would be a pause of about ten seconds, then he would start in all over again. Instinctively, I began counting the number of times he sings those two bars. By the time I am dressed and coming downstairs, he has performed them one hundred and twenty-two times, and my stomach is turning over, slow and regular.

As I sit down to breakfast, Dearborn looks curiously at me, and follows my eyes out of the window. The song sparrow is out on the garden table lapping up the birdseed. He sings for five seconds, then dunks his nose in the stuff and goes after a hunk of it. Then he sings again, and so forth, regularly four times to the minute.

"It's pretty late for him," remarks Dearborn. "By this time they are usually headed south."

BUT I am not listening to him. I am thinking that if that damn' bird doesn't finish out the first eight bars once, I will positively go nuts! I went into the living room, opened a window and leaned out. The bird began his three hundredth performance. I picked it up in his key on the third bar and whistled the rest of the phrase for him. But nothing! Before I am even finished, he is starting right in again on the first bar.

Something snapped in my brain, Manny. I whirled around and saw this big gun over the fireplace. Dearborn told me once he kept it loaded in case of a fox. Before I know what I am doing, Manny, I have that gun down and I am pointing it out of the window at that bird.

Bam!

When I come to, I am lying on my back on the floor where that young cannon has kicked me. My right shoulder feels like it is in Quebec, while the rest of me is still in New Orleans. Dearborn is kneeling over me, and behind him stands that sour-puss game warden. He is still in a red shirt.

"Did I get him?" I yells, staggering to my feet.

"You suttinly did," says the game warden, looking at a bunch of feathers in his hand.

"Hooray!" I hollers.

"Good thing I happened by," interrupts the game warden, "and seen you do it. That'll cost you one hundred dollars, young feller."

"A hundred bucks!" I yelps, reaching for my roll. "For what?"

"A hundred dollars is the fine," says the game warden. "Up here in Vermont, we don't like people goin' round killin' songbirds."

"To hell with him," I says to myself. "I am rich, and he cannot spoil my moment."

"So take it!" I shouts, shoving a C-note at the old burglar. "I killed the bird off, anyway. I will now have some peace and quiet around my brain!"

The game warden gives me a look as if I have a disease, and turns and stomps out the door, while Dearborn is laughing like a crazy man.

"What is so funny?" I ask.

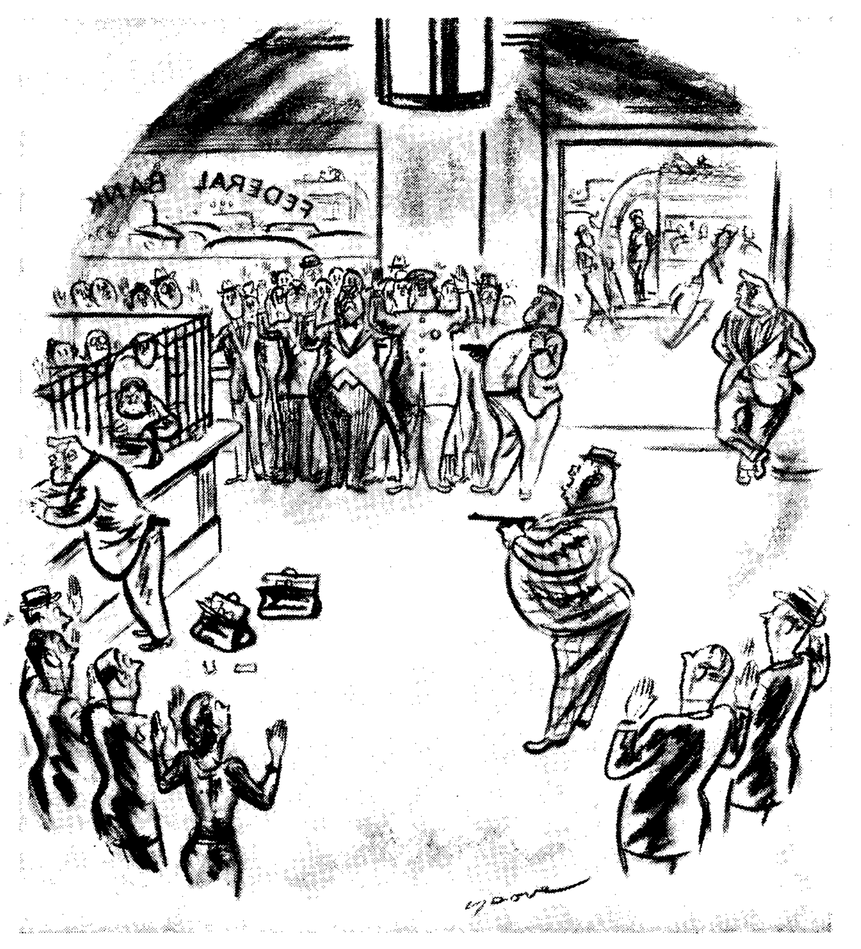
He gradually stops laughing, and kind of shudders, and then he puts on this long face and says, "Sparrow, I'm terribly afraid you have a mistaken idea. Did you know that there is more than one song sparrow in the world?"

I went cold all over.

"More than one," I says slowly, "that sings that song?"

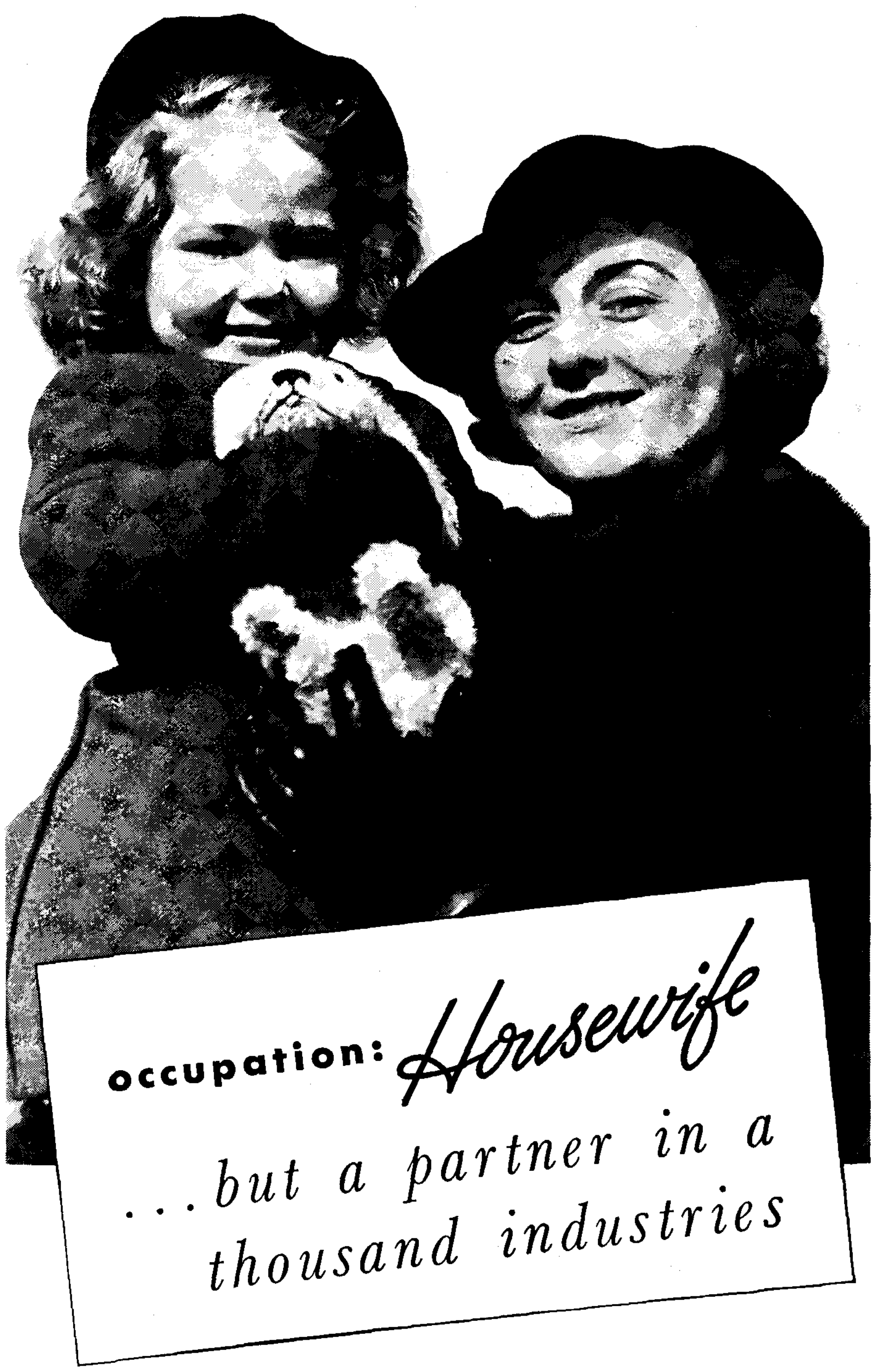
"I would say conservatively," says Dearborn, "that there are about two million song sparrows in the New England states alone. And they all sing the same song, Sparrow."

So you can see, Manny, why I am perfectly willing to go to Miami. But don't ask me to go to that New England with you because where can a private citizen buy a machine gun nowadays?



"Be careful about fingerprints, you mugs"

LEONARD DOVE


occupation: Housewife
. . . but a partner in a thousand industries

"I'M A HOUSEWIFE." That's what she would reply if asked her occupation. And she would probably say "No" to the question: "Madam, do you own a share in America's industries?"

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NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF BOSTON
GEORGE WILLARD SMITH, *President*

Call Up Harry

Continued from page 13

orders. He did not say, nor even intimate, that he'd be happier if Mr. Hopkins could induce American business to view the White House through kindlier, more understanding eyes. And nothing was said to support the all too obvious rumor that Mr. Hopkins was Mr. Roosevelt's favorite for the Democratic presidential nomination and that he was being sent into retreat for conditioning.

Not that Mr. Hopkins' heart does not house a well-disciplined yearning to be Mr. Roosevelt's successor. He is one of a number of the President's satellites who would not object to being the Democratic choice. Whatever his prospects may be at the moment, neither the President nor Mr. Hopkins believes it will do any harm to have them enhanced. Of all the hopeful crew of pure New Dealers, the White House considers Mr. Hopkins the least likely to achieve overwhelming failure as the head of the party's ticket. Mr. Hopkins alone would command at the outset a large number of votes from the underprivileged to whom he represents all six of Santa Claus' reindeer. He alone starts the warm-up for the race for the convention's acclaim with an organization—the highly efficient and unquestioningly loyal organization of district administrators of WPA. These ladies and gentlemen retained their jobs only so long as they managed to comply without a grimace with the cardinal law of the Hopkins regime: Antagonize none but obey only me.

Mr. Hopkins' Main Chance

Mr. Hopkins is clearly the only New Dealer, aside, of course, from Mr. Roosevelt, who has anything remotely resembling popular appeal. And yet his chances of getting anything more than a nice hand at the Democratic Convention are small. Mr. Hopkins, like all the other members of Mr. Roosevelt's official family, will have to overcome the growing desire for new faces, new names, less glitter and more substance. Another desire, the fruit of disillusionment, is not limited to the Roosevelt side. To get anywhere at all the Republicans will have to offer fresh goods.

Mr. Hopkins' main chance lies in the knowledge of the anti-New Deal Democrats that no Democratic candidate may be regarded as a safe investment if he lacks the approval and wholehearted support of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Garner might not have that, nor might Senator Bennett Champ Clark. The Honorable Jim Farley, beloved by the White House as a faithful retainer but not regarded as an intellectual comrade, would not be Mr. Roosevelt's ideal as a successor. To offer the party a Tommy Corcoran, Robert Jackson, Mr. Justice Reed or any other of the shining throng who are but New Deal names to the average voter would be asking for loud and vulgar rebuff. To succeed in winning the nomination for any of these would put the President in the position of imploring the country to go Republican. Thus far the President has but two New Dealers to offer the public—only two who would have a chance of victory—himself and Harry Hopkins.

Mr. Hopkins is courting the distinction of being the favorite son of a state as well as the White House. After a lifetime of missionary work amongst the forlorn and six years of being the nation's almoner, he has abandoned his New York residence and re-established himself in his birthplace, Iowa. Thus he may enter the convention with at least one set of delegates carrying his portrait on banners and at least one platoon of patriots hailing him as the only man who can possibly save us from complete destruction.

In Iowa Mr. Hopkins' strategy is not at the moment being regarded as one of the state's proud milestones. The leader of one farm group told us that "our boys generally do come home from the city when they get good and hungry."

A Sacrificial Goat

Mr. Hopkins, the White House's heir presumptive, would quite naturally disclaim all aspirations to the crown. Whatever happens in 1940 he will not be wanting a job. If the New Deal survives he'll be in Washington. If it doesn't he'll probably take one of several jobs which have and which will be offered to him. He can go to work for an important industrial corporation—as personnel supervisor—or for a rich foundation with humanitarian programs.

And it may come to pass that Mr. Hopkins' name will never reach the convention, that he will serve between now and then only to draw the fire of enemies within and without the party, to demonstrate with his own frail form the temper of the populace. What happens to Mr. Hopkins between now and the day when nomination talk may be taken seriously may dictate whether the bitter-enders within the New Deal will go off on a third-party spree. All of which sounds as if Mr. Hopkins were cast for the part of the sacrificial goat.

He's been in inferior health for some time. He'll tell you somewhat hollowly that he has never felt better in his life. But among the millions of his fellow citizens to whose relief he has galloped during the past five years (and the hell with the budget), few needed relief more than Mr. Hopkins. For two or three years he has whirled from looking pretty well to being a pushover for a rheumatic germ. Those CWA, FERA and WPA chores he turned in since Mr. Roosevelt enticed him to Washington would have ruined the constitution of the Statue of Liberty. He has been Mr. Roosevelt's iron horse. He's the Glenn Cunningham of the New Deal.

Yet he has never been one of the New Deal glamor boys—much too practical. Among his associates in the Administration have been numbers who refused to be happy unless they were today doing something wholly different from what was going on yesterday; who at the mere hint of a new idea became hysterical with joy. Mr. Hopkins was not of them. We wish we could remember who it was who called him a drudge with brains. The term isn't as unpleasant as it sounds. Anyway, while it isn't a perfect fit it covers Mr. Hopkins over the worst parts.

The Hopkins Success Secret

He is first among that exceedingly small band in Washington who are really close to the President. He is almost daily in conference with the President either in person or by telephone—more frequently the former. He dines at the White House twice and sometimes three times a week. And his intimacy was not bred on the yes-yes system. His knack of winning smiles from Roosevelt haters has sent less-gifted New Dealers frequently into huddles of jealousy and suspicion. He doesn't wear his politics on his sleeve.

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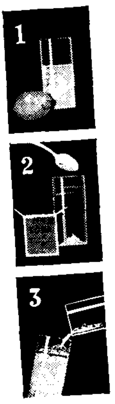
Sunkist Lemons



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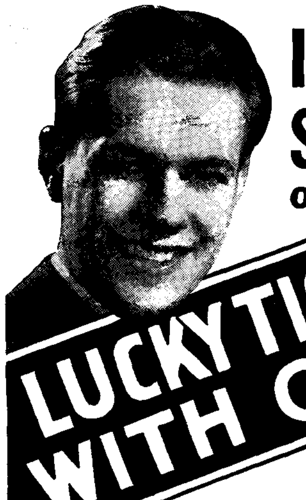

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VITAMINS A • B • D • G
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The professional red-flag man calls him a Pink or, what's worse, a Reformer. The reactionaries like to think of him as redder than Lenin. He's either liked or hated and has an enviable talent for not giving a damn. Twenty-six years of labor among the lowly has completely disillusioned him. Mr. Hopkins is convinced that neither the ups nor the downs have a monopoly on the snide.

Almost invariably when appearing before congressional committees he has come off an unqualified victor. But then, he's gone before the committees with the huge advantage of knowing what he's talking about. He'll tell you quite frankly that any administration that regards itself always as a teacher and never as a pupil is marked for trouble. He's one of the best administrators in Washington, probably has no superior. He is almost equally as good as an organizer. As a politician he's no Jim Farley. He's not even a John Hamilton. His experience in Mr. Roosevelt's forlorn congressional purge last year convinced him of that.

He took a dismal part in the attempt to eliminate Senator Gillette of Iowa from public life, Mr. Gillette having committed the cardinal sin of not agreeing in all things with Mr. Roosevelt. Together with James Roosevelt and Thomas Corcoran, Mr. Hopkins sought to replace Mr. Gillette with Representative Otha Wearin. It was frankly awful. Left to its own devices Iowa might have kept Mr. Gillette at home. But when the Messrs. Roosevelt, Corcoran and Hopkins were through working for Mr. Wearin, Mr. Gillette had nothing to do but write his acceptance speech. It cured Mr. Hopkins.

The New Deal cherishes no desire to enter the 1940 convention picketed by Big Business. The Democrats may call all the party caucuses they want but unless honest concessions are made by both sides they will convene to name their nominee split to their heels—the Garnerites against the President's lads, with Mr. Farley clucking excitedly between the ranks.

Mr. Hopkins occupies a curious position. He is of the Roosevelt persuasion but has even more friends on the other side of the party argument. One of the most important American industrialists met him at what logically should have been the nadir of his popularity with the non-Roosevelt element. He was being accused of boldly coercing WPA workers to vote New Deal—or else. Moreover the famous "spend, spend, tax, tax, elect, elect" boast was being imputed to him and he hadn't yet made his denial.

The Appeasement Assignment

The industrialist was prepared to tell Mr. Hopkins with brutal frankness, accompanied no doubt by a good hard chest thumping and a nasty turn of the lip, that he for one wasn't going to stand for it. Nobody was going to do this to him. But Mr. Hopkins turned on the charm and within a very short time he and the indignant industrialist were shaking hands so long and violently that mutual friends had to remind them of their blood pressures. The industrialist left after telling Mr. Hopkins that there would always be a job in his organization for him.

Thus, as almost anybody can see, Mr. Hopkins was given the appeasement assignment by Mr. Roosevelt—even if Mr. Roosevelt did not call it that. It's too much to expect that Mr. Hopkins in his new role is going to repair every rip in the industrial fabric of the United States. South American trade will be a baffling problem for years in spite of all his efforts. Railroads and other transportation media will bother administrations for some time to come. It is going to take more than charm and twenty-six years of experience as a social worker to produce all the answers. And it is probable that Mr. Hopkins alone will not be able to accomplish a lasting unity, peace and concord between the employer and the worker.

But nobody will be able to say that Mr. Hopkins didn't try. He'll put forth more of his efforts in the haunts of the rich than he will within the austere, tradition-scented offices to which political expediency has shunted him. He's the almost perfect mixer, looking and acting just the same at a banker's week-end party as he does in a flophouse. Before his doctors got mean about it, he drank beer on Pier Six, gin at Georgetown cocktail putsches and champagne on Park Avenue without a fractional change in manner or view. With great wisdom he is ever Harry Hopkins—and you can like him or leave him. He has enemies but very few of them weighty. Even Father Coughlin likes him. And Doctor Townsend, too, although Mr. Hopkins thinks the doctor's plan somewhat cockeyed. About the only thing Bill Green of the American Federation of Labor and John Lewis of the Committee for Industrial Organization agree upon is that Harry Hopkins is a pretty good guy. Senator Glass has thanked God that WPA was in sane if somewhat lavish hands and Mr. Hoover is said to have observed that Mr. Hopkins was the least poisonous of a somewhat dangerous lot.

Washington's Busiest Man

His telephone calls him to give advice on almost everything from hair-dos to whether Liberia is good for 1,200 gross of overalls, from the merits of double-yolk eggs to what to say about Adolf Hitler. His waiting room is filled with a discouraging array of citizens—from congressmen wanting to know how to explain their vote on relief appropriations to manufacturers longing to send competitors to jail.

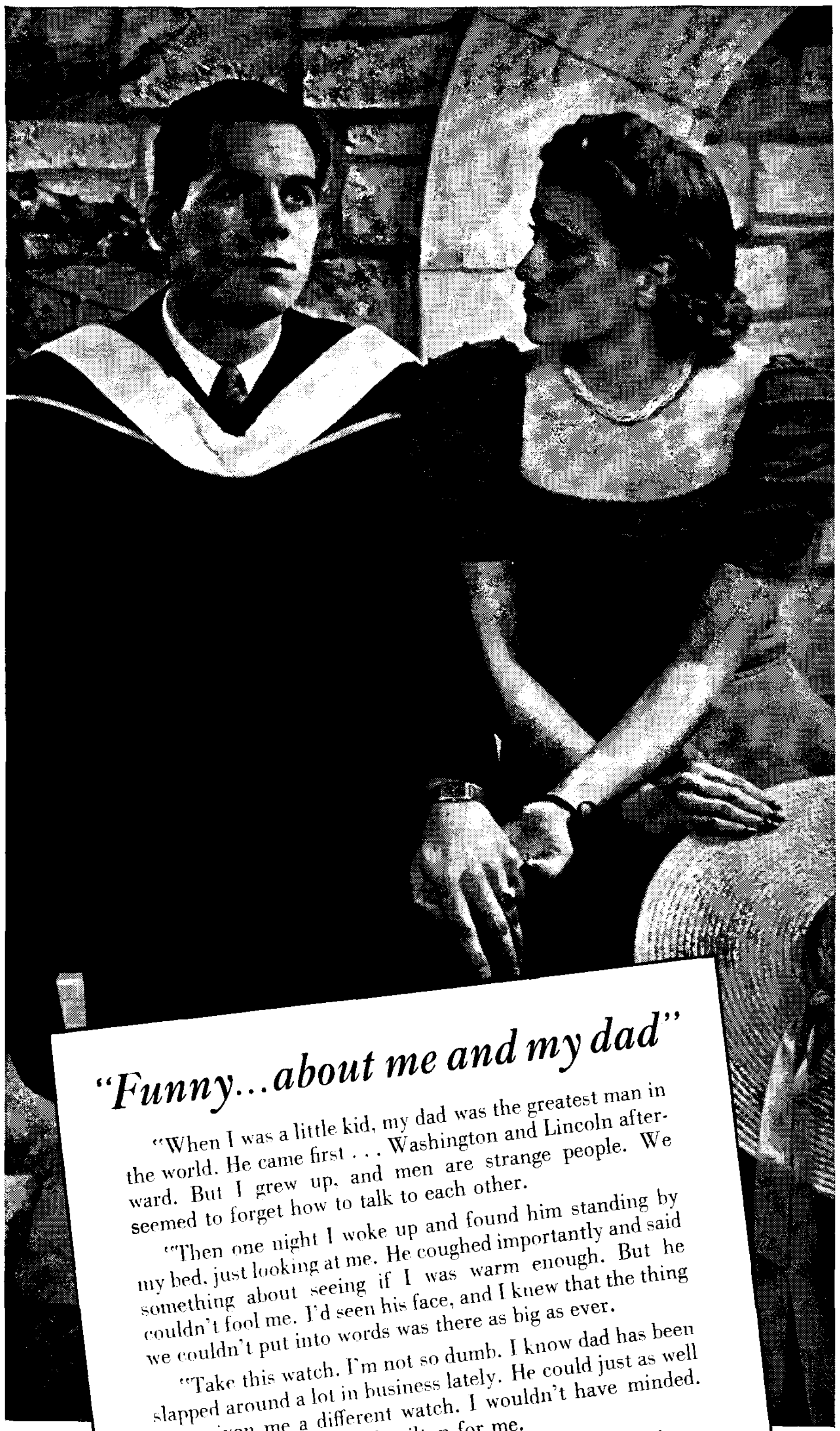
His mail brings him everything from wheedles to wallops. Demented paupers threaten him with death in a wide assortment of painful forms. Businessmen send him everything from implied bribes to explicit directions on how to save the country from complete and lasting disaster. He is asked to advocate a loan of two or three hundred millions to rebel leaders who promise, in return, to permit none but American merchantmen to dock on their shores—when victory has given them control of their countries. Every day dozens of ladies and gentlemen demand that he hire them to lead the country into everlasting prosperity—by means of gigantic plans which have sprung, full-panoplied, from their admittedly gigantic brains overnight.

His daily appointments include haves and have nots indiscriminately—from Mr. W. A. Harriman, chairman of the Union Pacific Railroad and incidentally chairman of Hopkins' Business Advisory Council, to Mr. Z. Alderpluck, president of the Haberdashers' League of Scuttlebottom Ccunty, Utah. He can talk of running horses as glibly as a bookmaker's shill and, we were glad to discover, is in our backward class as a race-track winner.

He may turn out to be the second man to emerge from the Commerce Department politically alive. But to do that he'll have to be as clever as his friends say he is, as wily as his enemies say he is and as well-equipped as he thinks he is. And there's nothing to do but wait to find out.

If he fails he may have the excuse that he never had a chance. Too many people, including the White House, availed themselves of the time-consuming last resort:

Call Up Harry.



"Funny...about me and my dad"

"When I was a little kid, my dad was the greatest man in the world. He came first . . . Washington and Lincoln afterward. But I grew up, and men are strange people. We seemed to forget how to talk to each other.

"Then one night I woke up and found him standing by my bed, just looking at me. He coughed importantly and said something about seeing if I was warm enough. But he couldn't fool me. I'd seen his face, and I knew that the thing we couldn't put into words was there as big as ever.

"Take this watch. I'm not so dumb. I know dad has been slapped around a lot in business lately. He could just as well have given me a different watch. I wouldn't have minded. But no, it had to be a Hamilton for me.

"So that's how it is with us. I've got my varsity letter and my share of the other honors, too. But I'd rather have this watch than all of them put together. It's highest honors from my dad, who is still the greatest man in the world."

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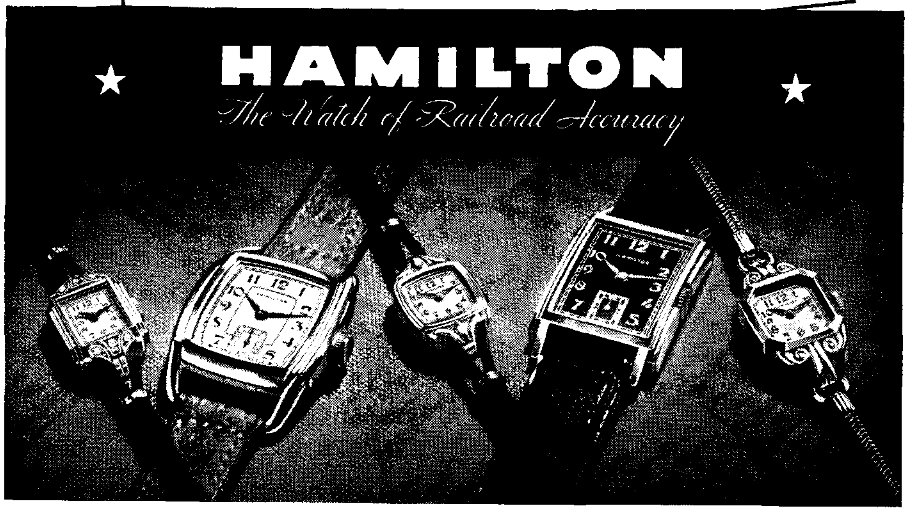

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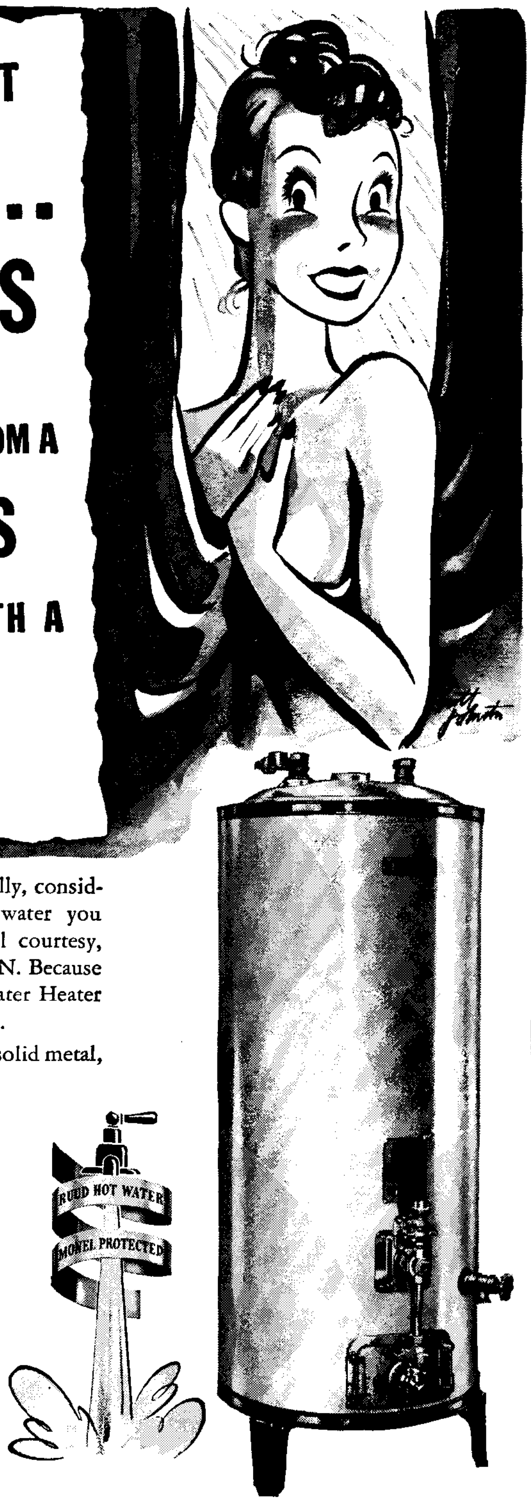

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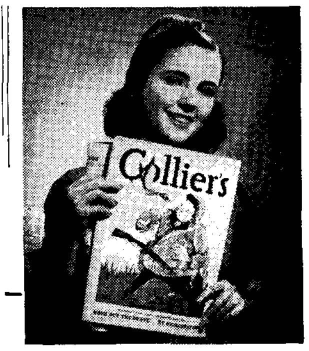

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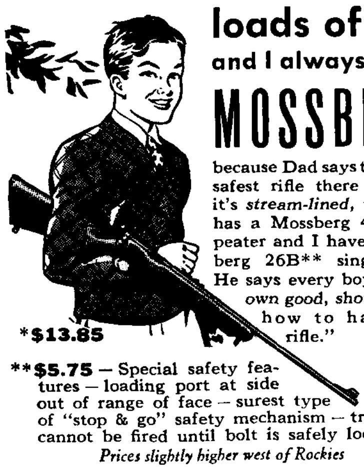

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Rhythm Man

Continued from page 22

whale big enough to swallow Jonah. Jonah was a good man and the Lord took care of him. The Lord'll do the same for you if you give him a chance." If the audience remained quiet the preacher would plead "Help me out."

The congregation would sway and cry, "Say so. Dat's de truth. Say so. Amen, brother. Go on, brother," and then someone would chant: "The Lord made the whale as big as he wanted. The Lord made the whale as big as he wanted."

Young Bob MacGimsey would find himself swaying, beating time with his right foot, and he'd find himself chanting, "The Lord made the whale as big as he wanted," and of course he didn't know it but the song was being born then, a song called Jonah and the Whale which would be sung by the greatest artists of our day. Men like Lawrence Tibbett and John Charles Thomas would sing that song some years later but young Bob didn't know then that he was being unconsciously trained to give the world the true songs of the Negro.

How "Shadrach" Was Born

Then the preacher would tell the story of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, and of how they were thrown into the fiery furnace. Then an angel with big white wings came into the furnace an' what happened, brothers? What happened? They laughed, that's what happened. They laughed at the flames and they laughed at the fire. Who laughed, brethren?

The congregation with a happy roar would chant "Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. They laughed at the flames and they laughed at the fire, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego."

Young Bob laughed too, laughed with joy because those three good men had been saved by the Lord. He left the church and ringing in his ears was the refrain, "Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego." He walked home and on the way he saw two Negroes chopping down a tree. One was on either side of the thick trunk and their axes swung rhythmically. As the axes swung, the two Negroes chanted, "Oh yah! Oh yah! What he say? Oh yah!"

Young Bob squatted on the ground, watching them, and soon he was chanting too, but he was chanting, "Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego." It just fitted the rhythm of the axes striking the tree.

The two Negroes picked it up and now the three of them chanted the refrain. The birds in the trees were their only audience. A few years later Carnegie Hall would be jammed to hear John Charles Thomas sing it. Then Nelson Eddy and Thomas L. Thomas would sing it on the radio, and orchestra leaders, hearing it, would ask permission of Bob MacGimsey to use it. He would give them a simple piano arrangement and the song would sweep the country. It would be altered and from the simple story of faith in the Lord a swing number would evolve and jitterbugs would writhe in ecstasy under its spell.

Sigmund Spaeth, the music critic, was to hear Shadrach and he was to congratulate MacGimsey on "the first original song I ever heard in my life." But young Bob, singing there with the two woodchoppers, didn't know that.

Well, that's how spirituals are born. Young Bob became Robert MacGimsey and philharmonic orchestras played his songs and the world's greatest singers sang them. Today you hear Shadrach, Daniel in the Lion's Den, Land of Degradation, Religion Ain't Nothin' to Play With, Sweet Little Jesus Boy, Jonah and the Whale, and Trouble, and on Lincoln's birthday you may have heard MacGimsey's newest song, The Old Slave, sung by The Southernaires.

MacGimsey himself is slim, boyish-looking, younger-appearing than his thirty-five years. He sings his own songs better perhaps than anyone else does. Lawrence Tibbett said after hearing him, "When MacGimsey sings, his face turns black." Tibbett knows that no one can sing spirituals except the old Negroes, because they *are* songs of emotion and one must feel them to give sincere voice to them. MacGimsey since childhood has felt with the Negroes and has felt as they do about these songs.

"You see," MacGimsey explains, "these songs were never intended to be sung to anyone. A white man sings to an audience. A Negro sings to himself. He isn't being consciously entertaining. Actually he's holding a sincere and intimate communication with his Maker. I'm speaking, of course, of the old plantation Negro. He couldn't read. There were no hymnbooks in his church. Prayers had to be remembered and it was *easier to remember them if they* were in rhythm."

MacGimsey was about twenty before he ever actually copied down any of the songs the Negroes sang. Until then, there had been nothing extraordinary about these songs. He had lived with them all his life. But then he went away to school, he took a law degree, he traveled. Often he'd hear what purported to be genuine Negro music, blues music, spirituals, mammy songs. They grated on his ear and horrified him.

The Rhythm's the Thing

When he returned he decided to write down the music he had heard since childhood. The words were often without meaning but always the rhythm was true. Sometimes the words are difficult to analyze. For instance, Uncle John used to sing a song that came right out of his heart. He'd sing:

"Rock mah soul on the bosom of Abraham,
Satan he's chained in hell and he can't get out,
Oh, rocky mah soul."

When Bob would ask him what he meant by "rocky" Uncle John would shrug his shoulders and say complacently, "It's a good word." He didn't bother to analyze it. A good word is one that fits the rhythm. The rhythm and the sentiments expressed are the important things.

The first song Bob ever copied down was a song given to him by a Negro on his aunt's plantation, a white-haired old man named Uncle Olmstead. He said that was his name when he appeared out of nowhere one day asking for a job. He was very old and very feeble, so they let him take care of the flowers and the vegetable garden and let him feed the chickens and he and Bob became great friends. Bob discovered that he had a natural gift for whistling. He could whistle harmony, three-part harmony. He's done some of it on the radio because, *after all, even the best composer of* Negro rhythm songs in the land doesn't get wealthy writing music. Well, Uncle Olmstead used to love Bob's whistling. "A gift from de Lawd," he'd say. It was as true as the note of a flute and softer.

One morning Uncle Olmstead came to Bob and his eyes were shining. "I got a word," he said ecstatically. "I got a sign from de Lawd. It came when ah was sleepin'. I had a dream and ah saw Mary sittin' on a white cloud. She had long streamin' hair and big blue eyes, the kindes' blue eyes you ever see. She was playin' on a big gold harp and she was beckonin' to me and then she sang:

"Come chillen, come chillen, come play
on the golden harp;
Come where pleasure never will die,
Come where pleasure never will die,
Come play on the golden harp."

"That dream," MacGimsey says now, "was as real to Uncle Olmstead as anything that ever happened."

Songs Are for Voices Only

From that dream MacGimsey wrote the slow, majestic story that he called The Old Slave, and when it was first sung publicly he announced that it was dedicated to Uncle Olmstead. First sung on Lincoln's birthday, it promises to rival Shadrach in popularity.

It begins:

"Ah'm jes' an ole slave,
Ole black slave,
Travelin' weak an' low;
Ain't got no frins, ain't got no mastah,
Ain't got nowhere to go.

Like the Negroes to whom he used to listen, MacGimsey too thinks, feels and talks in rhythm. Ask him about the musical construction of a song and he'll be rather inarticulate about it and then he'll say, "Now let me sing it to you, that'll show you what I mean." He won't even want to sit at a piano and play it. The voice is the medium of song to him.

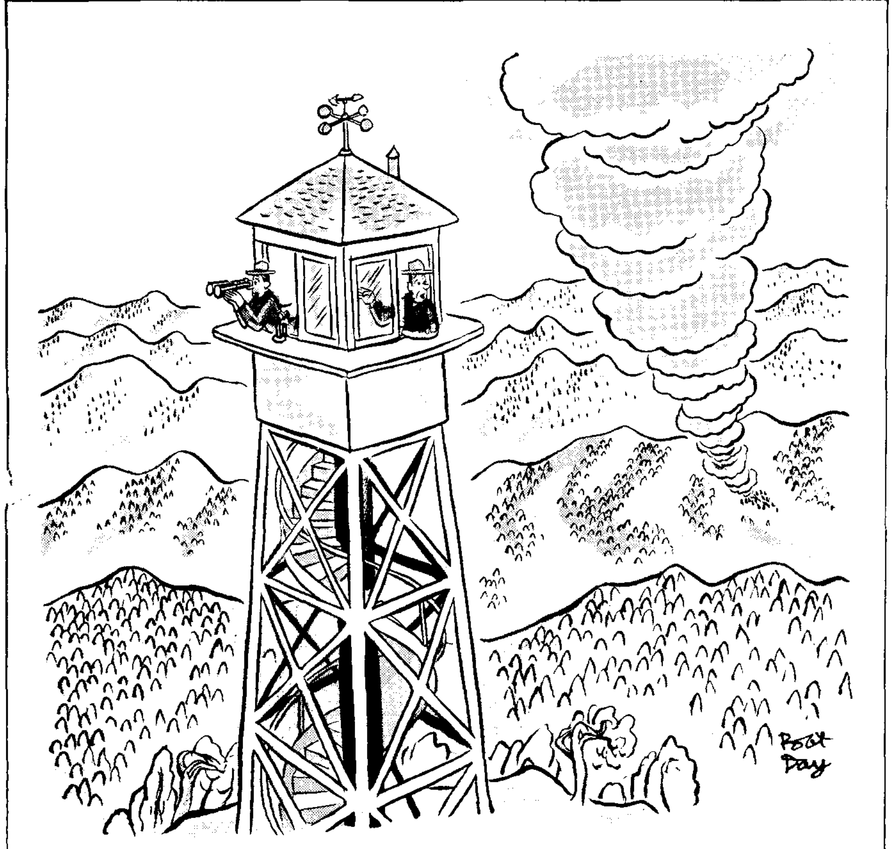
When he first arrived in New York the city was a terrifying, bewildering place that he frankly admits scared him stiff. He had never been in a subway. His first trip was a memorable one. He hung on tightly, expecting to be hurled into eternity any minute. Gradually he became conscious of a strange cadence. It was the click of the subway wheels, a different rhythm than that of railroad wheels. It was sharper, more staccato, and yet every fourth beat there was a major click. He began to tap his foot in concert with the clicking of the wheels—and a song was born. He called it Land of Degradation and its rhythm is that of the New York subway.

Quite often the songs that MacGimsey heard as a boy had absolutely no musical kinship to any known music. MacGimsey thinks that a great many of the rhythms were born in Africa four hundred years ago and that they have survived. Often the song would start in a minor mode, shift suddenly to a relative major and then, in a peculiar way, go back again to the minor.

"That," MacGimsey says, "is sheer African and it's sheer music too. It isn't always possible to copy down faithfully the tunes of many of the songs. It would be like trying to copy down the song of half a dozen birds singing together. The quick variations from the conventional scale and the occasional introduction of surprising quarter notes baffle the one who is trying to make musical sense out of the song.

"Once I was trying to take down the tune of an old song that Uncle John was singing to me. I asked him why no one had ever done that before. Uncle John looked at my penciled scribblings and said solemnly, 'Mistah Bob, the white man's notes jes ain't black enough.' He meant that only a Negro could feel, understand and reproduce the songs that came to him in dreams and others that were born in him."

Today Bob MacGimsey has given up his law and he's about given up his whistling. He's concentrating only on the composition of spiritual or "move" music. He calls it "move" music because he says that it is impossible to do justice to the songs while standing up. Negroes seldom sing well while standing. Sitting down they can pound out the rhythm with their feet and they can sway from side to side, thus furnishing their rhythmical counterpoint. MacGimsey winces a little when he hears a dance band play Shadrach. He isn't allowing the swing artists and the crooners to play and sing his other songs until he is sure that they are firmly implanted in the hearts of concertgoers. Swing arrangements, he believes, have a tendency to kill good music very quickly. He wants to give his own music every chance to live long and happily.



"May I have the glasses for a moment?"

ROBERT DAY

TAKE A BOW, MR. STEWART!
YOU HAVE MADE A VERY SMART DISCOVERY!

UNCLE GEORGE: Well, well! You *like* yourself, Bob, don't you?

BOB: I like *Post's 40% Bran Flakes*, Uncle George—and wait 'til you sit down to that breakfast in there—you'll see that I've discovered a perfectly grand-tasting breakfast food! Besides . . .

POST'S BRAN FLAKES GIVE YOU TWO EXTRA BENEFITS...

Bob's right! Here are the two *extra benefits* he's talking about:

FIRST, Post's Bran Flakes provide just enough bran, a *natural* regulator, that helps protect you against sluggishness. People whose systems are irregular, due to lack of bulk in the diet, find Post's Bran Flakes, eaten daily, a wonderful help.

SECOND, Post's Bran Flakes are a good cereal source of phosphorus, iron, Vitamin B_1 to help maintain good appetite, and Vitamin G to help promote growth and vigor.

ALL THIS in one grand-tasting cereal with a *double purpose:* to make breakfast a delicious treat, and to help you keep fit. And today, Post's Bran Flakes come to you at a *new low price!*

UNCLE GEORGE: Sa-ay—this NUT-LIKE flavor is great! And from what you say, Post's Bran Flakes may be just what my daily diet needs!

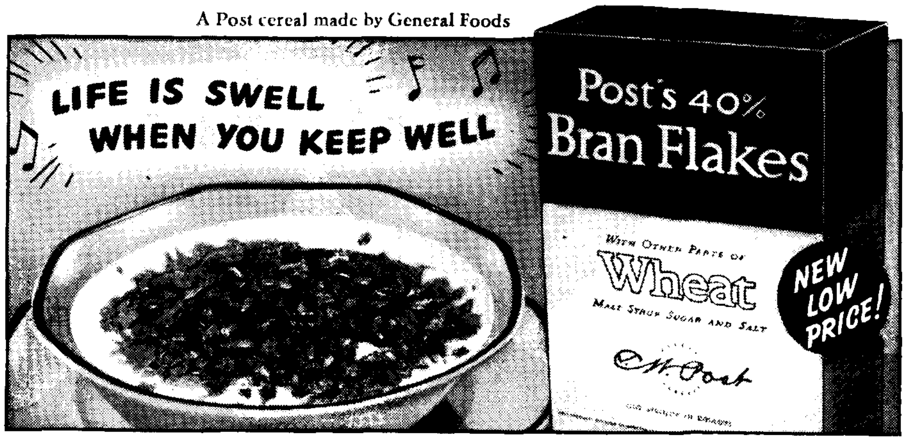
MRS. STEWART: They make such delicious BRAN MUFFINS, too—the recipe's right on the package!

A FEW MONTHS LATER

UNCLE GEORGE: Yep, I'm feeling like a million. I've been eating Post's Bran Flakes regularly since you told me about 'em!

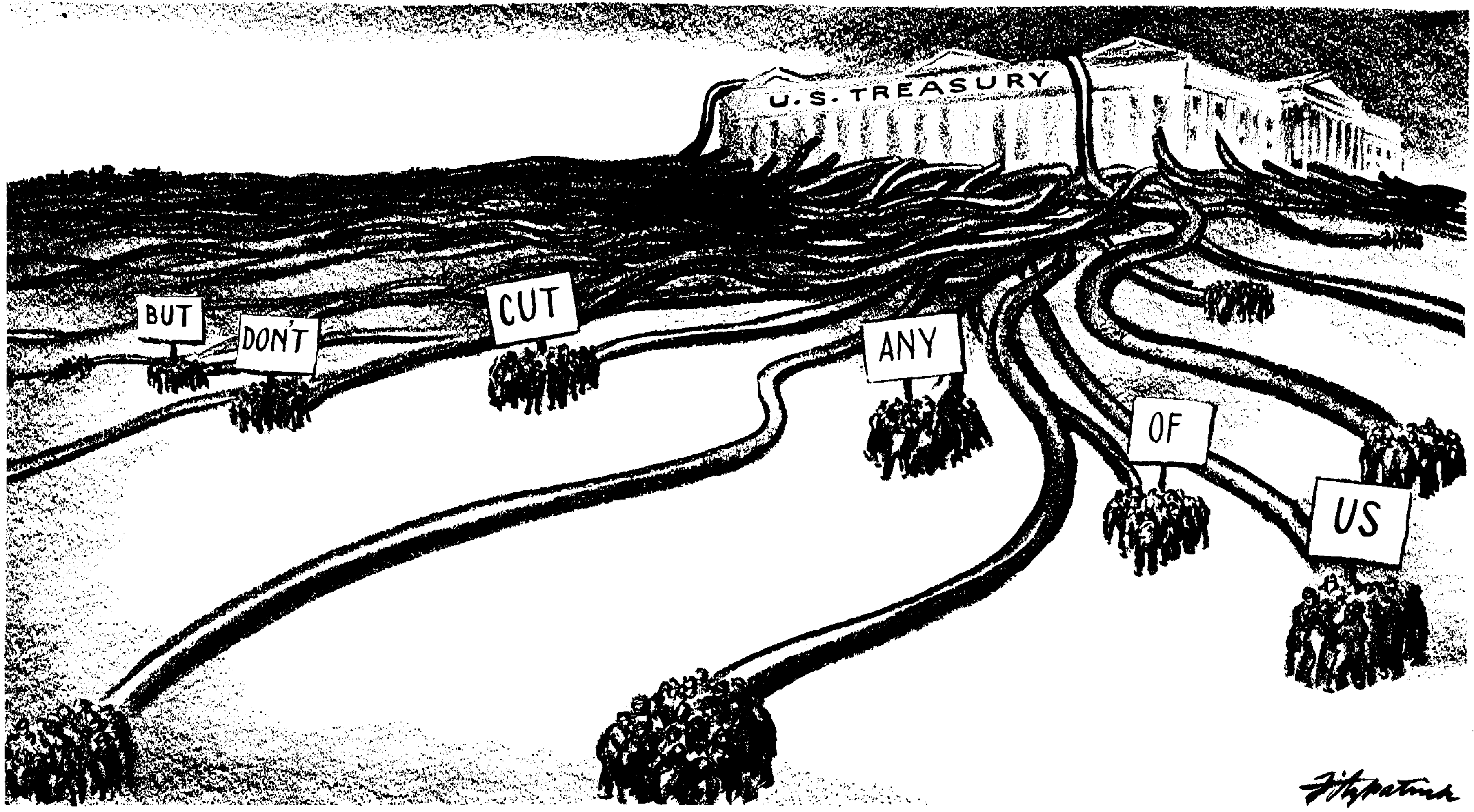
BOB: It's swell, isn't it, that such a grand-tasting cereal also gives you those EXTRA BENEFITS!

A Post cereal made by General Foods


LIFE IS SWELL WHEN YOU KEEP WELL
Post's 40% Bran Flakes
With Other Parts of Wheat
Malt Syrup Sugar and Salt
C.W. Post
NEW LOW PRICE!

IMPORTANT: Post's Bran Flakes, due to their bulk, are a *regulative* cereal. Constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran Flakes, eaten regularly—as a breakfast cereal or in muffins. For cases not corrected in this simple manner, a physician should be consulted.

Collier's WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor • CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor • THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director



Costs Can Be Cut

THE "tax and tax, spend and spend, elect and elect" crowd at Washington has changed the phonograph record of late.

We now hear almost every day that the government couldn't cut costs, much as it might want to cut them, without wrecking the applecart. Marriner S. Eccles of the Federal Reserve has stated this argument in what he appeared to consider a highly strategic challenge to Congress to retrench if it dared.

Well, the thing has been dared here and there. Both the economic and the political effects have been all to the good.

Governor John W. Bricker (Rep.) of Ohio, elected last November, has cut his state's government expenses so effectively that he has started himself a presidential boom that is already worrying Senator Robert A. Taft (Rep.) of the same state, and may grow to worry Thomas E. Dewey.

Bricker cut costs in the way that is proverbially NOT the way to start yourself a boom for anything except early political retirement. The Ohio governor's system is to bounce large mobs of public job holders off the state's pay rolls. The last figures we saw were: 3,000 Ohio ex-bureaucrats out looking for real work, and $4,000,000 a year saved Ohio taxpayers. The taxpayers, who still outnumber the job holders and politicians, seem to enjoy this novel sensation.

The experience of Governor E. D. Rivers (Dem.) of Georgia has been even more instructive—to taxpayers, at any rate, and we all pay taxes. Georgia's voters in a statewide poll declared for economy and no new taxes. The Georgia legislature went home from its latest session leaving appropriations $8,500,000 short of budget demands for this fiscal year.

Having to cut costs, Governor Rivers cut costs. In the state's highway department, for one example, he cut them 50% for April, May and June. Unfortunately, hardships were worked on Georgia's schools and insane asylums. Too bad. But to stick to the point of these remarks, when Governor Rivers found he had to cut costs he also found he could cut costs.

Bridgeport, Connecticut, business-managed by Mayor Jasper McLevy (Socialist) since 1933, has found that costs can be cut without hurt to essential public services such as schools, hospitals, police and fire forces, etc. McLevy has improved all these services in Bridgeport, and also paid off $2,000,000 of city debts.

The state of Nebraska has long operated under a pay-as-you-go plan. Its constitution flatly limits the state's bonded debt to $100,000. Persistent economy doesn't seem to have brought the manifold miseries the "spend and spend" crowd promises us in case Washington ever takes to saving money.

The logical inference from all this is that any government's costs can be cut. It can be done when officials are remorselessly economy-minded. Or it can be done when the majority of taxpayers are remorselessly determined that the politicians shall not overspend.

We're optimistic enough to think that one or both of these changes may catch up some of these days with the federal government itself.

One or both of these changes had better come about, unless the federal government's exactions, plus those of state, county and city governments, are to eat us all into slavery to the taxgatherers.

Look in Your Own Back Yard

"SEE America First" always was good advice, this being the gorgeous giant of a country that it is. It's even better advice this year, for at least three reasons.

One of these is the seemingly perpetual European war scare, which warns Americans of travel on the Continent.

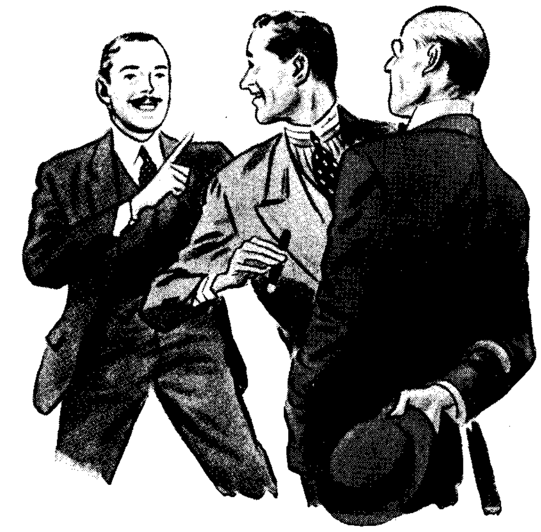
The other two reasons are the more important. They are the New York and San Francisco world's fairs. San Francisco's fair opened February 18th; New York's opened April 30th, and it is just getting into stride.

They are both grand shows, according to highly reliable observers, and we honestly don't know which we'd rather see. Anybody who can do so is wise, we think, to play safe by seeing them both. The railroads are charging about $90 round trip for flat transportation to both fairs, the bus lines about $70.

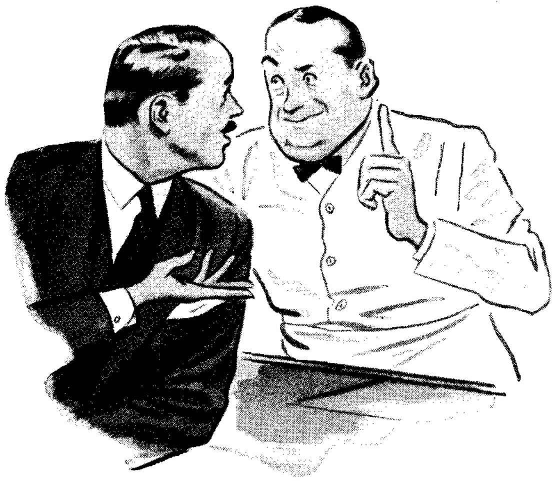
So why not kick your worries into the cellar of your mind for a while, load the family on train or bus, or into your own car, and set out to see the fairs and your own country?

There's an old proverb to the effect that you find the pot of gold not at the end of the rainbow but in your own back yard. Call the magnificent country where you're lucky enough to live your own back yard, and see if, by getting around in it a bit, you don't find spiritual if not actual gold, and pots of it.

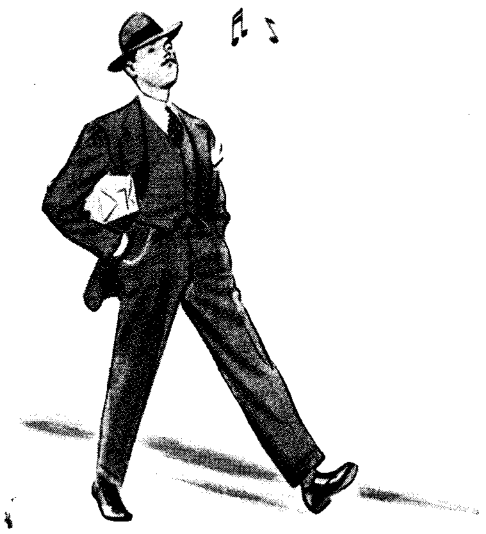
Directions for finding a life-long friend



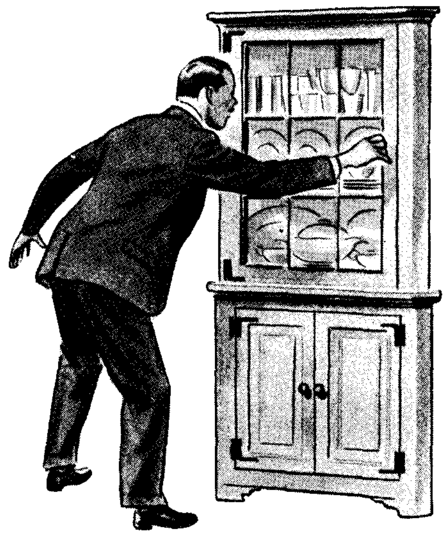
1. **FIRST,** scurry around amongst all the people you think *should* know about whiskey, asking them to name a truly DRY whiskey—that is, one utterly lacking in *sweetness.*



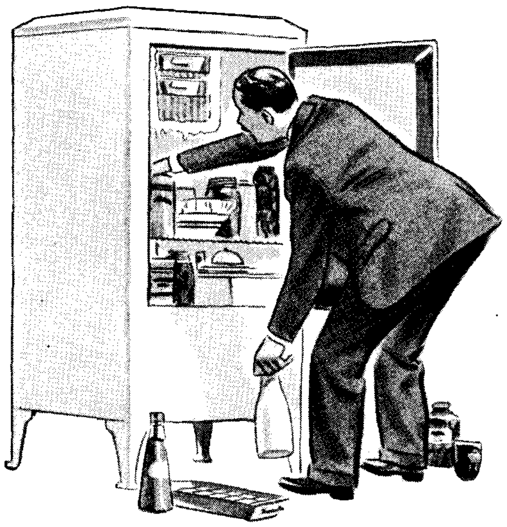
2. **YOU MIGHT** well ask your most understanding bartender, too . . .



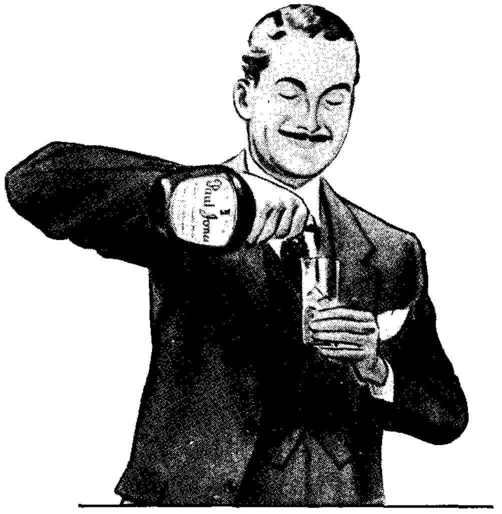
3. **THEN,** because it's ten-to-one they'll all say "Paul Jones," get yourself a bottle of this grand DRY whiskey.



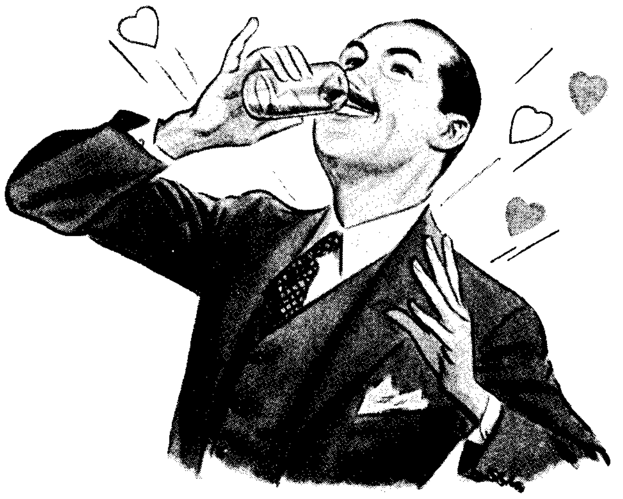
4. **OF COURSE** the next problem is to get a glass. But if you've really got your heart in this matter, it shouldn't be *too* hard.



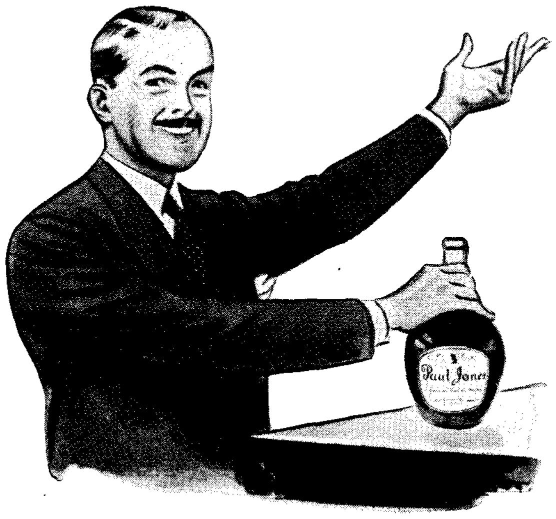
5. **NATURALLY,** you *can* also get ice and soda, or plain water if you like . . .



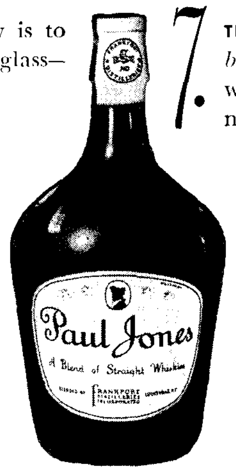
6. **BUT** all that's actually *necessary* now is to pour a spot of Paul Jones into your glass—and *taste* it!



7. **THERE!** What did we tell you—what did *everybody* tell you! Isn't Paul Jones a truly DRY whiskey—without the slightest *trace* of sweetness?



8. **AND** hasn't this pleasant investigation proven that Paul Jones' delightful DRYNESS is only one of *many* fine qualities—that it deserves to be *your* friend for life? We *thought* so! *Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*



Paul Jones

*IT'S DRY**

Every drop is whiskey

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof

*DRY means not sweet

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Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO
CHESTERFIELD

The Chesterfield glove, created by New York's smart designer Merry Hull...

Original and different too is Chesterfield's way of combining the world's best tobaccos to bring out the finer qualities of each. It's the *Chesterfield way* and that's why Chesterfields are milder than other cigarettes. They also have a better taste and more *pleasing* aroma. Chesterfields really satisfy.

Chesterfield

HAND-AND-GLOVE WITH MORE SMOKING PLEASURE

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